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HISTORY
OF THE
^{10th}
TENTH REGIMENT OF
CAVALRY

NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS

^{pt. 1}
AUGUST, 1861, TO AUGUST, 1865

BY
N. D. PRESTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY GEN. D. McM. GREGG

PUBLISHED BY THE TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY ASSOCIATION

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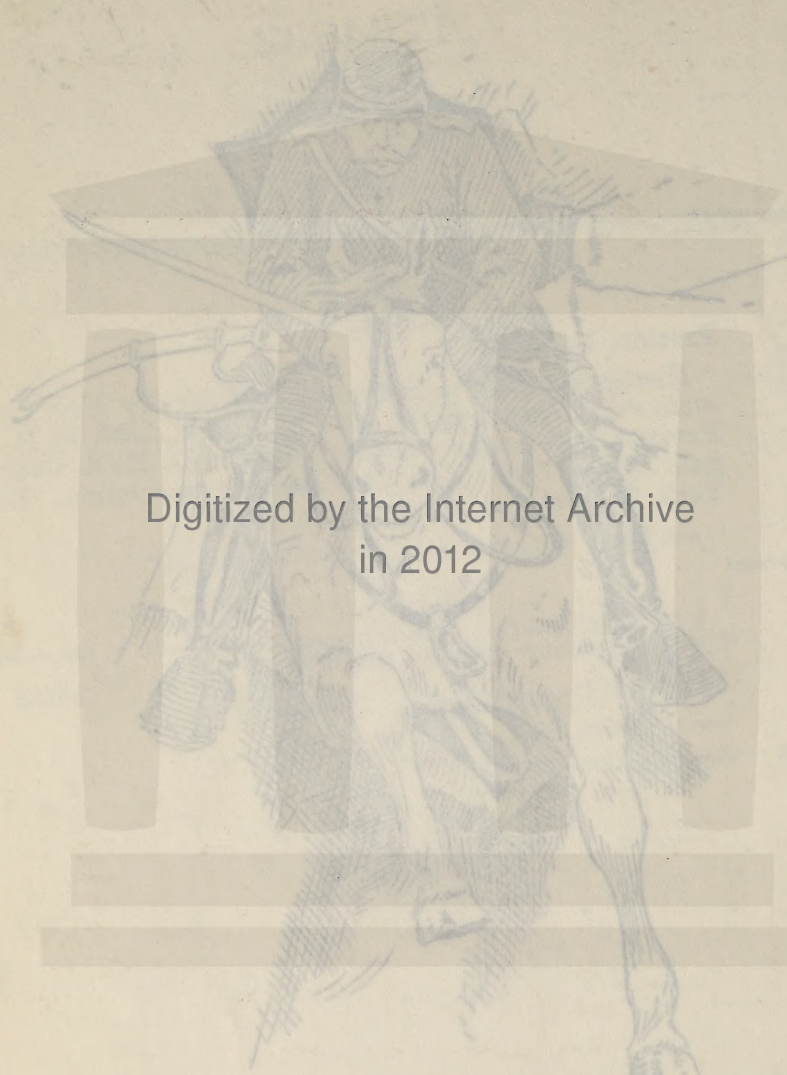
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MAY 22 1895

PREFACE.

It was with many misgivings that I yielded to the demands of my comrades, and consented to undertake the preparation of a history of the Tenth New York Cavalry. Fully realizing my unfitness for the work, I felt, nevertheless, the desire so universally entertained by the members, that the record of the Regiment's services should be put in an enduring form; and, actuated by a sense of duty, I entered upon the task.

The volume is presented as the result of nearly three years' labor. The difficulties attending the collection of material and data have been greater than I had anticipated, but in the necessary correspondence I have derived much pleasure in the revival of auld lang syne with comrades "who drank from the same canteen."

It has been my endeavor to record the facts fairly and impartially. Such sins of omission and commission as may be found in the chronicle are not due to any predisposed views or opinions on the writer's part, but rather to the difficulty of getting exact information on many points, and of arranging from a confusion of details a connected narrative with proper discrimination.

It is very natural that every soldier should regard his regiment as the best. It was this pride that gave to an army the *esprit de corps* which rendered it efficient at all times. It is pleasant to record the fact that the men who were banded together as the Tenth New York Cavalry entertained this feeling to an unusual degree. A perusal of the pages of this volume will, I believe, convince any one that their pride was fully justified. No apologies or explanations are necessary for any of the actions of the Regiment. Its members acquitted them-

selves as men on all occasions. When the time of their terms of service had about expired, they enrolled themselves for three years more, determined to continue the struggle to the end.

I desire to acknowledge my obligations to the comrades who have so generously responded with whatever they possessed that would aid me in the making up of the volume, as well as to those who have contributed directly to its pages by personal reminiscences, etc.

To the chairman of the Publication Committee, Henry E. Hayes, I am under many obligations. He has been indefatigable in his efforts in every way, and has lightened my labors and cheered me in the work. This Committee, composed of H. E. Hayes, D. Getman, Jr., and E. M. Tuton, has been active and efficient at all times, and rendered every possible assistance to facilitate the work. To their broad views the comrades are indebted for the handsome and durable volume herewith presented. They were unanimous in the opinion that in the printing and binding of the book the best would be none too good. That it comes from the press of the well-known publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. is sufficient proof of their wisdom, and insures a work that in its mechanism will be another fitting monument to the memory of the men whose heroic services it records.

I take this opportunity of tendering thanks to Colonel Fred Phisterer, Chief of the Bureau of Records of the War of the Rebellion, of the Adjutant-General's Office of the State of New York, Major George B. Davis, of the War Record's Office at Washington, D. C., Mark Brownell and C. W. Wiles, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, respectively, of the "Tenth New York Cavalry Association," John L. Kendlehart, of Philadelphia, formerly of Gettysburg, Hon. A. T. Bliss, Walter Kempster, and M. Mahany, formerly of the Tenth New York Cavalry, and to Mr. Edgar Vanderbilt, brother of Captain George Vanderbilt, for many favors extended me in the preparation of the volume; also to General Ordway, of Washington, D. C., and to Colonels George Meade and J. Edward Carpenter, of Philadelphia, for photographs of prominent cavalry generals loaned me.

To those comrades who have contributed their prison experiences I also desire to acknowledge my obligations. These narratives will

be found of thrilling interest, particularly to those who shared in the sufferings, the hopes, and the despair of the days and scenes of which they write.

The map showing the position of troops in the cavalry engagement on the right flank at Gettysburg, July 2 and 3, 1863, I made from the maps prepared by authority of the Secretary of War, permission having been obtained from the Engineer-in-Chief of the Army to use them. The map will, I think, be found interesting and reliable. The other maps, which I also prepared especially for this work, will aid the reader in following the movements of the regiment, and assist in a comprehension of the magnitude of the theatre of operations of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

The book will be found to possess some features not often met with in a volume of its kind. Artistic reproductions of photographic portraits of all the prominent cavalry generals who served in the Army of the Potomac—a galaxy of leaders the peers of whom it would be difficult to find in modern times, faces that awaken memories of wise administration and gallant leadership; endeared to every man in their respective commands—adorn its pages.

The “charger” seen plunging through the book, indicates that it is horse from cover to cover.

Comrades, the history is in your hands. In your criticisms, I trust that the broad charity which has always been so prominent a characteristic of the intelligent American soldier will be extended, keeping in mind the fact that no two actors in the great drama saw things from the same standpoint nor with the same eyes. In the individual records no doubt many errors will be found; but I have been compelled to follow the “official” statements where nothing different, from living witnesses or papers in my possession, proved the contrary.

It has been my earnest endeavor to place in the hands of the comrades a truthful and impartial record of the gallant Regiment and its members. If the work proves acceptable to them, I shall feel abundantly rewarded for my labor.

N. D. PRESTON.

PHILADELPHIA, *December 1, 1891.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages will be read by three classes with both interest and instruction. The first of these, the more general, composed of those who willingly read all that is published concerning the Great War of the Rebellion, after having followed the author through the story of the services of the Tenth New York Cavalry, will have a better knowledge of the magnitude of a war which continued for nearly four years, whose theatre extended from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and in which the one Regiment under consideration participated in a hundred battles and skirmishes, and met such enormous losses in killed and wounded; and in deaths from disease in hospitals and rebel prisons.

The second class of readers, the immediate friends and relatives of the good and true men whose names were borne on the rolls of the Tenth New York, will in the narrative find peculiar interest. What their loved ones suffered from wounds, disease, the fatigue and hardships of campaigns, amid the ice and snow of winter and the heat and dust of summer, will be better understood after they shall have followed the author to the end.

The veterans of the Regiment will read with great pride and satisfaction its story, the history which they made with the keen edges of their sabers and the unerring bullets of their carbines. Their memories freshened, they will be better able to fight their battles o'er, and to recall associations with the dear comrades who have preceded them to the reassembling of the grand old Army of the Potomac on the other shore.

Grand Tenth New York Cavalry! The writer of this brief intro-

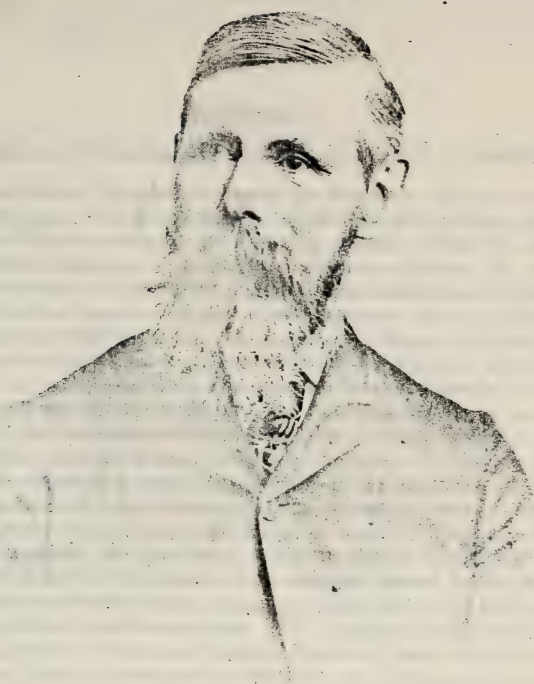
duction had the honor of commanding the division in which it served. In two and a half years of service he never knew it to fail in its duty. Led by such gallant soldiers as Irvine and Avery, to it belongs a full share of the glory won by its division and its arm of service.

The author of the history is to be complimented on the successful completion of his work. It has involved much labor in the necessary examination of official records and in extensive correspondence. The result of his patient labor will prove a valuable contribution to the true history of the War of the Rebellion.

D. McM. GREGG,

Late Brigadier and Brevet Major-General of Volunteers.

READING, PA., September 3, 1891.



N. D. PRESTON,

Historian.



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REVEILLE.



COLONEL JOHN C. LEMMON.

HISTORY OF THE TENTH REGIMENT OF CAVALRY, NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION AT ELMIRA—IN WINTER QUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG.



MAJOR JOHN C. LEMMON, of Buffalo, received authority from the War Department, under date of August 3, 1861, to raise a regiment of infantry in the State of New York, to be ready for service by the 2d of September—one month from the time authority was granted for recruiting it. About the expiration of the prescribed time, General Orders, War Department, No. 71, dated A. G. O., September 5, 1861, were issued, of which the following is an extract:

All persons having received authority to raise volunteer regiments, batteries, and companies in the State of New York will immediately report to his Excellency Governor Morgan, at Albany, the present state of their respective organizations. They and their commands are placed under the orders of Governor Morgan, who will recognize them and prepare them for service in the manner he may judge most advantageous for the interests of the General Government.

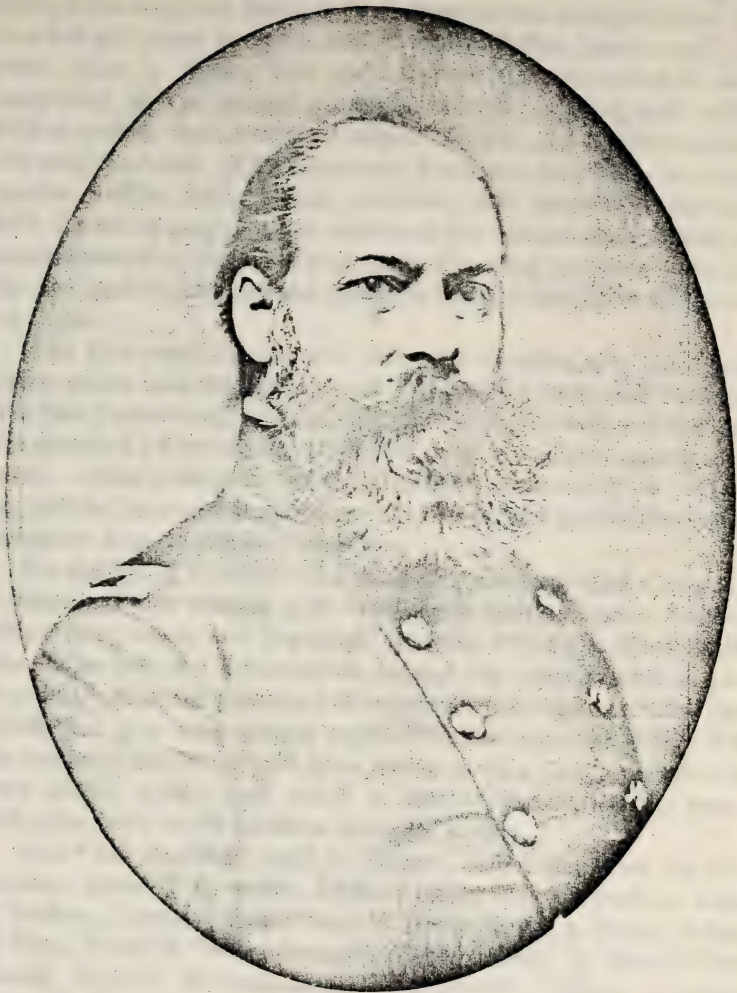
As no report appears on the files of the Adjutant-General at Albany from Major Lemmon, he presumably reported in person, and that, too, prior to September 27th, at which time a letter was received from him relating to transportation. The designation of "infantry" in the order was no doubt a clerical error, or authority may have been given afterward to change it to cavalry. The first year's service of the regiment would seem to have justified the wording, however, in its original form.

It would appear that application for authority to recruit a regi-

ment in the State had been made by Major Lemmon as early as the 10th of June, but for some reason, the privilege had been withheld for nearly two months. The disastrous result to the Union arms at Bull Run, in July, probably hastened the granting of authority.

The time for recruiting a regiment of cavalry in the State of New York was most inauspicious. Cavalry was not regarded with favor by General McClellan, the new and popular commander of the Army of the Potomac, nor had there been anything done by it in the field to justify the confidence of the people in its utility. But, notwithstanding the discouragements of the undertaking, which grew apace with the times and finally culminated in the regiment being sent out as a two-battalion organization, recruiting was begun and zealously prosecuted in various places in western New York. The regiment was to be called the Porter Guard Cavalry, in honor of Colonel Peter B. Porter, of Niagara Falls, who had been a distinguished officer in the War of 1812, and who afterward served as Secretary of War under President John Quincy Adams.

Early in August recruiting offices were opened in Buffalo, Syracuse, and other points. Company A, Captain M. Henry Avery, of Syracuse, was the first to complete its rolls and present itself for muster into the United States service. The first enlistments in this company, and the earliest, therefore, in the regiment, were Hiram B. Dodge, Addison Realls, and William B. Kinney, who enrolled themselves with the commissioned officers of the company on the 14th of August. The men composing this company came from Syracuse, Jordan, Jamesville, and Tully, in Onondaga County; McGrawville, Cortland, Cincinnatus, and Freetown, in Cortland County; Red Creek and Victory, in Wayne County; Fulton, in Oswego County; Chittenango, in Madison County; Buffalo, in Erie County; and Elmira, in Chemung County—Cortland County contributing most liberally in its make-up. It was mustered into the United States service in the old State Arsenal at Syracuse, on the 27th of September, and the next day left for Elmira, where the regiment was ordered to rendezvous, going *via* Cortland and Binghamton. The Cortland contingent received a rousing ovation on the arrival of the train in that beautiful village. The company arrived in Elmira late in the night of the same day, and was assigned to one of the barracks in a long row, located near the canal basin, known as Barracks No. 2. A mattress filled with straw, a tin plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon constituted the outfit issued to each man, taking which they floundered through the mud and water, and took possession of their quar-



COLONEL WILLIAM IRVINE,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. Vols.

Adjutant General State of New York, 1866.

ters, the first company of the new regiment in rendezvous. The initial night was one of boisterous sociability. The acoustic properties of the palace were thoroughly tested. Every form of entertainment, from song and dance to high tragedy, was indulged in—"three in a bed and room to spare, full of fun and free from care." Corporal John P. White, who could imitate the utterances of almost everything in the animal kingdom, crowed, gobbled, and cackled, with a realism that awakened responses from the sleepy roosters of the neighborhood. The temporary home was dedicated in a happy manner. The drill-grounds, barracks, and mess-room resounded with the merry laughter and chatter of the boys, as they looked anxiously forward to the coming of those who were to share with them the joys and the sorrows, the pleasures and the hardships of the coming years.

The first guard-mount took place the morning after the arrival. Camp orders and regulations and instructions were read from General Van Valkenburg, commandant of the rendezvous, and the guard was marched off to perform their first duty as soldiers—guarding the camp. Orderly Sergeant Nelson Mitchell was an excellent drill-master, and he improved the time and the fine parade-grounds for putting Company A in an efficient condition.

On the 5th of October—one week after the arrival of Company A—Captain Paige arrived with sixty-eight men; Captain Needham with seventy-seven, and Captain West with fifty-eight, all from Buffalo. The last two detachments formed the nucleus of Companies B and D. Many of the men had supposed, when they enrolled themselves, that they were to serve together in the same company. When the regiment finally entered upon active service, Companies B and D were usually squadroneed, much to the satisfaction of the men of both, who were nearly all from the same section.

At a "war meeting" held in Colden, Erie County, on the 1st of October, Albert F. Chandler, Edward Clark, John B. Buffum, Daniel T. Buffum, Chester Bishop, Oscar M. Drake, Orson A. Drake, Orlando D. Dyer, Perry M. Morse, James L. Morse, Murray L. Morse, Charles Newell, Harlow Perham, John P. Underhill, William Underhill, John T. Sampson, and Warren Irish enlisted under Marshall R. Woodruff, who it was understood would receive a commission, but in the final adjustment of the regimental affairs he was left out. He, however, accepted a subaltern position, and cheerfully served with the boys until a year later, when the addition of a third battalion to the regiment gave him the position he was entitled to at the beginning.

Company C, Captain Ordner, arrived on the 9th of the same month, followed soon after by Companies G, Captain Carpenter; D, Captain Purdy; and E, Captain Morey. These companies were recruited mainly in Erie, Niagara, and Chemung Counties. Company C, composed almost wholly of Germans, was from Buffalo. Company F, although appearing on the muster-in roll as from Buffalo and Elmira, were nearly all enlisted at Niagara Falls and vicinity. Before leaving their native village this company was addressed by Colonel Peter A. Porter, who was afterward commissioned as colonel of a New York regiment, and was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. He was a son of General Peter B. Porter, already mentioned, in honor of whom the regiment was named. With these additions the camp presented an animated appearance and began to assume a martial aspect.

Although those under whose charge the various companies and detachments arrived were designated as captains or lieutenants, none were commissioned until after the regiment had been filled up as a two-battalion organization and received its numerical designation. Some of them never received commissions in the regiment.

On the 7th of October, while awaiting the filling up and organization of the regiment, General Van Valkenburg assigned Captain Avery to the command of all the troops in Barracks No. 2. As fast as the men arrived they were assigned quarters and at once put on duty—drilling, doing guard duty, etc. A spirit of friendly rivalry soon manifested itself among the companies to excel in the movements, manual of arms, and saber-exercise. The men were all anxious for active service, and zealously entered into the labor of fitting themselves for it.

ROSTER OF COMPANIES.

COMPANY A.

Captain, M. Henry Avery.

1st Lieutenant, Henry S. Pratt.

2d Lieutenant, Theodore H. Weed.

Sergeants.

Nelson Mitchell (*1st*).

Charles H. Spencer.

James F. Dickinson.

Hiram B. Dodge (*Q. M.*).

Henry E. Hayes.

Lyman Higley.

Corporals.

George W. Conwell.

Rowland S. McWethy.

George Watson.

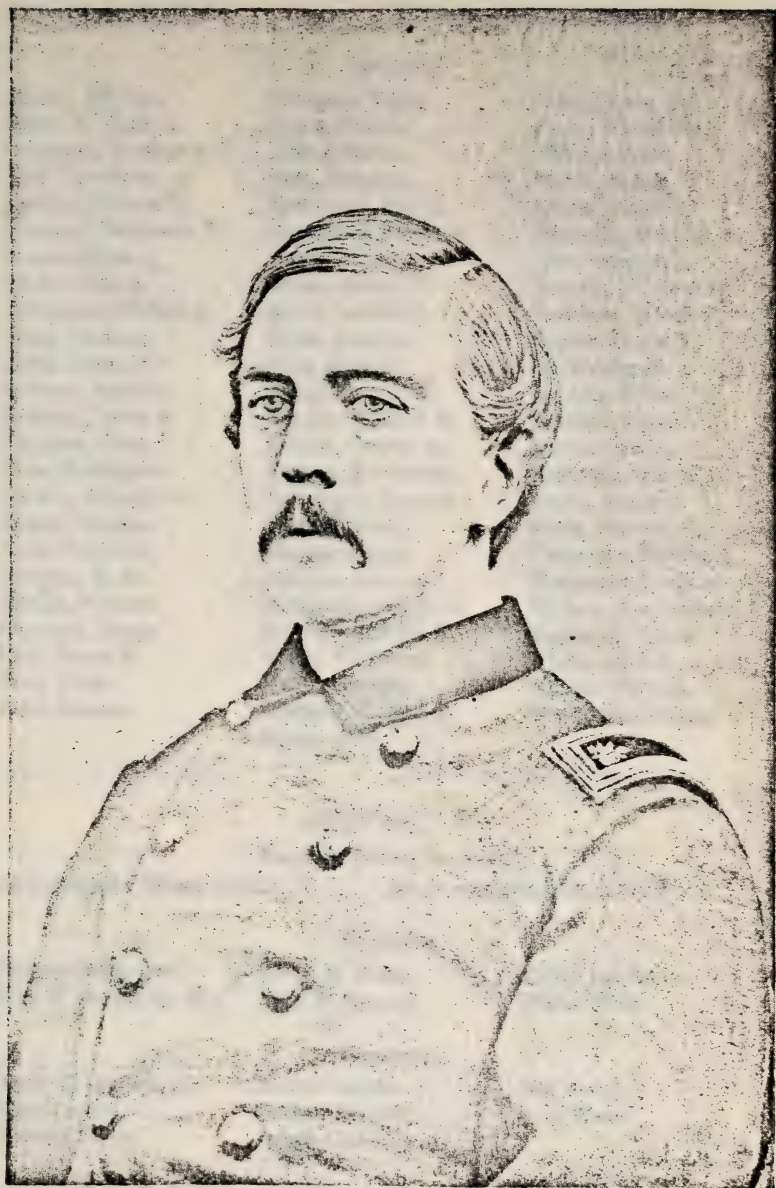
Noble D. Preston.

John E. Cowles.

David Wallace.

Mark Brownell.

John J. Joyner.



COLONEL MATTHEW H. AVERY.

Addison Cole, *Bugler*.
James H. Cook, *Bugler*.

Andrew J. Smith, *Saddler*.
Frederick Youngs, *Wagoner*.

Privates.

Austin, William.
Baker, William A.
Beckhorn, Thompson B.
Bird, Theodore.
Bishop, William N.
Brownell, Benjamin F.
Bruce, Alfred.
Carder, Henry.
Carrington, Welles H.
Clark, Charles.
Clark, James P.
Colburn, Erastus.
Colburn, Lewis A.
Congdon, John.
Coon, Boyington.
Corwin, Gillespie B.
Decker, George.
Deyo, Franklin.
Douglas, M. E.
Duvall, William.
Eastman, James.
Fish, James E.
Ford, John.
Ford, Reuben.

Freeman, Henry.
Gunn, Burrill.
Hall, Alonzo.
Hall, Morgan.
Hammond, Duane.
Hammond, James S.
Harsh, Jacob.
Hayes, Albert W.
Hicks, Luther F. P.
Hines, George.
King, John T.
King, Ransom G.
Kinney, William B.
Knight, Charles A.
Kreiger, Frederick.
Lanninger, Gustave.
Leslie, Carroll.
Marlin, George.
Mayyou, Alonzo.
McKenzie, George D.
McWethey, John P.
Miller, Van Ness.
Moffitt, Joseph.
Morgan, William A.
Myers, John.

Page, Edwin M.
Perry, Walter R.
Phillips, John.
Pierce, James.
Realls, Addison.
Reynolds, Norman A.
Rice, Horatio H.
Roberts, William H.
Rockwell, Morris P.
Rogers, Jacob W.
Root, John H.
Sanders, Robert H.
Schenck, John.
Senter, Lyman.
Sherman, John G.
Smith, James E.
Stark, Edward W.
Thompson, Harlan P.
Waggoner, Andrew.
Wallace, Alexander H.
Wetherby, David.
White, John P.
Wilbur, William.
Woodward, George.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Albert H. Jarvis.

1st Lieutenant, Henry Field.

2d Lieutenant, John C. Hart.

Sergeants.

Thomas Jones (*1st*).
Wm. H. Moody (*Q. M.*).

James M. Ocarr.
Isaac W. Draper.

Elijah Hartwell.
Frank Place.

Corporals.

David T. Goodell.
Silas Metcalf.
Thomas Taylor.

Marion Smith.
Reuben Metcalf.
Joseph Cross.

Saul Leigh.
John Shaw.

Jarvis A. Chapin, *Bugler*.
Francis Irvine, *Bugler*.
Thomas Barry, *Saddler*.

Henry Richards, *Farrier*.
Joseph Saunders, *Farrier*.
James R. Hobbs, *Wagoner*.

Privates.

Ayers, Arville D.	Edmonds, George, D.	Scott, William B.
Beck, Emil.	Emery, Edward F.	Slocum, Philip.
Bishop, Chester.	Gage, Stephen W.	Smalling, William.
Blood, Charles F.	Goodell, George W.	Southwick, Gilbert S.
Buffum, Daniel T.	Hall, James P.	Stone, Leander.
Buffum, John B.	Hathaway, William.	Stoing, Charles.
Bull, Theodore.	Hill, Jay.	Storms, John W.
Burzette, Bela.	Hitchcock, Theodore.	Taylor, Frank.
Bush, Horace.	Hoffteling, Abel T.	Underhill, John.
Calkins, William H.	Irish, Warren.	Underhill, William.
Carpenter, William H.	Knowlton, Byron.	Vail, John.
Casey, Edwin W.	Moodie, John W.	Wade, Simeon.
Chandler, Albert F.	Morse, James L.	Wolfen, Archibald.
Clark, Edwin.	Morse, Murray L.	Walker, George.
Clark, Robert M.	Morse, Perry M.	Walsor, Eli.
Clark, William.	Nelson, Newton B.	Webb, Frederick L.
Coffien, Alpheus H.	Newell, Charles.	Webster, Warren.
Cook, Reuben.	Payne, Truman W.	Wendt, Frederick.
Coulson, William L.	Perham, Harlow.	Wightman, Henry.
Cowles, Samuel.	Porter, John W.	Wilson, Franklin M.
Cozen, Thomas.	Roberts, Edward.	Winstead, Milo.
Drake, Orson A.	Roe, Delavan H.	Woodruff, M. R.
Drake, Oscar M.	Rogers, Sherman S.	Woodward, Allen.
Dyer, Orlando.	Sampson, John.	Worden, Herman.

*COMPANY C.**Captain, John Ordner.**1st Lieutenant, L. L. Barney.**2d Lieutenant, John Werick.**Sergeants.*

Sidney Foster (<i>1st</i>).	Michael Miller.	John A. Scherer.
Edgar Hinckley (<i>Q. M.</i>)	Henry Werick.	George A. Tyrell.

Corporals.

Joshua Lautenshlager.	Abram Ritter.	Jacob Browner.
Philip Neeb.	Lewis Schafer.	Martin Mortsolf.
James Long.	George Beck.	

Joseph X. Kunzi, *Bugler*.
 Nicholas Koerber, *Bugler*.
 Peter Schang, *Farrier*.

Xavier Egloff, *Farrier*.
 Anthony Margle, *Saddler*.
 John Miller, *Wagoner*.

Privates.

Acreck, John.	Arnold, Christopher C.	Book, John.
Allen, John.	Beach, Charles H.	Borst, Andrew.
Amun, Laurence.	Biahr, Sebastian.	Bourgeois, Gustein.

Breakman, Henry.	Hinkley, Edward.	Raquet, Martin.
Brown, John M.	Kanock, Henry.	Rutschman, Albert.
Browner, William.	Kenney, Gaylord F.	Saller, Frederic.
Busch, Edward.	Klock, Monroe.	Saulsbury, Frederick.
Cook, Henry.	Klock, Peter.	Sauvain, Peter.
Corden, Henry.	Klock, Sanford.	Schorpp, Leabold.
Crager, Henry.	Koerber, Nicholas.	Seiblich, Charles.
Debold, Michael.	Kratz, Christian.	Seigel, John C.
Dickerson, George.	La Francis, William II.	Shultz, Carlo O.
Ehrman, Henry.	Mager, Wedlin.	Sipple, Henry.
Everett, Alvin B.	Mapes, Abraham.	Smith, Louis.
Everts, John.	Menkel, Charles.	Sottebier, Henry.
Fagel, Frederick.	Meyer, John.	Stoll, Peter.
Ferran, Godfrey F.	Meyer, Nicholas.	Strack, George.
Fogelsonger, Elias.	Miller, John B.	Studeman, Ernst.
Fracher, Magnus.	Morris, James.	Vibbard, Elijah.
Gardner, Christian.	Portongsein, Emile.	Vibbard, James.
Geison, Rudolph.	Rant, James.	Vibbard, Orrin.
Golah, Jacob.	Richer, Ferdinand.	Voser, Jacob.
Hartman, Frederick.	Rider, Joseph.	Warmuth, Joseph.
Hartsleib, John G.	Roasler, William.	Westcott, Arden.

*COMPANY D.**Captain, Emery Purdy.**1st Lieutenant, Aaron T. Bliss.**2d Lieutenant, Joseph A. Hatry.**Sergeants.*

Sydenham Gait (<i>1st</i>).	William J. Robb.	Daniel W. Belton.
William G. Himrod (<i>Q. M.</i>).	Wesley Tackabury.	Norman R. Gifford.

Corporals.

Alfred J. Edson.	Wellington Stone.	Jay Crocker.
Richard H. Oliver.	Mortimer Spring.	Richard L. Tuke.
James Mathews.	Everett C. Updike.	

Herbert E. Farnsworth, <i>Bugler.</i>	Ichabod Beardsley, <i>Farrier.</i>
John W. Fletcher, <i>Bugler.</i>	Joseph Metzler, <i>Saddler.</i>
Joseph Spielman, <i>Farrier.</i>	Caleb J. Randle, <i>Wagoner.</i>

Privates.

Adkins, Burton F.	Bell, Walter.	Brooks, Alonzo D.
Ainsley, Heaton.	Benjamin, Marvin H.	Brown, Reuben S.
Anthony, Edward.	Biggs, Charles F.	Burlew, John.
Ashtenaw, Joseph F.	Briggs, Charles.	Buton, William.
Avery, Amos D.	Briggs, William.	Crowell, Everett W.
Bainbridge, Michael.	Brodock, Jacob R.	Davis, David R.

Davy, Albert.	Lounsbery, John.	Sexton, Loren.
Eastman, Charles.	Mabbett, Joseph I.	Shepherd, John A.
Edmonds, Lewis.	Manchester, William.	Sherman, Ledra B.
Edwards, Josiah.	McElligott, Thomas.	Slea, George.
Eldridge, Augustus.	McElroy, Henry.	Spencer, Silas R.
Evans, Elias D.	McKeagan, Joseph.	Stevens, Calvin.
Evans, Robert.	McQuien, John H.	Swartwout, Alexander H.
Finn, William.	Miles, John.	Swartwout, Robert B.
Griffin, James.	Miller, Gurdon H.	Tallmadge, More.
Hadden, Hiram.	Morgan, Charles.	Telyea, Eli.
Hannawald, Leonard.	Mosher, Philip J.	Telyea, Marsena.
Hempstead, Nathaniel.	Myers, Charles.	Trotter, Robert.
Hibbard, Enos.	Phipps, Ezra.	Van Alen, James.
Huson, Leander J.	Pratt, George B.	Washburn, Liba Z.
Laird, Eli.	Read, Stephen.	Whaley, William D.
Leek, John D.	Robinson, Walter.	White, Ebenezer S.
Lenox, William S.	Rogers, Jerome B.	White, Truman C.
Lewis, Lorenzo.	Ryan, William.	Williams, William W.

*COMPANY E.**Captain, Norris Morey.**1st Lieutenant, Layton S. Baldwin. 2d Lieutenant, William A. Snyder.**Sergeants.*

Horace Morey (<i>1st</i>).	Thomas W. Johnson.	Nelson P. Layton.
Samuel Baker (<i>Q. M.</i>).	Hiram W. Layton.	George W. Sprague.

Corporals.

Abram Tucker.	Harvey B. Snyder.	Henry H. Hambleton.
Henry H. Pennoyer.	Franklin C. Holcomb.	Judson H. Dowd.
Jonas Hambleton.	William W. Vanderhoff.	

William Doan, <i>Bugler</i> .	Edward H. Starkey, <i>Farrier</i> .
Nelson Dimon, <i>Bugler</i> .	James Hussey, <i>Saddler</i> .
John Phlegar, <i>Farrier</i> .	Peter Gorgan, <i>Wagoner</i> .

Privates.

Baker, Andrew I.	Brooks, William.	Dimon, Abraham.
Barr, Moses.	Bull, Edward A.	Drown, Napoleon B.
Benedict, George.	Butler, Abram.	Eldridge, William.
Bentzel, Daniel.	Carr, George W.	Ells, Charles.
Bentzel, Philip.	Carrier, William S.	Entwistle, John.
Blinbry, George.	Charlesworth, John.	Farnsworth, William K.
Bohl, Herman.	Chilcott, Gilbert.	Fields, Lucius.
Bower, Peter.	Clifford, Charles W.	Gloris, Henry.
Bowman, Byron B.	Davis, William C.	Gould, Joseph.

Gressman, Theodore H.	Phillips, George.	Sprague, Horace W.
Hicks, Alfred.	Plumb, Harvey N.	Stancelift, Edwin J.
Hills, Lucius.	Prentice, George S.	Strite, Gootlip.
Hogaboom, Henry H.	Prentice, William M.	Tabor, George H.
Hummel, Julius.	Reeves, Samuel.	Taylor, Thomas B.
Johnson, Robert.	Robinson, Charles A.	Thomas, Edelbert.
Kenyon, Hiram.	Stedwell, Isaac E.	Thompson, Reuben S.
Larock, Charles.	Silver, Benjamin C.	Tripp, Edward M.
Larock, Joseph.	Silver, John.	Uhls, Frank.
Leach, Stephen H.	Skut, Ira.	Welsh, Addison G.
Leonards, Owen.	Smith, Marcus.	Wester, Benjamin C.
McDougal, James H.	Smith, Richard.	Whittem, James H.
Otto, James.	Snyder, William A.	Williams, John.
Parker, Smith.	Sours, Franklin.	Williamson, Alexander S.
Patterson, George.	Sourwine, William B.	Wood, Francis.

COMPANY F.

Captain, Wilkinson W. Paige.

2d Lieutenant, William H. Whiting.

Sergeants.

James Harrison (1st).	Hiram Frazer.	Henry L. Barker.
Edward S. Hawes (Q. M.).	John Hopkins.	David Pletcher.

Corporals.

David Binkley.	Henry James.	John Barr.
James M. Miller.	Ezra McMirick.	John Robinson.
Thomas Fleming.	Alfred Owen.	

Mathew Donnely, *Bugler*.James Cobb, *Farrier*.Christian Whitener, *Bugler*.Eailie Collins, *Saddler*.James Kearns, *Farrier*.John M. Kilpatrick, *Wagoner*.

Privates.

Arkins, Thomas.	Clarke, William H.	Griswold, Chester M.
Astill, Anthony.	Collins, Eleazar W.	Handen, John.
Bichel, Anthony.	Conrad, John.	Hopkins, Robert.
Blyle, Jacob.	Cooper, Charles.	Howe, Arron.
Bartlam, Charles.	Dagman, Michael.	Hubell, George W.
Bradley, Edward.	Day, Lawrence.	Jacobs, James.
Bringle, Andrew.	Day, Nelson V.	Kennedy, Thomas.
Burgess, William P.	Devereux, Daniel T.	Kuhner, Frederick.
Burgher, Ralph.	Donner, Henry.	Lettice, James.
Burns, Robert.	Doyle, John.	Limberg, Herman.
Calvin, Andrew.	Finn, Charles.	Lutler, Henry.
Chesbrough, S.	Fitts, James Franklin.	McDonald, Charles.
Clafin, Lafayette.	Gallagher, John.	McDonald, Dennis.

McIntire, Peter.	Peterson, William R.	Townley, Thomas L.
McKnight, George M.	Pierce, Edward.	Troutman, Joseph.
McLaughlin, Owen M.	Pletcher, Henry.	Vinter, Thomas.
McLelland, William A.	Riddle, Stewart.	Volmer, George.
Minotte, Charles.	Roundy, Charles.	Volmer, Michael.
Mumford, Charles.	Schreoder, Christian.	Whitehead, Oliver C.
Myers, James M.	Shay, John A.	Wick, John.
Newmeyer, Clemence.	Spicer, Franklin.	Wright, Dennison.
Orser, Albert W.	Staley, John.	Young, Jacob.
Patterson, William.	Stottle, Franklin.	Youngs, William.
	Stuttleberg, James.	

COMPANY G.

Captain, Delos Carpenter.*1st Lieutenant*, Alvah D. Waters. *2d Lieutenant*, John G. Pierce.*Sergeants.*

John J. Van Tuyl (<i>1st</i>).	Wallace S. Springstein.	Seymour A. Hosford.
Burton B. Porter (<i>Q. M.</i>).	John T. McKevitt.	James M. Reynolds.

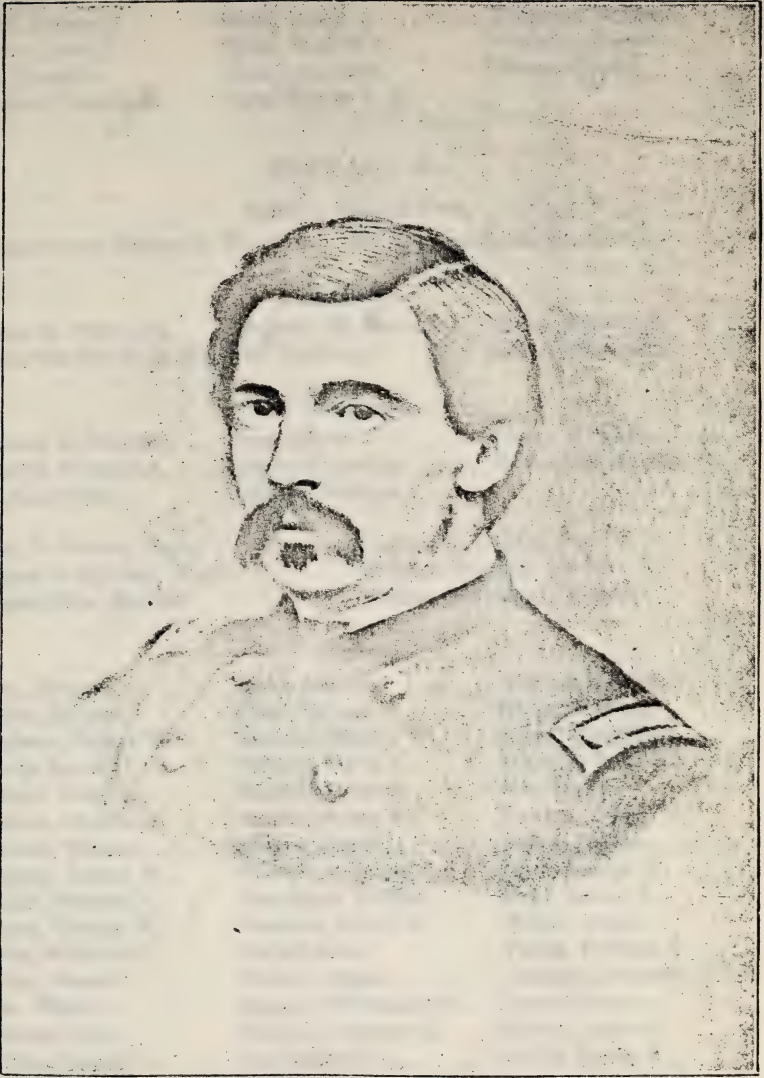
Corporals.

Ira Cooper, Jr.	George Schenck.	William W. Cameron.
Delos E. Landers.	John R. Bennett.	John T. Pratt.
Hiram Reynolds.	Luke Allen.	

Aaron K. Clark, <i>Bugler</i> .	William Welch, <i>Farrier</i> .
Isaac Bradley, <i>Bugler</i> .	Frederick Lewis, <i>Saddler</i> .
James Morrison, <i>Farrier</i> .	Pulaski J. Vincent, <i>Wagoner</i> .

Privates.

Adams, William, Jr.	Compston, Charles P.	Jessup, Winslow.
Albro, Arvin N.	Cornish, James M.	Jimerson, Isaac, Jr.
Austin, Manning.	Cronan, Timothy.	King, Omera L.
Bailey, Joseph M.	Cutting, Charles S.	Kilts, Charles W.
Bailey, Lewis C.	Deniston, Harvey.	Kilts, Daniel.
Barber, Henry C.	De Wolf, Moses.	King, John B.
Barnes, William S.	Downs, Sanford.	King, Smith D.
Bennett, Jesse D.	Dye, Edmund.	La Grange, Casper.
Blakesley, Hubert.	Fairfield, John M.	Livingston, Gardiner.
Bliss, James.	Fink, Edwin A.	Locke, Charles A.
Bloser, George.	Griswold, George M.	Loomis, Vinson.
Bowers, Joseph L.	Hable, Casper.	Main, Milo A.
Brown, William P.	Hawkins, Theodore.	McGuyer, Samuel.
Burk, John.	Heseldon, George.	McLaughlin, Thomas.
Cary, James L.	Hogoboom, Ebenezer B.	Meagher, Daniel.
Cavanaugh, Martin.	Hopkins, Charles.	Menter, William.



MAJOR ALVAH D. WATERS.

Oothoudt, Philo G.	Schenck, Amasa D.	Wade, Rowland D.
Palmer, James.	Stearns, Charles H.	Walker, Hiram P.
Pendleton, George S.	Steel, Cornelius.	Walker, Willard.
Pier, Edwin.	Stewart, John G.	Whedon, Oscar P.
Pierce, Gideon B.	Story, Asa J.	Whipple, Charles E.
Pullum, John R.	Sykes, Warren F.	Williams, Jesse G.
Rice, Franklin.	Thompson, John.	Wilson, George.
Robinson, Erastus B.	Turk, Martin V. B.	

COMPANY H.

Captain, William Peck.

1st Lieutenant, Francis G. Wynkoop. *2d Lieutenant*, Ira W. Allen.

Sergeants.

Charles E. Pratt (<i>1st</i>).	Benjamin W. Bonnell.	Austin Ellsworth.
George Vanderbilt (<i>Q. M.</i>).	Guy Wynkoop.	John C. Reynolds.

Corporals.

Ephraim D. Warner.	Jonas Erway.	Henry W. Kelly.
Albert S. Whittaker.	Gideon C. Dudley.	Edward H. Hayden.
Hiel Lockwood.	John H. Watkins.	

James P. Cowles, *Bugler*.
 William P. Lindsay, *Bugler*.
 Stephen Ellis, *Farrier*.

Chester G. Wilcox, *Farrier*.
 William Weygint, *Saddler*.
 Thomas Molineaux, *Wagoner*.

Privates.

Allen, Lorenzo.	Hicks, John C.	Middaugh, John W.
Barber, Elemuel.	Hines, Edward J.	Miner, William.
Bingham, George W.	Howland, George W.	Munn, Theodore L.
Bishop, Moses D.	Hubbell, David C.	Minnick, Isaac H.
Bonnell, Lansing.	Hubbell, Harlow.	Mix, Jasper.
Borland, Charles H.	Hunter, Henry T.	Newton, George W.
Borland, William.	Hunter, James D.	Norton, Billins.
Brearley, Joseph H.	Hutchings, James A.	Odell, George W.
Collins, Edward K.	Hutchings, William.	Piatt, Daniel N.
Cotton, Thomas B.	Jacobson, Henry S.	Potter, Amzah.
Davis, William E.	Keiley, John.	Potter, William H.
Earley, Samuel.	Kellogg, James.	Reynolds, James S.
Ellis, Willis S.	Kenyon, Wilkinson P.	Rose, Edward.
Embree, Henry.	Kennedy, George M.	Shedd, James B.
Goldon, Charles D.	Lee, Samuel.	Shelp, Myron H.
Grimes, John H.	Lockwood, Emmet.	Shipman, Rufus T.
Guthrie, William.	Lowe, John F.	Shortt, Stacey.
Hammond, Edwin.	Mallory, Silas.	Skinner, James.
Harrison, William N.	McCreary, Julius.	Smith, Mahlon K.

Smith, Stephen.	Townsend, Alvin.	Weller, William S.
Stebbins, Edmund.	Van Wormer, Leman.	Welton, Michael.
Swain, Lewis.	Vincent, Clayton.	Wetherall, James S.
Thompson, Abram J.	Warner, Elias.	Woodruff, Oscar.
Tittsworth, Simeon.	Weaver, Francis.	Wright, George.

At a meeting of the line officers held in the parlors of the Che-mung House, in Elmira, on the 29th of November, the following field officers were elected :

<i>Colonel</i>	JOHN C. LEMMON.
<i>Lieutenant-Colonel</i>	WILLIAM IRVINE.
<i>Major First Battalion</i>	M. HENRY AVERY.
<i>Major Second Battalion</i>	JOHN H. KEMPER.
<i>Chaplain</i>	REV. ROBERT DAY.

Dr. R. W. Pease, of Syracuse, had already been appointed surgeon of the regiment by the Governor of the State.

Clothing for the men arrived and was issued on the 30th of November. The suits were mostly of a generous size. Had the cloth been judiciously used there would have been sufficient in the suits to have clothed the entire regiment, but, as it was, some of the smaller fellows got suits so large that they rattled around in them, to the great amusement of their comrades. However, the uniforms, like everything else, finally became adjusted.

A retired Prussian officer, named Bernstein, was employed by the officers to drill the regiment. He was a vain old fellow, displaying a profusion of gold lace and temper—vanity and profanity. He had a large, subterranean voice, of considerable compass. He also had a conspicuous corporosity, and a gum-elastic step, that gave him quite a distinguished appearance, but as a drill-master he was a dismal failure.

Had the regiment been under the command and instruction of a regular army officer from the beginning—a good tactician and disciplinarian—it would have been of great advantage. The material of which the regiment was composed was excellent. A large proportion of the men came from the rural sections in western and central New York, and were robust and intelligent, well read and well bred. The average age of the enlisted men was below twenty-five years,* and more than forty per cent were twenty-one years and under. An

* The average age of all the troops furnished by the State of New York during the war, as given by Captain Phisterer, in "New York in the War of the Rebellion," was twenty-five years, seven months, and twenty-six days.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FREDERICK L. TREMAIN,

Died of Wounds received in Action at Hatcher's Run, Va.,

February 6, 1865.

efficient and energetic young man with a thorough military education might have placed the regiment in the front of the mounted regiments in the service in a short time. Although all were from civil life, the officers of the regiment made rapid strides in the knowledge necessary to lead and command men, and, with few exceptions, would compare favorably with any in the service.

Life in the barracks was somewhat monotonous, with its daily recurring guard-mounts, drills, and saber-exercise, but there was an occasional relief in some little incident like the following :

It was on a cold, raw day—just such a day as a company could be exercised in the double-quick without starting the perspiration. The water in the canal basin bore a thin film of ice on its surface. Orderly Sergeant Mitchell felt proud that his company were thoroughly disciplined. He had them out drilling, and had given the command to “double quick,” with the column headed toward the basin, when his attention was suddenly attracted in the opposite direction; the edge of the basin was reached, and no command came for a change of direction or halt. “Ker-plunk! ker-plunk! ker-plunk!” went one after another of the men into the cold water, which was from two to three feet deep. The splashing attracted the sergeant’s attention, who, when excited, stuttered badly. “H-a-a-lt! y-o-u f-e-l-lows in t-he di-ditch, c-c-coun-ter-march! D—n it, b-o-ys, take h-hold and he-lp ’em o-out!” Mitchell was always afterward attentive to duty when drilling his company.

General Alexander S. Diven received authority from the War Department on the 3d of October to raise a regiment of cavalry in the State of New York. This regiment was to be called the Morgan Cavalry, in honor of the Governor of the State. A recruiting office was opened in Elmira by Captain A. J. McWilliams. About thirty men, among the number Oscar Woodruff and Jonas Erway, had enlisted with one Captain Up de Graff, prior to this time. This company having been disbanded by General Van Valkenburg, many of the men enlisted with Captain McWilliams, of the Morgan Cavalry. George Vanderbilt, L. L. Barney, Jonas Erway, Oscar Woodruff, James Wetherell, James S. Reynolds, and John C. Reynolds, “all good men and true,” as their subsequent records proved, were members of this latter company, which was soon filled up. As it became evident, however, that another regiment of cavalry could be raised only through the most extraordinary efforts at that time, the enterprise was abandoned, and the company of Captain McWilliams was disbanded on the 18th of November. These men were nearly all

transferred to Company H, of the Porter Guards. Luther L. Barney, who was lieutenant in Captain McWilliams's company, was transferred in the same grade to Company C; while George Vanderbilt, who was to have been second lieutenant, was made quartermaster-sergeant of Company H.

By the advancement of Captain Avery, First Lieutenant Pratt was promoted to captain of Company A, and William C. Potter, of Buffalo, was commissioned first lieutenant, and assigned as regimental adjutant on the 25th of November.

Fears were entertained that the regiment would be mustered out, or an attempt made to transfer it to another branch of the service, as the outcry against the further enrollment of men for the cavalry was quite pronounced. Every effort, therefore, was directed to the completion of the two battalions already organized, rather than jeopardize the life of the regiment by attempting to raise the third battalion. Drills, reviews, and parades were kept up, and the regiment was in a good state of efficiency and discipline before leaving the State. Its knowledge in the line of "picket skirmishing" was derived from actual experience, as will be seen by the following extract from the Elmira Advertiser of October 18, 1861:

For the gratification and exercise of the men and for the entertainment of the citizens, Colonel Sheppard has arranged with Colonel Lemmon to detail three companies of the Porter Guard Cavalry for work, picket skirmishing on the hills east of the village during the forenoon. This will be a foretaste of active exercise different from anything heretofore ordered at the depot. They will be armed and equipped as infantry, and not mounted.

The "picket skirmishing" came off according to programme, Company C being one of those participating, led in person by the gallant Captain Ordner, of rotund form; who puffed and wheezed like a porpoise as he urged the men up the steep and rugged hillside. They presented a fine spectacle as, in unbroken line, they swept to the assault of an imaginary fort on the crest of the hill. But, in the supreme moment of his glory, the valiant captain of Company C fell! As he rolled down the hillside he scattered the leaves and choice bits of broken English, to the dismay of his company and the amusement of his brother officers.

The regiment participated in a grand review and parade of all the troops at the Elmira depot, which occurred on the 28th of October. Its marching was superior to that of any other organization in the line.

The numerical designation of the regiment as the "Tenth New

York Cavalry" was announced by the Adjutant-General of the State on the 12th of December. As the year was drawing to a close, the men began to exhibit signs of uneasiness. They longed for the change which was near at hand. "Running the guard" and dodging the patrol was about the only excitement or adventure to relieve the off-duty hours. The welcome news came, the latter part of December, that the regiment was ordered to Gettysburg. No one appeared to know or care much where Gettysburg was. Some of the Company A boys insisted that the village of Geddes, near Syracuse, was the place. Meantime the men, while speculating on the probable location, commenced active preparations for a move. Trunks and valises were packed for a long journey. Letters were dispatched to the loved ones at home, announcing the intended invasion of Gettysburg. The little Bibles were carefully deposited in the inside vest-pockets as protection against rebel bullets, pocket-knives were sharpened, and every preparation made for actual war. Meantime the location of Gettysburg had been discovered. It was a relief to know that it was in loyal old Pennsylvania. The men felt quite brave, and began clamoring for an advance. They had been drilled for months, dismounted, and they welcomed a mounted movement—even if it was to be on freight-cars—as an agreeable change!

Companies B, C, D, E, F, G, and H were mustered into service on the 23d of December (Company A had been mustered in on the 27th of September), and the regiment was in readiness to leave the rendezvous. The next evening, Tuesday, the 24th of December, they were marched through the mud to the depot, where the seven hundred and thirty-five enlisted men and thirty officers were squeezed into two long trains of freight-cars. The arrival or departure of a regiment of soldiers had ceased to be a novelty to the citizens, and there were no demonstrations, and but few were in attendance to "see the boys off." The amount of personal baggage with which the men struggled would have made a corps of newly-arrived Italian emigrants envious. But it was all taken care of at the cost of a few hours' delay and some highly-perfumed language, and the column moved out on the raid to Gettysburg. The night was damp and gloomy without, but all was cheerful within. Singing and shouting drowned any sigh that might have escaped from those who thought of distant homes and friends. It was Christmas-eve. But little sleep was enjoyed. Every extravagance that ingenuity could conjure up was indulged in, to keep the fun going. But before the objective point was reached, the high tension to which the nerves of the boys had been

strung yielded to Nature's demands, and they were in nearly as played-out a condition as when, on the return from the Stoneman raid, in after-days, some of these same men fell from their horses from sheer exhaustion.

The journey ended when the trains pulled into the little depot at Gettysburg on Christmas-night, having been more than twenty-four hours on the road, the distance of which should have been covered in eight or ten hours.

The following is a complete roster of the Field, Staff and Non-Commissioned Staff, and Band, on leaving Elmira :

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel, John C. Lemmon.

Lieutenant-Colonel, William Irvine.

Major, M. Henry Avery (1st Bat.).

Major, John H. Kemper (2d Bat.).

William C. Potter, *Acting Regt. Adj.*

Benj. F. Sceva, *Acting Q. M. 1st Bat.*

James F. Fitts, *Adjutant 1st Bat.*

Luther L. Barney, *Acting Q. M. 2d Bat.*

Wm. L. Lemmon, *Adjutant 2d Bat.*

Roger W. Pease, *Surgeon.*

Henry Field, *Acting Regt. Q. M.*

George D. Whedon, *Asst. Surgeon.*

Rev. Robert Day, *Chaplain.*

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Noble D. Preston, *Sergt.-Major 1st Bat.* M. R. Woodruff, *Com. Sergt. 1st Bat.*

Fred'k L. Webb, *Sergt.-Major 2d Bat.* Oscar P. Whedon, *Com. Sergt. 2d Bat.*

Walter Kempster, *Hosp. St'd 1st Bat.* Jos. T. Griffin, *Saddler Sergt. 1st Bat.*

Bonville Fuller, *Hosp. St'd 2d Bat.* Thomas Barry, *Saddler Sergt. 2d Bat.*

John B. King, *Q. M.-Sergt. 1st Bat.* Jas. F. Dickinson, *Vet. Sergt. 1st Bat.*

Henry E. Hayes, *Q. M.-Sergt. 2d Bat.* Alvain Butler, *Vet. Sergt. 2d Bat.*

The following constituted the band :

Edwin Pier, Company G, *leader.*

Chester M. Griswold, Company F, *2d Eb cornet.*

Isaac Jimerson, Jr., Company G, *Bb cornet.*

Aaron K. Clark, Company G, *1st Eb tenor.*

J. B. Shedd, Company H, *2d Eb tenor.*

W. H. Clark, Company F, *1st Bb tenor.*

Thomas L. Townley, Company F, *Eb tuba.*

Albert W. Orser, Company F, *snare-drum.*

Oscar W. Drake, Company B, *bass-drum.*

Smith D. King, Company G, *cymbals.*



NOBLE D. PRESTON,
Sergeant-Major.



FREDK. L. WEBB,
Sergeant-Major.



JOHN B. KING,
Q. M. Sergeant.



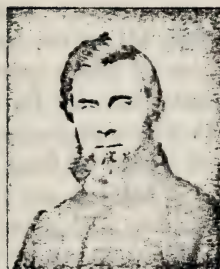
HENRY E. HAYES,
Q. M. Sergeant.



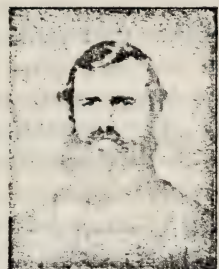
MARSHALL R. WOODRUFF,
Com'y. Sergeant.



OSCAR P. WHEDON,
Com'y. Sergeant.



JOSEPH T. GRIFFIN,
Saddler Sergeant.



THOMAS BANNY,
Saddler Sergeant.



ADDISON COLE,
Chief Bugler.



LEONIE STRACK,
Chief Bugler.



WALTER KEMPTON,
Hospital Steward.



FRANK DISKINSON,
Veterinary Sergeant.

A few determined citizens of the town remained to welcome the Regiment as the train pulled into the depot at Gettysburg that Christmas-night, 1861. There was but little enthusiasm or noise; the boys were too tired and hungry, on their part, and the good people were too conservative, for anything of the kind. But their quiet demeanor and modest ways, served to bring out in strong contrast a generosity and hospitality which have always remained a pleasant theme with the men of the Regiment who were quartered among them during the winter of 1861-'62. The ladies had provided refreshments for the men, and had awaited their arrival with puddings, pies, and patience, until the lateness of the hour—far beyond the time of their usual retiring—induced them to return to their homes, taking the provisions with them. This was the regiment's first "provision return." It was found necessary to keep the boys in the cars all night, as no quarters had been provided, and the lateness of the hour prevented their being obtained. It was difficult sleeping on empty stomachs and car-seats, but the boys managed to worry through the long-drawn-out hours and came forth with the rising sun, showing a remarkable degree of freshness. Many of them had managed to elude the guards the night before, and found comfort and welcome in the homes of the citizens. The morning roll-call disclosed a great many "absent without leave." As soon as it was light enough the men started out on the morning of the 26th to discover the town. Squads of them could be seen in every direction, surveying the buildings with all the deliberation of assessors, and many of them evinced a desire to take a view of the interiors. The borough had been pretty well sized up before the inhabitants had left their beds.

It was decided to hold a morning dress-parade, and, responsive to the bugle-calls and the inspiring music by the band, many of the citizens hastened to the public square, where the various companies marched and took their allotted places in line. After the adjutant had announced the formation, Colonel Lemmon commanded, "Attention, battalion!" dwelling lovingly on the last syllable of the first word, and giving to the latter a sharp, full-grown emphasis, that caused the wondering people to surmise that the "battalion" was about to be reprimanded for some cause. Finally, the "dress-parade" was ended, the band continuing to play, to the delight of the citizens, the troops, meantime, marching off.

The people had turned out in large numbers to do honor to the occasion and to quietly absorb a little of the glory *en passant*. They had never before seen a military organization larger than a company

within the borough limits. The presence of a whole regiment of real soldiers was an event of great importance to them; and it was, probably, an event of no less importance to the soldiers to be looked upon with so much awe and admiration.

After the dress-parade had been dismissed, the officers tramped the surrounding country over in search of a suitable place for locating the regimental camp. It was finally decided to build the canvas city on the farm of Dr. David Shafer, near the railroad bridge over Rock Creek, just east of the village. In the mean time the soldiers had "deployed as skirmishers" through the town, and, like the missiles from Orpheus C. Kerr's patent cannon, went in every direction. During the day temporary quarters had been secured for the various companies, as follows:

Company A in the old Lecture-room, near the jail.

Company B in the Coach-shop in Middle Street.

Company C in the Court-House.

Company D in Sheads & Buehler's Warehouse, second story.

Company E in Blue's Hall, Sheads & Buehler's building.

Company F in the Public School Building.

Company G in the Ten-pin Alley.

Company H in McConaughey's Hall.

The Non-Commissioned Staff were located in a brick building on Carlisle Street, above the Washington Hotel.

The Hospital was established in a brick building on Carlisle Street, between the rooms occupied by the Non-Commissioned Staff and the Washington Hotel. Dr. R. W. Pease, Regimental Surgeon, was in charge, with an excellent aide in Assistant Surgeon George D. Whedon.

Quartermaster Field fixed upon the corner room in the Franklin House (McClellan's) as a suitable place for the transaction of the business of his department. From this slightly position Quartermaster-Sergeant Hayes could look out upon the "broad expanse" of the public square, and take in at a glance nearly everything of interest transpiring in the town.

The band practiced "Larry O'Gaff," the "Gettysburg Quickstep," and other favorite airs, in a room on the second floor of the railroad station-house.

Hector M. Stocum, the sutler, exposed his wares for sale in a room on Chambersburg Street, adjoining Buehler's drug-store.

The Eagle Hotel (Tate's) was enlivened by the presence of the officers of the Regiment at all times when off duty.

The following address to the citizens was issued and published in the village papers:

HEADQUARTERS PORTER GUARD CAVALRY,
NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,
GETTYSBURG, December 26, 1861.

TO THE CITIZENS GENERALLY:

The Tenth Regiment of Cavalry, New York Volunteers, has become located in your village, under direction of the Secretary of War, preparatory to encamping in your neighborhood. As commandant of this corps, the sole object of which is to assist in the suppression of an unholy and fratricidal rebellion, it is my earnest desire that its relations with you should be firmly established upon a friendly footing, and to this end I would request that any and all breaches of good order in your midst by any person connected with the Regiment be promptly reported to me. I have also to particularly request of dealers in ardent spirits that they will not, under any circumstances, sell or furnish to the non-commissioned officers and privates any intoxicating or spirituous beverage. All good citizens and patriots are earnestly invited to join with me in preserving the sobriety and morality of the Regiment, as essentially conducive to decency and order, and as the means whereby a desirable harmony may be insured between us.

By order of

JOHN C. LEMMON, *Colonel Commanding Regiment.*
JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS, *Adjutant First Battalion.*

The following order was read by Adjutant Fitts, at dress-parade, on Friday, January 3d:

HEADQUARTERS TENTH REGIMENT CAVALRY,
NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, PORTER GUARDS,
GETTYSBURG, December 28, 1861.

GENERAL ORDER No. 20:

The Commandant desires to remind the soldiers that they are now located within forty miles of the camps of their enemies, and that, in view of this fact, strict military discipline and subordination are more than ever necessary. The health and comfort of the regiment will be scrupulously cared for by its officers, and measures are now being taken to provide for the accommodation of the men in one general encampment, or barracks, as shall be thought best. Until such time as the Regiment can be assembled together in regimental quarters, the several companies are enjoined to the observance of good order and discipline, and promptness in the discharge of duty. No soldier will so far forget what is due to the citizens and friends who have so hospitably received and welcomed us as to abuse them by taking and converting any of their property, or by disorderly or boisterous conduct. Violations of these regulations will be met by severe punishment.

Reveille will be sounded, until further orders, at 6.30 o'clock; breakfast-call at 7.30; assembly of guards at 9; drill-call at 9.15; dinner-call at 12.15; sick-call at 1.15; retreat at 5; tattoo at 9; taps 9.30. Dress-parade at 4.30 P. M.

By order of

JOHN C. LEMMON, *Colonel Commanding.*
JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS, *Acting Adjutant.*

Tents had been erected on the ground selected for camp, but, the number proving inadequate to the demand, it was decided to send a delegation of officers to Washington to lay before the Secretary of War the advisability of providing barracks for the Regiment.

An event that cast a gloom over the entire Regiment occurred on Saturday, December 28th. Private John W. Congdon, of Company A, who had remained in Elmira sick when the Regiment left that place, was on his way to rejoin his company. As the train he was on passed the camp, he stepped upon the platform of the car, and was swinging his hat in joyful recognition of his comrades, when his head came in contact with the timbers of the bridge over Rock Creek, and he fell from the cars and through the bridge into the creek. When the men who ran to his assistance reached him he was dead. He was a man of a kind and gentle disposition, and was much esteemed by his associates. His funeral occurred on Sunday—the day following his death—the entire Regiment turning out. The funeral ceremonies were attended by the citizens generally. The Chaplain, Rev. Robert Day, pronounced the services, which were simple but impressive, and the remains were laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery—*the first Union soldier buried there*. Eighteen months later, over the spot where he was peacefully sleeping, the Federal batteries belched forth death and destruction, and the graves were ruthlessly torn by shot and shell, and trodden by infuriated men and horses in one of the most desperate conflicts known to history.

The first review of the Regiment took place on Tuesday, the 31st of December. It was an event of considerable importance. The men acquitted themselves very creditably, and the whole affair was a pronounced success. The marching was very fine, and elicited applause from many of the fair critics who had assembled to witness the display.

Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine and Quartermaster Field, accompanied by Hon. Edward McPherson, left for Washington, on Wednesday morning, January 1st, to urge the erection of barracks for the Regiment.

One of the attractions for New Year's was a sham prize-fight between John A. Shay, of Company F (Sayers), and Godfrey Farren, of Company C (Heenan), on the public square. The men had experienced as much difficulty in getting together as professors of the manly art have in more modern times. Once or twice meetings arranged for the purpose had been dispersed or prevented by the timely arrival of the guard sent by the Colonel, but they had finally

succeeded in giving an exhibition before a large number of enthusiastic spectators. At length Adjutant Fitts arrived, and, usurping the office of referee, stepped into the ring and declared the thing a draw, and ordered the men to their quarters.

From the time of the organization of the Regiment there had prevailed an unfortunate difference among the officers, which had grown apace with the times, until it had ripened into the most intense partisan warfare, the factions being known as "Lemmon" and "Anti-Lemmon" men; the declared purpose of the latter being to oust Lemmon from his position as colonel, alleging incompetency and old age, rendering him unfit for the place; while the Colonel, generally on the defensive, sometimes took the offensive. This is not the proper place to discuss or mention the merits or demerits of either party, but simply to notice the fact and its baneful influence on the Regiment. Not only did many of the enlisted men range themselves with the contending factions, but numbers of the citizens were unconsciously drawn into the unfortunate quarrel. Confined to the officers, the effect of such a state of affairs would have been sufficiently demoralizing to seriously impair the efficiency and *morale* of an organization; but when participated in by the enlisted men and citizens among whom the officers and men moved, it became positively vicious in its tendency. It stands as a monument to the high character of the men in the Regiment that they did not become seriously demoralized.

Quartermaster Field received the regimental flag, storm flag, and guidons, together with boots, blankets, etc., for the men, on Saturday, January 5th, and issued them immediately.

The officers deputed to visit the Secretary of War, at Washington, returned on the 6th of January, with authority to have barracks erected. The site selected was on the farm of Mr. George Wolff, about one mile east of the village, on the south side of the York road. The location was on high ground, insuring good drainage and pure air. Adjoining the place decided on for erecting the barracks was a fine wood, and in the rear a broad, open field, well suited for manœuvring the Regiment. A detail of eight men from each company was made every day to work on the buildings, the lumber and material for which was furnished by dealers in town.

The inclement weather had prevented continued work on the barracks, and as a consequence the companies remained in their "temporary" quarters in town, until Monday, February 3d, when a

sufficient number of the buildings were completed to admit of four companies moving in.

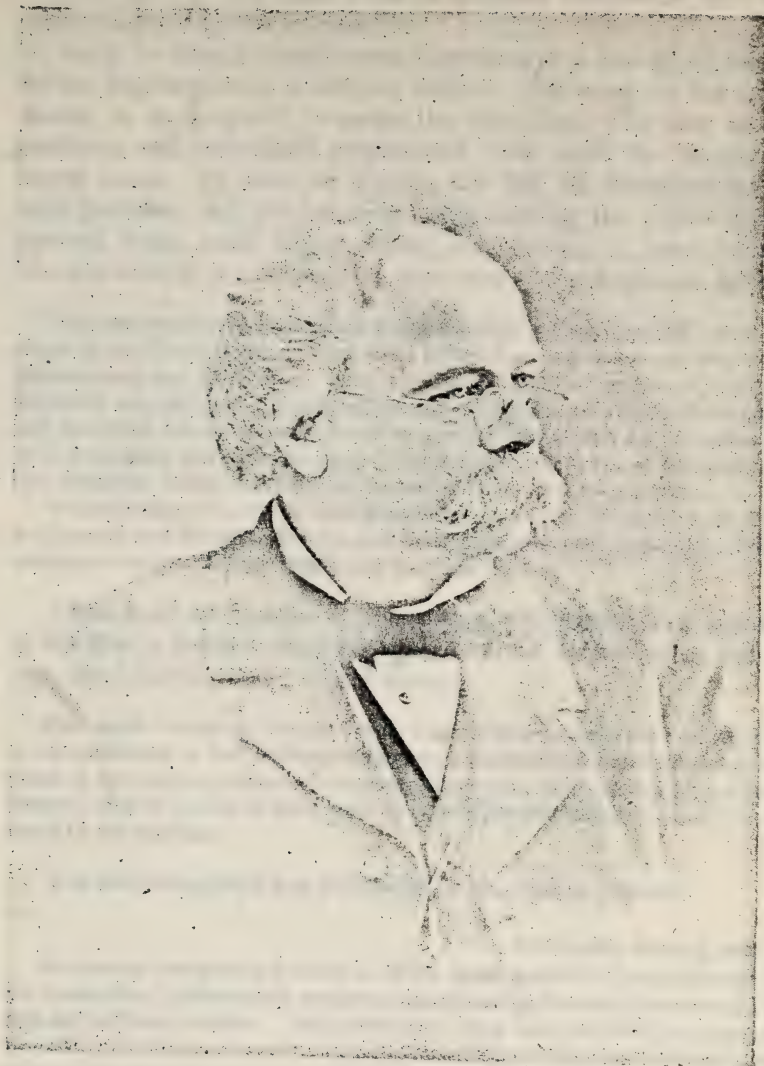
An event of great interest to the Regiment and the citizens occurred on Saturday, the 1st of February. After many delays and postponements the presentation of a silk banner to the Regiment, the gift of Miss Elizabeth Porter, of Niagara Falls, took place on that day. The affair had been well advertised, and an extra train of cars was run from Hanover. The presentation speech was made by Adjutant Fitts, and the flag was accepted by Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine on behalf of the Regiment, in an appropriate address, Colonel Lemmon having been suddenly called to Washington. The speeches are too lengthy to admit of reproduction here.

The ladies of Hanover forwarded frequent donations of clothing and delicacies to our sick, and gave the "Union Relief Association of Gettysburg" much valuable assistance. Mrs. R. G. Harper, President of the Gettysburg Relief Association, and Mrs. Jerome Young, President of the Hanover Association, worked harmoniously and efficiently for the relief of our sick in hospital.

The brilliant Union victory at Roanoke Island was celebrated by a grand parade, music by the band, and burning of powder, on Saturday, February 15th.

The anniversary of the birthday of the immortal Washington made a further draft on the large stock of patriotism always kept on hand by the Regiment. The memory of the Father of his Country was duly polished up by parade and serenade, promenade and lemonade, firing of cannon, and speech-making. The band had just received new instruments, and used them for the first time on this occasion. A company of home-guard cavalry came straggling into town to join the Regiment in celebrating the day. The uniforms worn by this peculiar cavalry company were unique, combining apparently the ancient, mediæval, renaissance, and Comanche. And such style of horsemanship! It was low down and away up with every step the horse made when trotting. The brief sojourn of these valiant knights in town furnished an abundance of amusement.

There were frequent social gatherings in the village during the stay of the Regiment, and the soldiers always constituted a good part of the attendance. Few, if any, doors in the village were closed to the Porter Guards. The names of Harper, Culp, Fahnestock, Shick and Shead, McPherson and McConaughy, McIlhenny and McCully, Tyson and Tate, Wills and Wolff, Kendlehart and Codori, Shafer and Shriver, Ziegler, and hosts of others, will ever be pleasantly asso-



SURGEON ROGER W. PEASE.

ciated with the name of Gettysburg by those of the Regiment who passed the winter of 1861-'62 in the village.

Serenades by the band were of frequent occurrence, and were greatly enjoyed by the citizens.

Early in March rumors were circulated of a change of location for the Regiment, and it was no surprise that came on the 6th of March, to be prepared to move the next day. The cars were in readiness, and immediate preparations were made for leaving our brevet home. By noon on Friday, the 7th, all arrangements had been perfected, and the two long trains bearing the Porter Guards steamed away, amid loving adieus, and waving of handkerchiefs. The Sentinel, in mentioning the departure of the Regiment, said :

The large number of our citizens who assembled to "see them off" must have shown to the Tenth Regiment that their presence among us had not been an unpleasant one; and we think we utter an almost universal sentiment, that their departure was regretted. For ourselves, our intercourse with those of the officers and men with whom we were placed in familiar and almost daily sociality, and of their pleasant and lady-like companions in life, has been one of the most agreeable character, and we need not say we parted from them with regret. . . .

We shall follow the Porter Guards as they go onward. They have our wishes for a speedy and honorable service, and trust they will look back with kind remembrance to the pleasant intercourse they had with us.

These kind words were in consonance with those which appeared in the Star, a few days after the arrival of the Regiment in the village, the following being a brief extract :

This much we can say for the Porter Guards, that we have not seen anywhere in our experience a finer-looking regiment—a regiment, generally speaking, composed of men more gentlemanly in their deportment, more intelligent and better behaved, and we profess to have seen no inconsiderable numbers since the outbreak of the rebellion.

The following card was published in the village papers :

GETTYSBURG, *March 7, 1862.*

On leaving Gettysburg I desire to return most grateful acknowledgment for the unremitting kindness and sympathy manifested by its inhabitants toward our sick and suffering soldiers. The ladies have been most faithful visitants at our hospital, supplying each want and administering to every need. Gentle hands, prompted by warm hearts, have been found ready to respond to oft-repeated calls. And as we go forward, doing what we may in behalf of our beloved country, we shall hold in grateful remembrance the unnumbered favors of which we have been the recipients.

R. W. PEASE, *Surgeon Tenth Regiment New York Cavalry.*

The Hon. Edward McPherson rendered the Regiment excellent service while it was in Gettysburg. To his interest and influence the Regiment was indebted for its barracks.

There has long been an unanswered question, how the Regiment came to be sent to Gettysburg in 1861. The following letter, addressed to the historian, will explain this:

CLERK'S OFFICE, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, *January 25, 1890.*

MY DEAR SIR: I have yours of 23d. I received from the Secretary of War the assignment of Gettysburg as the place of rendezvous for the Porter Guards in the winter of 1861-'62. I was then Representative in Congress for that district; and as the United States authorities were seeking proper sites at that time for camps for drill purposes, I represented the accessibility, convenience, and other advantages of Gettysburg. The Hon. Simon Cameron was the Secretary of War, and granted my application.

I was in Gettysburg on their arrival, and made the personal acquaintance of many of the officers and men of the Regiment. The Lieutenant-Colonel, William Irvine, had served with me in the preceding (Thirty-sixth) Congress. But I was absent from Gettysburg during the larger part of their stay.

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD MCPHERSON.

CHAPTER II.

PERRYVILLE, HAVRE DE GRACE, BALTIMORE,
WASHINGTON.

LOW and tedious was the journey from Gettysburg to Baltimore. It was nine o'clock when the Monumental City was reached. Nearly the entire night was consumed in transferring the baggage and camp and garrison equipage to the President Street Depot, where the boys were enabled to catch a little sleep in the cars. After considerable switching and thumping about, changing of cars, etc., the trains finally started out, and the Regiment was whirled away toward Perryville, Md., over the P. W. & B. Railroad, leaving Baltimore early in the morning, arriving at its destination about 9 A. M.

At Perryville comfortable quarters were in waiting in the barracks but recently vacated by the Fourteenth United States Infantry. Perryville, at the time of the arrival of the Regiment, was a densely populated town of mud, mules, and mulattoes, of which the mud was the only permanent fixture. That stuck through all time. The mules were there for instruction and muster into service. They were confined in a stockade covering several acres. A corps of negroes were in attendance to drill them, "break 'em in," as they expressed it, which consisted in harnessing and hitching them to heavy wagons and turning them loose in the mud. After proper instruction in the art of "drawing," they were branded "U. S." on the shoulder with good, serviceable Gothic letters. This constituted a mule's muster into service.

Perryville had been an important point in the early days of the rebellion. On assuming command of the troops in and around Washington, General McClellan says in his report :

I directed a large depot for transportation to be established at Perryville, on the left bank of the Susquehanna, a point equally accessible by rail and water.

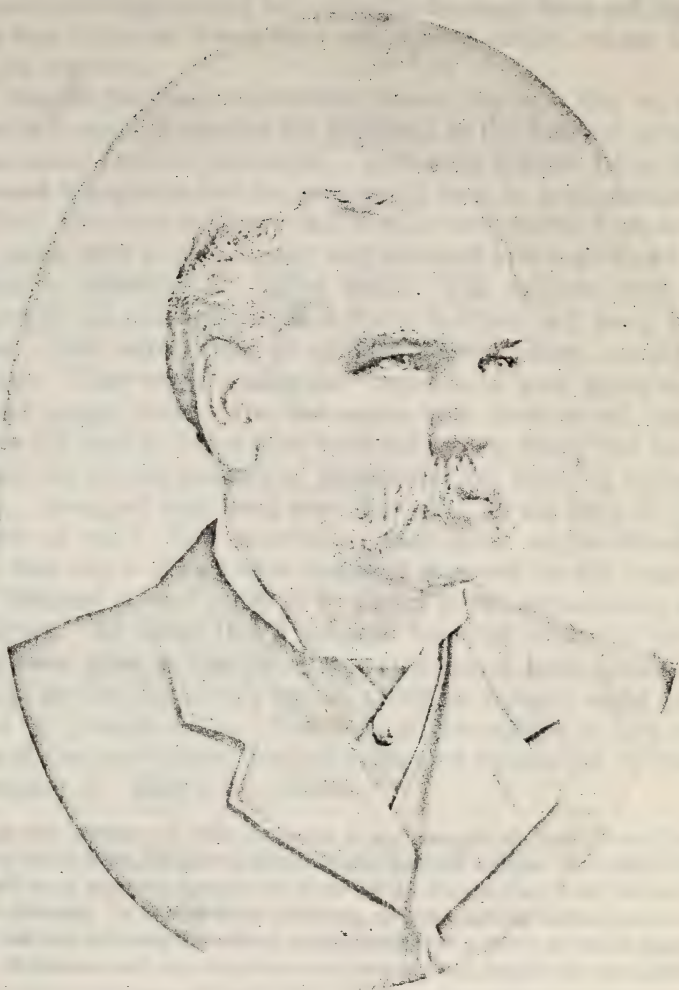
Captain C. G. Sawtelle, Assistant Quartermaster, was detailed to organize the camp.

Captain Sawtelle was in charge of the depot at the time the Tenth was there. The importance of the depot was not great, however, at that time. The Ira Harris Cavalry was also encamped at Perryville, like the Tenth, awaiting horses and equipments.

The feeling of discontent among the enlisted men of the Regiment, which had been growing in consequence of being withheld from active service, became more manifest after reaching Perryville. The sentiments entertained were not displayed by boisterous talk or threatening acts, but a quiet and firm resolve was made by a large majority of the men to endeavor in some manner to carry out the purposes for which they enlisted, and it was thought that the best way to reach that object was to petition the Secretary of War to have the Regiment mounted and sent into the field or disbanded. The partisan feeling in the Regiment at this time was running high, and no doubt contributed not a little to the disaffection among the enlisted men.

On the 26th of March the command was moved across the river to Havre de Grace, relieving the Scott Life Guard, Fourth New York Volunteers. Here were comfortable barracks and good drill-grounds located on the banks of Chesapeake Bay. The First Battalion, under Major Avery, was assigned to duty guarding the important bridges of the P., W. & B. Railroad between Havre de Grace and Baltimore. Company F was located at Perrymans, Company G at Gunpowder Bridge, Company C at Bush River Bridge, and Company A, with whom Major Avery established headquarters, at Back River Bridge, near Baltimore. The companies at Havre de Grace guarded the large ferry-boat Maryland, used in transporting the cars across the river at that point. This historic old craft had played an important part in the early days of the war. On the 20th of April, 1861, the day following the Baltimore riot, General Butler arrived at Perryville with nearly eight hundred Massachusetts troops *en route* for Washington, and, finding the bridges between that place and Baltimore had been burned, embarked his troops on this steamer and took them to Annapolis.

While lying at Havre de Grace, a petition bearing the signatures of a large number of the enlisted men of the Regiment was forwarded to the Secretary of War, praying that the Regiment might be mounted and sent into the field or disbanded. About this time Ser-



MAJOR JAMES M. REYNOLDS.

geant Frank Place, of Company B, received a furlough, and while home, in Cortland, N. Y., recruited a sufficient number of men for an infantry organization then being raised to entitle him to a commission, thereby securing his honorable discharge from our Regiment. He was a popular young man, of marked ability, whose loss was much regretted.

Rumors had been in circulation among the men that an attempt was to be made to transfer the Regiment to the infantry service, and this caused renewed excitement. Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine had expressed the opinion that the men would have to take muskets for a while. The boys well knew that to take muskets for a while meant to retain them to the end, and they assumed and maintained a firm stand in opposition to taking them. The muskets were already stored in the various barracks at Havre de Grace and along the railroad. They were a rusty lot of old-fashioned pieces, unsightly and unsafe. They would "hang fire" equal to a book agent and kick like a hungry mule. The fine canvas-back ducks would sometimes cause the boys to forget their vows not to use them; but they generally felt the full measure of punishment for breaking their promises. Once, and only once, were they used by the boys as "implements of war." This occurred at Back River on the 4th of April. On that day a Government detective appeared in the quiet camp of Company A, and asked to be shown to the commanding officer's quarters. He stated that a schooner was lying at anchor down the bay some three or four miles, on which were a large number of recruits for the Confederate armies, which he thought might be captured by prompt action. The story of the capture is best told by one of the participants, Corporal (afterward Captain) J. P. White, of Company A. Here it is, *verbatim*:

In the summer of 1862 Company A was camped at Back River, Maryland, seven miles from Baltimore, guarding the railroad bridge. Our arms consisted of old rusty muskets, turned over to us by the Fourth New York Infantry (Scott Life Guards). A Government detective, or secret-service officer, came to camp one day and informed the officer in command that a party of rebels had secretly left Baltimore, and crossing the river had seized a wood schooner about eight miles below our camp, on Back River, confined the crew of the schooner below, and were awaiting an opportunity to sail out into the Chesapeake Bay, and cross over into Rebeldom. Lieutenant T. H. Weed, with eleven men, composed of sergeants, corporals, and privates, armed with the above-mentioned rusty muskets, with one cartridge in gun and one in pocket, started out to end the rebellion. We marched through the hot, deep sandy roads and woods near the banks of the river, until we were opposite the schooner. There were only two persons in sight,

the remainder hiding below. There were four skiffs moored to the side of the river near us. Lieutenant Weed divided us up into four squads, and instructed us to pick our boats and make a run for them. We obeyed orders; jumped into the boats, and pulled for the schooner. But the skiffs being so shallow, and this being our first experience as marines, we would hit our knees with the oars, and turn the boats completely around at times. However, we "got there," after a while. The rebs had rushed up on deck, and Lieutenant Weed ordered them to surrender. They started to give three cheers for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy, but the eleven old muskets came up and they never finished the cheers. They tied their knives, revolvers, and letters in a large Confederate flag, and threw all overboard. They were ordered below, and the captain and mate of the schooner released. While we were rowing toward the schooner three of their number escaped in a boat to the opposite shore. After capturing the schooner, Lieutenant Weed and four men started in pursuit, and on approaching the shore two boats, each manned by eight marines (one boat having a small howitzer in the bow), was rowed rapidly toward them. The marines ordered our boys to "heave-to," but they didn't heave. So the marines fired a shot across their bow. The boys heaved! After an explanation, some of the marines joined in the search. I have forgotten whether the three rebs were captured, but I think they were.

It seems the Baltimore officers had also notified the commandant of Fort McHenry, and that officer had sent the revenue cutter *Reliance* up to the mouth of Back River to capture them as they came out. Two boats' crews were sent up the river to make the capture; but we, being "horse-marines," and experts in the "dough-boy" business, got there first. Upon examination of our prize, we found we had twenty-two men, one of them a Confederate lieutenant, wearing a new gray uniform under his dress of citizen's clothing. He had been recruiting in Baltimore. About two hours after the capture we saw a horse and carriage come down to the river's edge, and, fastening the horse to a tree, the driver made signs to us. We answered the signs by sending three or four men to meet him. When they neared the shore, he discovered that they were Yanks, and he lit out through the woods. Well, that carriage contained a bountiful supply of sweet, boiled hams, soda-crackers, etc., intended for the rebs. We confiscated the eatables, and the secret-service men took the horse and carriage to Baltimore. We stood around the hatchway eating the good things, to the discomfort of the picnic party they were intended for. But, there being an abundance, we gave them a portion after enjoying their chagrin for a while. A calm prevailing, the crew could not sail under canvas, so the officer in command of the marines manned the boat again and had them tow the schooner. It was now about midnight; near morning there sprang up a good, stiff breeze, and we set sail, and made the bay about daylight. The officer in command of the *Reliance* came on board, and we started for Fort McHenry. The revenue cutter could not keep in sight of us. Arriving at the fort we turned over the prisoners, and had breakfast there, after which we marched to General Wool's headquarters and were complimented by the old veteran. Now, if we twelve men didn't think the rebellion would end right there, it wasn't because we hadn't done our duty toward crushing it! We took train for Back River, and on our arrival found Company A formed in open ranks, facing in, to receive us, and Eli Turner and James Cook (Joe Cook, the Irish

bugler) played and sung "See the conquering heroes come!" The name of the captured schooner was Resolution.

Lieutenant (afterward Major) Weed writing of the capture, says :

After we got to the schooner, and while we were boarding her, the rebels all rushed down the hatchway, and all we had to do was to clap the cover over to pen them. I then took four men and followed three, who were going for an island. Two boats, containing eight men each, put out from the revenue cutter Reliance, which had been sent up from Baltimore, and intercepted us, and made us heave-to. One boat's crew landed, and I got into the other boat with Lieutenant Thompson, of the revenue cutter, and went to the opposite side of the island (Lieutenant Thompson was well acquainted with the country around there). We caught the three chaps, one of whom proved to be a captain and another a lieutenant, as we found the next morning, when we searched them, each wearing a fine uniform of gray beneath their citizen's dress.

I went on board the revenue cutter on the morning of the 5th, and took breakfast with Lieutenant Thompson and the Captain, whose name I have forgotten. I was royally entertained. I shall never forget the passage from the schooner to the cutter. The waves ran from twenty to thirty feet high, and I in a gig, which seemed so small! Well, I made up my mind I had done my last soldiering, but I finally reached the cutter without mishap.

Major Avery and Captain Pratt finally left camp and proceeded to the scene of operations, but arrived after the capture had taken place.

Fishing and flirting occupied much of the time of the boys at Havre de Grace. The shad were plenty and the girls pretty; but even these considerations failed to produce contentment. The men appeared to prefer raiding to guarding, fighting to fishing, field-service to the *ennui* of camp-life on the Chesapeake, and so it was welcome news that came, about the middle of June, that the Regiment would soon be relieved and transferred to Virginia. In apparent confirmation of this, pistols and carbines were received and issued on the 19th of June.

A pass from the "Colonel commanding" was sufficient to insure free transit on the railroad between Havre de Grace and Baltimore, and the privilege was taken advantage of by the boys, to their great enjoyment. The capacity of the road was taxed to its utmost in transporting troops and material southward during the time the Regiment was guarding it. As the long trains laden with troops passed the camps, cheers and salutations of good-will were given the soldiers by our boys, who would gather on the banks as the cars passed by, and the response would roll along from front to rear of the long trains, ending with the never-forgotten tiger. The express-

trains usually contained some people who thought of the soldier when making arrangements for the trip, as there would issue from the open windows of the flying cars packages containing such trinkets as were calculated to supply the imaginary wants of the soldier, together with fruit, newspapers, etc. As the trains would whirl past, followed by a cloud of dust, the boys would scamper for the testimonials of loyalty and regard.

On the 25th of June orders were received for that portion of the Regiment stationed at Havre de Grace to proceed to Baltimore. Everything was put in readiness and the detachment left about noon. On arriving in Baltimore the companies were reviewed by General Wool, commanding the Eighth Army Corps, after which they were assigned to Patterson Park, at the eastern end of the city, where they went into camp. Companies A, C, and G remained on duty, guarding the bridges of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, between Baltimore and Bush River.

Immediately following the riot in Baltimore, April 19, 1861, a party, headed by I. R. Trimble, one of the officers of the railroad, and at the time Assistant Marshal of Baltimore, proceeded over the road with car-loads of combustible material, for the purpose of destroying these bridges. They were successful in causing a partial destruction of them, thus preventing the passage of trains bearing Union troops to the defense of the national capital.* The bridges were soon after rebuilt, but their destruction was "a consummation devoutly to be wished" by the secessionists, and it required "eternal vigilance" to prevent their being burned again. Even as late as July 11, 1864, two years after the Tenth was relieved from guarding them, Colonel Harry Gilmor, with the First and Second Battalions of Maryland (Confederate) Cavalry, made a dash and attempted the destruction of Gunpowder Bridge, but was driven off by the guard stationed there, aided by a gunboat.

Company G was occupying the position of greatest trust, protecting the long bridge just named. The next most important bridge, for whose safety the Regiment was held responsible, was one over Bush River, guarded by Company C. The Back River Bridge, while not of so great length as either of the others named, by reason of its near proximity to Baltimore—six miles—rendered a keen vigil necessary to prevent its destruction by secessionists, who might make a

* Trimble afterward entered the Confederate service, was made a major-general, and lost a leg at Gettysburg.

sudden raid from the city. This was guarded by Company A. The duties were not so onerous or important, however, as to prevent the boys making the acquaintance of the surrounding inhabitants and partaking of their hospitality.

The new quarters of the Regiment, Patterson Park, was a beautiful place. Before its occupation by the Tenth it had been used for a like purpose by a small infantry command. The park was located on high ground at the eastern end of Baltimore and Lombard Streets. It commanded a fine view of the bay, and Fort Marshall to the east and Forts McHenry and Federal Hill to the south. Through the park was a line of earthworks, grass-covered, but perfect as the day on which they were thrown up. They were erected by the Americans, at the time of the landing of the British under General Ross, at Long Point, and used in the defense of the city when the advance of the British army was made in support of their fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, September 15, 1814.

Adjoining the park, on the north, was the extensive Patterson Park Hospital, organized by Surgeon R. W. Pease, who was detached from the Tenth for that purpose, and was promoted to surgeon-in-charge on its completion. It had a capacity for twelve hundred patients, and ranked with the best hospitals in the country.

Dress-parades, police and camp-guard duties were the only exercises the Regiment was called upon to perform to stimulate digestion while stationed here. Large numbers of ladies were always attracted by the dress-parades, which were held in the street in front of the park.

The Third New York Volunteers were stationed at Fort McHenry, the Fifth New York (Duryea's Zouaves) at Fort Federal Hill, and Reynolds's Independent New York Battery at Stuart Place, at the opposite end of Baltimore Street. The camps of these organizations were daily visited by some of the members of the Tenth. The drill of the Light Battery and the bayonet-exercise of the Fifth New York Volunteers were especially attractive. The latter regiment was a large one, and made a very showy appearance in their bright Zouave uniforms. They were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gouverneur K. Warren, afterward major-general of volunteers and commander of the Fifth Army Corps. There were other officers of this regiment that attained high positions in the army, and some of them lent luster to the mounted arm of the service. The Major of the Regiment was J. Mansfield Davies, afterward Colonel of the Harris Light Cavalry. Judson Kilpatrick and Henry E. Davies, Jr., the former our first and

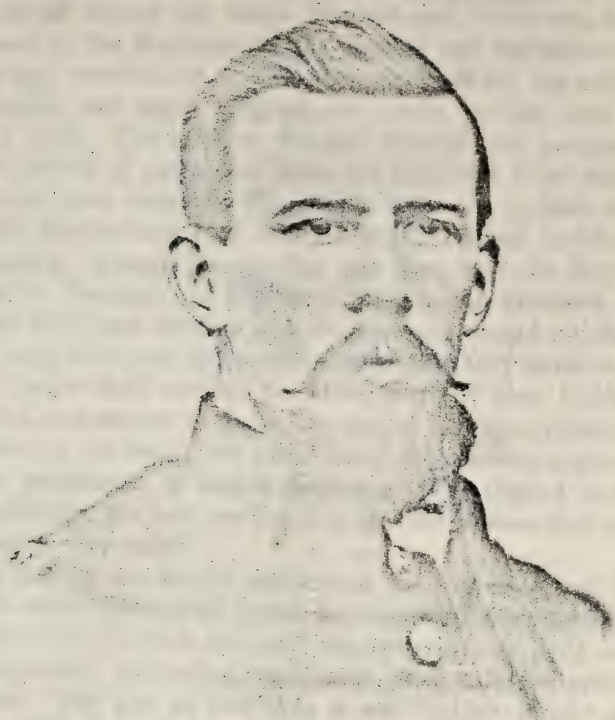
the latter our last brigade commander, who both rose to major-generals of volunteers, were captains in this regiment.

On a requisition bearing date July 17, 1862, a portion of the Regiment received horses at Patterson Park in August, and on the 15th of the latter month marched for Washington in the afternoon, mounted, where they arrived at midnight and went into camp near Bladensburg Toll-gate, just east of the Capitol.

Companies A, C, and G, on being relieved from guarding the P., W. & B. Railroad by the Nineteenth New York Militia, went direct to Washington, arriving at one o'clock in the morning, Saturday, the 16th of August. They were quartered in the Soldiers' Retreat, where they had breakfast, and then marched to the camp. Here the Regiment became reunited on ground made historic as the battle-field between the British forces under Admiral Cockburn and General Ross and the Americans under Generals Winder and Brown and Commodore Barney, in which the Americans were defeated and the capital was sacked and burned on the 24th of August, 1814, just forty-eight years before. In this unfortunate affair Colonel Stansbury, of Baltimore, commanded the Baltimore Brigade, including the Fifth Regiment, made up of the best blood of the city. The barracks occupied by Company A, when located at Back River, were on a plantation owned by a Colonel Stansbury, a man whose sympathies with the South in the impending struggle were pronounced. He may have been a descendant of the first named—perhaps an unworthy son of a worthy sire.

The ground occupied by the Regiment was rendered famous also as the place where many noted duels had been fought. The Bladensburg dueling-grounds are described as "not far west of Bladensburg, just beyond the line which separates the Federal city from the State of Maryland, a short distance off the road from Washington." Not far from here the famous meeting between Henry Clay and John Randolph occurred on the 8th of April, 1826; and here, not long prior to the battle between the British and Americans, already referred to, a United States Secretary of the Treasury shot his antagonist through the body in "an affair of honor;" and here, too, Commodore Stephen Decatur, Jr., was killed on the 22d of March, 1820, by Commodore James Barron, who was severely wounded in the same encounter, and many others of lesser note had yielded up their lives or had been disabled on this spot, victims of the barbarous code.

The place at the time the Tenth encamped there was well suited for the purposes of a cavalry station. A broad field extended toward



CAPTAIN GEORGE VANDERBILT,
Co L

the south, and a spring of water on the hillside above furnished an abundance of water for both man and beast.

The breaking of the green horses to the saddle furnished great amusement to the men, and the boastings of some of them as to their superior horsemanship was put to the crucial test. In some cases the determination to make good their vauntings resulted in bruised limbs and aching heads, for there were many high-spirited and some vicious steeds among the seven hundred and thirty-two that had been issued to the Regiment during August and September. Comfortable and commodious stables were provided for the animals on the grounds, and rapid progress was made by the men in the mounted drill. The location was too isolated and inaccessible to draw the crowds of sight-seers from the city; but there were occasional visits from notables, who usually rode out in their carriages on the old Bladensburg road and frequently stopped to witness the dress-parades. Among the number who thus paid the Regiment a visit was the President and Secretary Seward, who witnessed the parade from their open carriage with evident interest and satisfaction.

The boys, who now appeared to realize that they were on the eve of that "active field service" for which they had been longing and petitioning, endeavored to make the best of the time allowed them for inspecting the beauty and grandeur of the nation's capital, prior to being transferred to hostile territory. The Capitol and other public buildings, the navy-yard, and in fact every place that tempted the curiosity, were visited.

Since leaving the Elmira rendezvous the Regiment had by each successive move approached nearer to the seat of war, and now, that it was fully equipped and mounted, the men were in daily expectation of marching orders that would take them into the presence of the enemy. But just at this time it was decided to add another battalion to the Regiment, and a detail for recruiting it was made, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS PROVISIONAL BRIGADE.

WASHINGTON, August 23, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 50.

The following-named officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, are detailed to recruit for the Tenth New York Volunteer Cavalry, in accordance with General Orders from the War Department, No. 88, of 1862:

1st Lieutenant Alvah D. Waters, Company G, Tenth New York Cavalry.

2d Lieutenant George Vanderbilt, Company H, Tenth New York Cavalry.

Sergeant Walter R. Perry, Company A, Tenth New York Cavalry.

Sergeant Marshall R. Woodruff, Company B, Tenth New York Cavalry.

Sergeant Edgar Hinekley, Company C, Tenth New York Cavalry.
 Corporal James Matthews, Company D, Tenth New York Cavalry.
 Sergeant T. W. Johnson, Company E, Tenth New York Cavalry.
 Sergeant D. H. Binkley, Company F, Tenth New York Cavalry.
 Sergeant B. B. Porter, Company G, Tenth New York Cavalry.
 Sergeant C. E. Pratt, Company H, Tenth New York Cavalry.

By order of Brigadier-General CASEY :

E. WALTER WEST, *Lieutenant and Aide-de-Camp.*

To Colonel JOHN C. LEMMON, *Tenth New York Cavalry.*

To this order the name of Sergeant-Major N. D. Preston was afterward added.

This detachment, under the command of Lieutenant Alvah D. Waters, proceeded to the State of New York and at once entered upon the duties of recruiting four full companies, offices being opened for the purpose in different parts of the State, with Elmira as the general rendezvous. Company I—one hundred strong—under Captain David Getman, Jr., was organized at the rendezvous on the 21st of September, and was mustered into service on the 30th of October. The men comprising this company were recruited in Broadalbin, Mayfield, Perth, Johnstown, Northampton, Brooklyn, and Galway, in Fulton County.

Company K, Captain Wheaton Loomis, followed on the 30th of the same month, with one hundred men, and was mustered in on the 29th of October. It was raised in Oxford, Greene, Coventry, Sherburne, McDonough, Unadilla, Preston, Guilford, and Pharsalia, in Chenango County.

Captain Alvah D. Waters's company, L, was organized on the 24th of October, and mustered into service on the 29th of the same month. Its members came from Cortland, Taylor, Solon, Virgil, Freetown, Homer, and Marathon, in Cortland County; Lewiston and Wheatfield, in Niagara County; Buffalo, Collins, and Aurora, in Erie County; Otto and Persia, in Cattaraugus County; Watkins, in Schuyler County; Lyons, in Wayne County; Pitcher, in Chenango County; Big Flats, in Sullivan County; and Elmira, in Chemung County.

Company M was organized in November, and mustered into service in the field in November and December, 1862, and January, 1863. Its membership was drawn from Cortland, Freetown, Virgil, Cuyler, Lapeer, and German, in Cortland County; Buffalo, in Erie County; Niagara Falls, in Niagara County; West Sparta, in Livingston County; Otto, in Cattaraugus County; and Oxford and Pitcher, in Chenango County.

The following is a complete roster of the four companies comprising the Third Battalion, as mustered :

COMPANY I.

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Captain, David Getman, Jr.

1st Lieutenant, Stephen Dennie,

2d Lieutenant, Charles H. Hill.

Sergeants.

Horatio H. Boyd (*1st*).

John W. Abernethy.

Dorwin J. Close.

Asa Capron (*Q. M.*).

Nicholas D. Case.

Jacob C. Case.

John W. Inness (*Com.*).

David N. Haines.

Corporals.

Chester L. Berry.

Hosea Davis, Jr.

Abram H. Van Dyke.

Henry Betts.

Darius S. Orton.

Harvey Becker.

Augustus M. Brown.

Peter Phillips.

Henry A. Piper, *Teamster*.

Harvey A. Lane, *Farrier*.

Daniel Satterlee, *Teamster*.

George Riddle, *Saddler*.

Charles Thayer, *Farrier*.

James L. Mercer, *Wagoner*.

Privates.

Barlet, Charles S.

Fice, Ansel.

McClary, Hiram.

Benson, Charles.

Forbes, Daniel C.

McCormick, John.

Blowers, Abram H.

Forbes, Francis.

Murdock, Peter R.

Blowers, Elias.

Foster, William.

O'Bryan, William.

Blowers, John.

Fox, Hollis.

Patterson, Edward.

Blowers, William H.

Fox, Miner.

Peck, George.

Bohannon, John T.

Fox, Norman R.

Phillips, Lorenzo.

Briggs, William R.

Freeman, Alva.

Reynolds, Jesse.

Brower, Christopher.

Goodermost, William A.

Reynolds, John.

Brower, William.

Hager, William D.

Rhodes, William P.

Brown, James H.

Hall, Albert.

Richardson, Daniel.

Brown, Nathaniel W.

Hall, James.

Richardson, John H.

Close, George W.

Hall, John.

Richardson, Marcus A.

Clute, John W.

Hammond, John.

Sandford, George E.

Crouch, Thomas T.

Handy, John.

Sandford, James H.

Cuming, Philip.

Honeywell, Joseph W.

Sanborn, Joseph A. J. F.

Cuming, Thomas.

Jones, William H.

Satterlee, Abram.

Davis, George.

Laird, James A.

Satterlee, Zadock.

Day, Julius B.

Lee, Thomas.

Schermerhorn, Daniel W.

Dye, Asa.

Lepper, Jacob.

Schermerhorn, George W.

Earle, James.

Marlet, John.

Shaw, John.

Ferguson, George D.

Mosher, Ephraim.

Smith, George H.

Ferguson, Seneca.

McCabe, Barney.

Stoddard, Rawson.

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Stuart, George.	Waite, James H.	Wells, James W.
Tatlock, Thomas B.	Wands, William.	Wescot, Alexander.
Terrell, Andrew J.	Warner, Martiton.	Whitney, Francis R.

COMPANY K.

Captain, Wheaton Loomis.

1st Lieutenant, Benj. F. Lownsbury. 2d Lieutenant, Lewis D. Burdick.

Sergeants.

Bronson Beardslee (1st).	Norman W. Torry.	Adam C. Tallman.
Wm. D. Cheever (Q. M.).	Isaac J. Stratton.	A. Gray Raymond.
Thos. E. Chapman (Com.).	Thomas C. Pettis.	

Corporals.

Henry B. Griswold.	Shelden Bolles.	William H. Loomis.
Frederick A. Hill.	Patrick Griffin.	Samuel P. Morse.
Jotham Woods.	William D. Seaman.	

Lucius A. Hall, <i>Teamster</i> .	Henry O. Daniels, <i>Farrier</i> .
Isaac Cole, <i>Teamster</i> .	Antia Erna, <i>Saddler</i> .
William L. Daniels, <i>Farrier</i> .	William F. Allen, <i>Wagoner</i> .

Privates.

Adams, John T.	Finch, Charles D.	Padgett, Charles.
Arnold, Amos.	Fisk, George L.	Padgett, John.
Barnes, Nehemiah.	Gale, Alpheus L.	Padgett, Rufus.
Beardsley, Addison.	Haxton, Benjamin.	Padgett, William F.
Benedict, Abijah D.	Holdrege, Charles H.	Palmer, Nehemiah D.
Booth, George C.	Huntley, Charles F.	Palmer, Marcus A.
Brooks, Samuel A.	Ingersoll, Theodore G.	Palmer, James.
Bunuel, James M.	Ingraham, Andrew.	Ray, Charles A.
Butler, Emory A.	Ingraham, Austin.	Raynor, John.
Button, Sylvester.	Ireland, Henry.	Rekins, Robert.
Cady, William.	Kuhn, Jacob.	Robinson, Charles J.
Carhart, George N.	Lamphen, George.	Rosa, Adna.
Condran, John.	Lamphen, William.	Rosa, James.
Crosby, Orris.	Marlin, Thomas W.	Rosa, Levi.
Crumb, Orson.	Martin, Addison W.	Sargent, Alvin D.
Crumb, William P.	Miles, William A.	Sargent, Tracy A.
Cummings, John D.	Moak, Harris P.	Sharp, Nicholas.
Dillinbeck, Oscar S.	Moak, Julius.	Stanley, Monroe.
Dobson, Frederick H.	Morse, Edgar D.	Tracy, Roswell W.
Dolan, James.	Nichols, Ambrose S.	Tyler, Uri F.
Dow, Edmony G.	Nickersen, Edward W.	Tubbs, Orris P.
Farley, Patrick.	Nightingale, John W.	Van Ostrand, William.
Feeley, James.	O'Leary, Timothy.	Vantassall, Lawson.

Vantassall, Uri.	Wells, Charles H.	Willoughby, Edgar R.
Vantassall, William.	Wells, George W.	Woods, William.
Wellman, Joseph.	Wells, Willard.	Winchester, George A.

COMPANY L.

Captain, Alvah D. Waters.

1st Lieutenant, George Vanderbilt. 2d Lieutenant, Burton B. Porter.

Sergeants.

Frederick A. Gee (1st).	Joshua W. Davis.	Andrew J. Lyman.
Jason L. Reed (Q. M.).	David H. Rines.	Royal Miller.
Franklin L. King (Com.).	Llewellyn P. Norton.	

Corporals.

Orrin C. Dann.	Ballard Kinney.	Charles E. Blauvelt.
John R. Maybury.	John W. Mathews.	Walter H. Angel.
Thomas H. Doolittle.	Thomas K. Ashton.	

Abram G. Van Hozen, <i>Teamster</i> .	William Law, <i>Farrier</i> .
Walter Green, <i>Teamster</i> .	Kirtland Herrick, <i>Saddler</i> .
Levi D. Ruddock, <i>Farrier</i> .	John Traver, <i>Wagoner</i> .

Privates.

Avery, Samuel R.	Craft, Jackson.	Morse, William P.
Albro, David J.	Dexter, Clark L.	Newcomb, Franklin T.
Albro, Ezra J.	Dexter, Bela A.	Ostrander, Silas.
Albro, George W.	Edwards, David, Jr.	Overacker, James S.
Albro, Philan R.	Egbertson, Orange.	Parker, Edward M.
Arnold, John.	Ellsworth, Edman.	Parslow, Uriah.
Babcock, Myron.	Ellwood, George W.	Patchin, Edward A.
Bacon, James M.	Faritor, John.	Pearsons, Kimble.
Bacon, Lester.	Fougerty, John.	Phelps, Cicero C.
Beaumont, George P.	Frye, Joel E.	Phillips, Romanzo M.
Beaumont, William.	Gard, Samuel D.	Reynolds, Andrew E.
Beebe, Mordaunt M.	Ginn, Andrew.	Richardson, Jonathan.
Bennett, Thomas.	Hartman, Robert.	Robertson, Charles W.
Bliss, Alonzo O.	Hicks, Horatio G.	Robertson, Solomon.
Brown, Asa L.	Hinman, John W.	Rockwell, Garrett P.
Brown, Daniel.	Homer, Cortland H.	Rourke, Peter.
Brown, James B.	Kinney, Chester E.	Rudd, George W.
Brown, Milford M.	Lane, Samuel M.	Sergeant, John.
Chileott, Lewis.	Madole, John J.	Sessions, Charles C.
Clark, George W.	Mathews, Joseph F.	Thurston, Henry C.
Cobb, William.	Matteson, Justus G.	Tillinghast, Frederick A.
Colburn, Eugene A.	Morell, Samuel D.	Van Brocklin, Eric O.
Cowan, Edward.	Morgan, John.	Wanzo, Henry.

Warfield, Dennis B.
 Warner, Daniel.
 Warner, Joseph B.

Washburn, Nelson.
 Watson, Robert.
 Wiles, Clifton W.

Wolcott, John.
 Wood, Neville P.
 Wright, Elias.

COMPANY M.

Captain, John G. Pierce.

1st Lieutenant, Thomas W. Johnson. *2d Lieutenant*, James Matthews.

Sergeants.

George H. Orcutt (<i>1st</i>).	Jonath'n S. Webster (<i>Com.</i>).	Edgar D. Phillips.
Melvin D. Peck (<i>Q. M.</i>).	John A. Freer.	Herman Stiles.

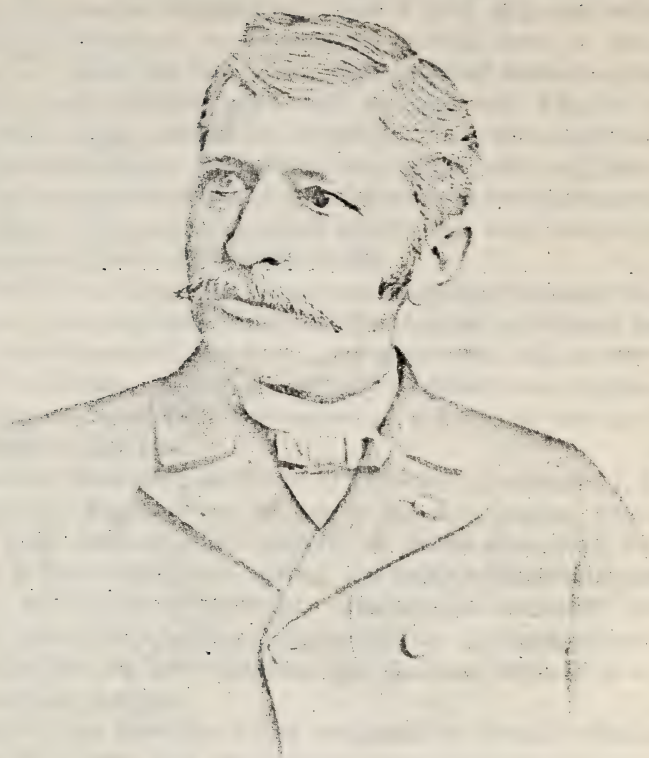
Corporals.

Charles Fay.	James Taylor	Andrew J. Van Epps.
Edwin S. Rowley.	George A. Thompson.	Charles Watson.
William B. Seacord.	Warren Tabor.	

Adam Michael, *Saddler*.

Privates.

Baker, William H.	Gaylor, Lewis P.	Meenan, Christopher.
Barber, John.	Gorman, Patrick.	Moore, Samuel.
Bloom, John.	Graham, Thomas.	Morrissey, John.
Bouton, Edward.	Green, John H.	Muller, Charles.
Bowers, Thomas.	Grovenor, Silas C.	Murray, John.
Brown, Horace.	Hill, William.	Page, John.
Cleveland, Charles.	Holmes, Farley.	Parker, Hiram C.
Corey, Robert.	Hulin, James.	Parsons, Augustus N.
Curtis, Thomas.	Johnson, James.	Patterson, William A.
Davis, John.	Jones, Samuel.	Phelps, William E.
Davis, John H.	Kenyon, Bradford C.	Phillips, Eliphalet.
Davis, Lafayette.	King, Alexander.	Rice, Charles.
Davis, Samuel.	Klink, Charles H.	Rudd, Allen F.
Dennis, Charles.	Larry, James.	Russel, James.
Dygert, James.	Lavine, Thomas.	Ryan, James.
Eccleston, John.	Lavery, Barney.	Shaver, George.
Edwards, George D.	Leach, John L.	Smith, George.
Edwards, Richard H.	Lincoln, Joel S.	Smith, Oliver L.
Ellen, James.	Lowrey, George W.	Spencer, J. Jay.
Ellsworth, John.	Macomber, Benedict S.	Stiles, Herman.
Evans, John J.	Maddox, George.	Stillwell, John.
Fedius, John.	Mahany, Michael.	Stimpson, William.
Fields, William I.	Mattison, Daniel.	Summers, Henry.
Fitzgerald, Patrick.	Maxon, William.	Telle, Guillamene.
Flynn, Morgan A.	McCann, Alexander.	Thomas, John.
Ford, George.	McCann, Thomas.	Tompkins, William.



CAPTAIN AARON T. BLISS,
Co. D.

Tucker, John.
Waldron, Jacob W.

Walker, Thomas.
Williams, Daniel.
Williams, James.

Willson, James.
Woods, John.

While in rendezvous at Elmira the men received good food and were provided with comfortable quarters. The usual guard duty, drilling, policing camp, etc., were maintained.

Clothing was issued to all the companies on the 25th of October, and on the evening of the 30th Companies I, K, and L left the Elmira rendezvous for Washington, where a brief stop was made, and the journey continued to Alexandria, arriving there on the 2d of November. Here the boys were given soldiers' fare—i. e., ancient hard-tack and inhabited pork—and assigned soft Virginia soil as beds, with a single blanket for covering. Very little complaint was heard, however, except against the very active pork, and this a humane camp commander caused to be taken away and good meat issued in its place. The men veteranized rapidly and were soon inured to the usual rough side of the soldier's life.

On the 1st of December these three companies recrossed the Potomac, and receiving their horses in Washington, rode them back to camp near Alexandria bare-back. An eight-mile ride on the ridge-pole of a skeleton quadruped naturally produced more blisters than enthusiasm. None of the boys expressed a desire for any more free excursions of that kind.

Leaving Alexandria on the 2d of December, Companies I, K, and L joined the Regiment on the 5th at Brooks's Station, where they found more company than comfort. A severe snow-storm was prevailing at the time of their arrival, and being without adequate protection, much suffering prevailed. The weather continued cold and raw for several days, with considerable snow. It was a rather rough beginning for the new battalion, but the men endured it all with commendable fortitude.

We will now leave the eleven companies at Brooks's Station and return to the camp near Bladensburg, where the detail left the Regiment to recruit for the Third Battalion.

By an act of Congress, battalion adjutants, quartermasters and commissaries had been dispensed with. The services of Lieutenants Fitts and Lemmon being no longer required, one was mustered out and the other resigned, before the regiment entered Virginia.*

* Lieutenant Fitts afterward entered the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteers and rose to the rank of major, distinguishing himself on several occasions.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN—FROM SECOND BULL RUN TO
FREDERICKSBURG.

PRIOR to the second battle of Bull Run, four companies of the Tenth—A, B, D, and E, under Major Avery—were ordered to Falls Church, Va. An additional issue of horses had been received on the 26th of August, completing the regimental mount. Leaving the camp at Bladensburg, the detachment marched through clouds of dust until the Long Bridge was reached, when a high wind nearly approaching a hurricane came up, accompanied by torrents of rain, which drenched the men to the skin. It was a rough introduction to their future field of operations, a fair index to the service to follow. The detachment arrived at Falls Church in the evening and went into bivouac, the horses remaining under saddle.

The second battle of Bull Run was fought on the 29th and 30th of August. General Pope was compelled to withdraw his army from the scene of the conflict. Considerable excitement and confusion in and about Washington followed. All the available troops in the department were sent forward as rapidly as possible. Two companies more of the Tenth—C and F, under command of Major Kemper—were ordered to Fort Whipple, leaving but two companies, G and H, in camp at Bladensburg under command of Colonel Lemmon.

The morning following the arrival of Major Avery's detachment at Falls Church, the 29th, a detail of sixty men was ordered from it by General J. D. Cox to make a reconnaissance toward the scene of the conflict then raging between the two armies. The party proceeded as far as the heights of Centreville, and returned at nightfall without having encountered anything of a hostile nature.

At this time there were great and pressing demands for cavalry for picket and scouting service. The only troops available was the Battalion of the Tenth New

York Cavalry, under Major Avery, one squadron of which was at Upton Hill, and the other, under Captain Pratt, picketing the road from Falls Church to Fairfax Court-House.*

General Cox ordered a scouting party to be sent on the night of August 31st to Drainesville, and thence across the Little Pike, near Chantilly, to Centreville. Captain Pratt with about thirty men was dispatched on this duty. The night was very dark. When near Centreville the party was halted, and in obedience to the challenge Orderly Sergeant Mitchell was sent forward. He was immediately seized by the enemy, for such they proved to be, and ordered under threats of immediate death to announce them as friends and to call on the captain to come forward with his command. Unsuspecting, Captain Pratt marched his little band forward and was immediately surrounded by a large force and compelled to surrender. As soon as Orderly Sergeant Mitchell had served their purpose he was sent to the rear with a mounted guard on each side. When sufficiently removed from the rest of the command to warrant the belief that he could make his escape, Mitchell suddenly drew a large dirk which he had kept concealed and killed both the guards by plunging it into first one and then the other, and putting spurs to his horse, entered the woods, where he remained secreted till morning, when he made his way into the Union lines and reported the capture of the entire command.†

The enlisted men—three sergeants, one corporal, and nine men from Company A and about an equal number from other companies of the Regiment—were paroled and returned to camp the next day, the Confederates retaining their horses and arms. The commissioned officers, one captain and one lieutenant, were held as prisoners, but they, too, were paroled next day. The enlisted men were sent to Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md. They were all exchanged and rejoined the Regiment before the close of the year.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Captain Pratt and addressed to the historian some years ago :

It was very dark when I reached the pike, where I fell in with a large body of rebel cavalry and became their guest. A squadron of the Second Regular Cavalry

* McClellan's book, p. 509.

† Although somewhat lawless, Sergeant Mitchell was a brave man. He frequently absented himself from his company and wandered outside the lines, generally reporting on his return thrilling encounters with Confederate scouts and partisans.

was also captured not far from the same place which is mentioned in McClellan's book on page 525. The next afternoon the battle of Chantilly was fought, and it was during the day and before the battle that I saw Lee's army as it moved along the road, and had Generals Jackson, Longstreet, and Ewell pointed out to me. I also saw General Lee and other officers dismount in front of a house, where they appeared to be stopping. I recollect General Lee's hand was done up in a white cloth, as though he had been injured.* The next day I was taken to view the body of General Phil Kearny, who was killed the night before.

The following is General Cox's report of the capture :

Thirty men of the Tenth New York Cavalry, under Captain Pratt, took the direct road to Centreville. Of this party a sergeant is the only man who has as yet returned. He reports that about eight o'clock in the evening, when they were within about three miles of Centreville, they were challenged by a picket. He was sent forward to answer the challenge. The picket pretended to belong to the First Pennsylvania Cavalry till he advanced to them, when they surrounded him and took him prisoner. He subsequently made his escape from the guards, and after wandering all night has just returned to camp.

J. D. Cox, *Brigadier-General Commanding.*

September 1, 1862.

The rebel report of the capture is given in the following language :

On the 31st of August the Brigade went with General Stuart on a scout to Chantilly, picking up two or three hundred prisoners. A portion of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Burk, captured one company of the Tenth New York Cavalry without firing a gun.

THOMAS T. MUNFORD, *Colonel Second Virginia Cavalry.*

September 1, 1862.

On the 14th of September, ten men under command of Sergeant Edson of Company D, made a reconnaissance in the direction of Leesburg, going beyond Goose Creek without encountering the enemy.

The first exchange of courtesies the Regiment had with the rebels was at Leesburg on the 17th of September, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel Kilpatrick, of the Harris Light Cavalry, with his own regiment and three companies of the Tenth under Major Avery, left Fort Buffalo,

* As we marched along I noticed a group of officers dismounted and standing upon a little eminence at the roadside. Among them was General Lee. . . . He had recently had a fall from his horse, caused by the stumbling of the animal, and had badly sprained both wrists. They were now done up in splints, which, covering the hands, were bound around with white cloths.—(RICHARD TOWNSEND DODSON, *formerly sergeant-major of the Stuart Horse Artillery, in Philadelphia Weekly Times, March 8, 1884.*)

near Upton's Hill, on the 16th day of September, for Leesburg. Lieutenant Weed, who had been ill in Washington, arrived in camp the day after the expedition left, and at once followed.

Coming up with the Regiment, he took command of one squadron, Captain Bliss commanding the other. On reaching Leesburg, the latter officer with his squadron was sent forward into the town to ascertain whether or no there was any one at home to receive company, and if he was successful in finding them, to fall back and so induce them to come out. When Bliss deployed they seemed annoyed and came at him viciously. He retired before them until they came in range of our battery, when bang! bang! went the guns, and several shells were landed in their midst. Lieutenant Weed was ordered to charge and, as the boys went forward with a cheer, they saw the rebel cavalry massed in the streets. Kilpatrick, taking in the excitement of the occasion, had started forward when the charge was made.

As the command reached a little knoll, giving the boys a good view of the enemy, Kilpatrick rose in his stirrups and exclaimed: "See the rascals! Go for 'em, boys!" and, with these words ringing in their ears, the boys went for 'em. The rebels fired a few shots and broke, followed closely by Weed and his men through and out of the town. As they drove the cavalry before them, a force of infantry from behind a fence on their flank opened fire, wounding seven and capturing one man. Lieutenant Weed seized a carriage which was just leaving town, containing "Massa and Missus," as the old darky said, and into this he had four of the wounded placed and taken back, the others being able to get away without help. A number of arms were destroyed and a quantity of ammunition and a fine large Confederate flag fell into our hands.

In addition to the captured and wounded from the Tenth, already mentioned, the charging party lost one horse killed and fifteen wounded. Among several close calls experienced the poncho of Sergeant H. E. Hayes, of Company A, rolled and strapped to the front of his saddle, was pierced by a rebel bullet. There were a large number of the enemy's wounded and sick lying in extemporized hospitals about the town, but they were left undisturbed.

Of this engagement Corporal E. W. Stark writes as follows:

When near Leesburg we were ordered to support a battery. I think there were but two companies, Company A being one. After a few shells had been thrown among the rebels we were ordered to charge through the town. I was in second rank. As we went through the town, my horse being a good runner, I in some man-

ner became mixed up in the front rank; in fact, I got some ways ahead of the rest of the boys, and commenced firing. My horse acted so I was compelled to turn him about to prevent being carried into the midst of the rebels, who were strung across the road. The balance of our command had halted and were pouring in a rapid, well-directed fire, which was being returned with spirit by the rebels. Lieutenant Weed, who was in command, ordered us to fall back. There was a good board fence on one side of the street and the rebels had taken position behind it, and, as they were perfectly protected, we were compelled to retire from the terrible fire we were subjected to. It was a miraculous thing that more of our men were not hit, as we were directly abreast and close to them, and they had but to take deliberate aim at us through the cracks in the fence. As we were falling back I received a flesh-wound in the arm, near the elbow. My horse was shot twice, but neither wound disabled him. I think William Wilbar was wounded in the shoulder. Joe Cook, our bugler, had his horse killed, and as the horse went down Cook was caught under him and fell into the hands of the rebels. Cook had a fine live turkey strapped to his saddle. Bugler and gobbler were both gathered in. I do not recollect who was wounded besides those mentioned. No attempt was made to follow us.

Sergeant W. W. Williams, of Company D, after paying a handsome tribute to Sergeant Truman C. White (afterward lieutenant), says that on the way to Leesburg the command halted at Drainesville and sent out scouting parties, and while waiting there some one of the men found a beautiful blooded seal-brown stallion, silver mane and tail, which appeared to be much admired by Colonel Kilpatrick. He says when the detachment reached Leesburg, part of the command took one street and part another, and when they had got fairly into the town the rebels opened a brisk fire on them from the buildings, from behind fences, etc., and some one gave the order to left about wheel, which was done in good order, but very lively. Sergeant W. J. Robb came rushing back, brandishing a revolver, and threatened to shoot the men if they attempted further skeddaddling! On matters being explained, Robb joined in the falling back.

When returning to camp at Upton's Hill, an old lady made a piteous complaint to Colonel Kilpatrick that his men had taken everything she had for herself and daughter to live on. The boys were all pretty well encumbered with the "free-will offerings" of the citizens along the route, and Kilpatrick left an aide at the old lady's gate to solicit contributions from them. The result was the lady was presented with poultry and provisions sufficient to supply a good-sized division of hungry Yankees. "Freely ye have received, freely give." The Bible injunction was literally and liberally followed.

The following are the reports of Colonel Davies, of the Leesburg engagement:

UPTON HILL, VA., *September 18, 1862.*

Lieutenant-Colonel McKEEVER:

I have a message from the expedition I sent out. Will be back to-night. They found at Leesburg one regiment of infantry and a battalion of cavalry, which they drove out of the town after a sharp action, in which the enemy's loss was considerable. One flag and a number of prisoners were taken. Our loss was but slight. The Tenth New York Cavalry behaved very gallantly.

J. M. DAVIES, *Colonel Commanding Brigade.*

UPTON HILL, VA., *September 19, 1862.*

Colonel Kilpatrick gives great credit to the admirable manner in which our guns were served, and the conduct of the Tenth New York Cavalry, which twice charged through the town.

J. M. DAVIES, *Colonel Commanding Brigade.*

In October the following was the composition of the brigade commanded by Brigadier-General George D. Bayard:

First Pennsylvania Cavalry, Colonel Owen Jones.

Tenth New York Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel William Irvine.

Second New York Cavalry, Major H. E. Davies, Jr.

First New Jersey Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Karge.

Battery C, Third United States Artillery, Captain H. G. Gibson.

These regiments, although not serving together in the same brigade to the close of the war, were closely allied, and always maintained a close feeling of friendship for one another.

The endeavor to secure the most and best of the products of the country, such as hams, poultry, etc., caused the boys to resort to every artifice to obtain them. To such an extent had the "hen-roost raids" been carried at one time, that it called forth the most stringent orders forbidding their continuance. Colonel Kilpatrick charged the Tenth New York with being an aggregation of chicken-thieves, alleging that in nearly every case the sufferers from these depredations reported the gentlemen who sought introductions to their poultry as wearing caps with the figures "10" on them. Soon after, the Regiment being in line, preparatory to moving, Colonel Irvine called it to attention, and commanded every man having the figures "10" on his hat to take them off, and warned them that any one of them thereafter found with figures or other evidence of regimental identity on their persons would be punished. A day or two later he sent out scouting parties, with orders to bring in any men found who had the figures 10 on their hats. A good crop of "Tenth New York men" were brought in, all loaded with "farm products," but every man, on investigation, proved to belong to the Harris Light. Colonel Irvine had them marched to

Colonel Kilpatrick's headquarters, and said to him: "Here, Colonel, are some of those Tenth New York thieves; do with them as you please. You may also have the figures on their hats, as I have no further use for them; my men don't wear them." Colonel Irvine was invited to sample some of Kilpatrick's cereal distillate, while the men were ordered to be placed in arrest. That was probably the last of it. Kilpatrick admired too much such enterprise to punish the men.

Bayard's brigade took the lead in the advance of the Army of the Potomac to the Rappahannock River. The Tenth broke camp at Centreville on the 2d of November and reached Rappahannock Station on the 7th, where it went into camp. The route was *via* Aldie, Thoroughfare Gap, Salem, and Warrenton. Skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry was continued nearly all the way. No large bodies of Confederates were encountered, however.

As the Regiment went into camp one dreary, damp night, while on this move, Joseph M. Bailey, of Company G, who was a hospital attendant, was nowhere to be found. He was wanted, and the hospital steward declared the fact in stentorian tones. "Joe Bailey!" was called for, loud and long. Some of the boys in the Regiment repeated the cry; the demand for Bailey increased, until the appeal reached adjoining camps; nor did the final return of the truant quell the rising tumult! If any of the cavalry boys of Bayard's brigade caught a nap that night, it was between the refrains of "Joe Bailey" with which the air was heavily laden. Next morning Joe Bailey was up early. He heard his name repeated on every side. It swept through the camps like a whirlwind; it invaded the infantry camps, stole silently out to the picket-line; ran the guard, and entered the enemy's camps. Like Virginia mud, "Joe Bailey" was everywhere. When on the march, if the cavalryman became weary and began to show symptoms of fatigue, new life was imparted by some one crying out, "Joe Bailey!" The tired dough-boy would give his knapsack an extra hunch, and summon all his strength to respond, "Joe Bailey!"

While the Regiment was lying near Warrenton Major Avery was taken quite sick, and sought a place of quiet among the citizens of that place. In after-years he often referred to the kind treatment he received from a family living there, who provided him quarters and ministered to him in his sickness. He never heard from them after the close of the war. In the hope that it might find its way into the hands of some surviving member of the family, the historian

addressed a letter to the gentleman whose name he had frequently heard the Major mention, and was pleased to receive the following in reply :

WARRENTON, VA., *January 21, 1890.*

N. D. PRESTON, Esq., *Philadelphia, Pa.*

MY DEAR SIR: As my husband has been quite sick since the receipt of your letter of the 17th instant, I will endeavor to answer your inquiries regarding Colonel Avery, whom I remember with the greatest kindness and pleasure.

I distinctly remember the morning of November, 1862, when our quiet breakfast was interrupted by a detachment of Union soldiers, bearing a sick officer, and demanding admittance and accommodations in my home.

The officer apologized for the necessity of intruding, and explained that he had tried several other houses and had been refused admittance, and as he was too ill to remain in camp he was compelled to trespass thus upon us. The weather was then very cold, and every room having a fireplace was occupied, and I saw that he was too sick to be put in a room without fire; but my father-in-law, then an old gentleman, said he would share his room with him, which offer was accepted. The next morning I was passing his door; he called and asked if I would come in, that he wished to speak to me. He then again expressed his regrets for the necessity of having to be an unwelcome guest, and said that his presence in my house would be a protection to me and my property; that he would be no expense or trouble to me; that his orderly would attend him, and do his cooking, etc. His considerate manner proclaimed the gentleman, and from that time until he left I did what I could for him. His illness developed into typhoid fever, and he was very sick. He had been with us about three weeks when one morning we heard that *our* troops were *en route* for Warrenton, and would be in the town in a few hours. We at once told Colonel Avery, so that he could make his escape, which he did.

We then heard nothing of him for about eighteen months. At this time some of the Black Horse Cavalry had fired on the Union soldiers who were stationed about in the vicinity of Warrenton, and it was thought the firing was done by the *citizens*. This infuriated the enemy, and they threatened to come into Warrenton and *hang ten* of the most prominent citizens. One morning, during this reign of terror, I was in my garden, when my gardener looked up and saw a body of cavalry coming at full speed into the town. He said: "Run in de house, Miss Julia; de Yankees is comin', su' nuff!" I acted upon his suggestion without delay. Much to my dismay, the troops passed all the other houses, and dashed up to my front gate, and dismounted. Of course my first thought was that my husband was to be the first victim, so I told him he should not go to the front door, but that I would. There I met a stout, fine-looking officer, in full uniform, who raised his hat most courteously, and with a merry twinkle in his eye said, "Mrs. James, don't you know me?" then I recognized Colonel Avery. He continued: "I have come on no mischievous errand, but am encamped at the Junction, and have just run up to bring you some things which I thought might be acceptable at this time." He then ordered his men to unload the mule, and I found myself the possessor of some *real* coffee, sugar, salt, etc. We spent a pleasant hour or two together, and then he returned to camp at Warrenton Junction.

We next heard of him at Rappahannock Station. While there he and a fel-

low-officer came to see us one day, and I invited both to lunch with us, which they did, and this friend may have been the Mr. Irvine of whom you inquire, for I do not remember his name.

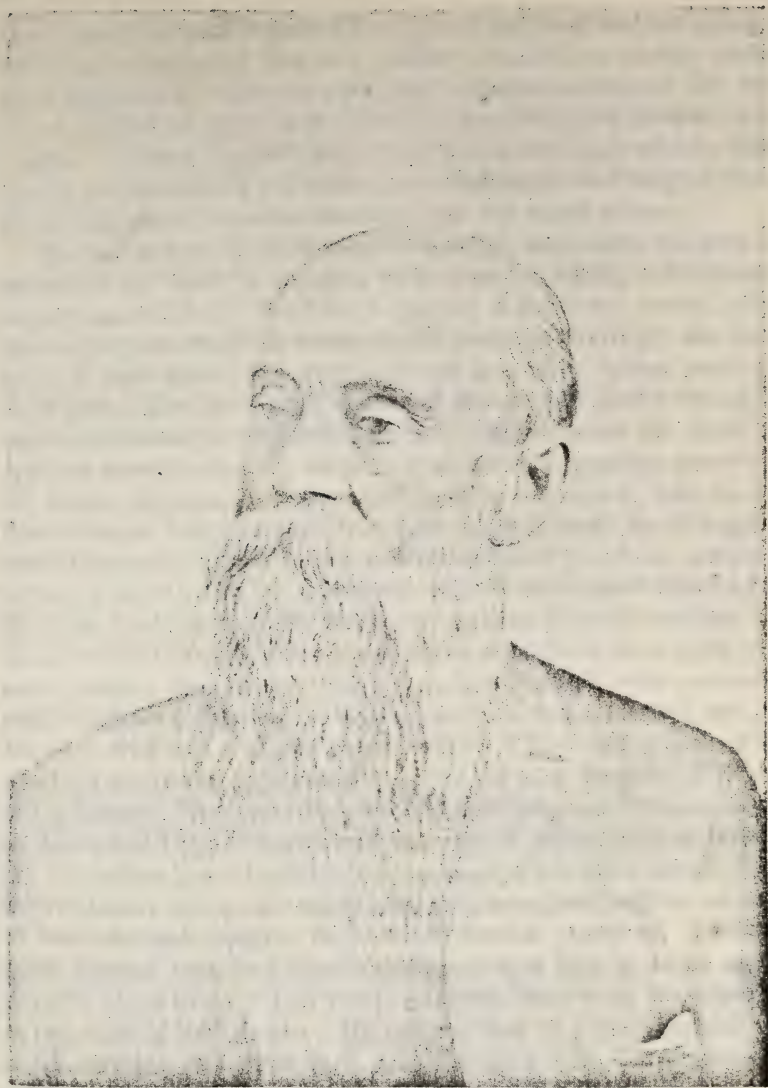
As they bade us good-by, Colonel Avery said, "Mrs. James, we are going to get to Richmond this time, *sure*," and I said, laughingly, "*Never*, unless you are captured and taken there!" This was the last we ever saw or heard of him, and we would be greatly obliged if you would write us whatever became of him, for we often, even now, talk of him, and bear him in kindest remembrance.

Very truly yours,

JULIA C. JAMES.

The Regiment was encamped just east of Rappahannock Station the 15th of November, 1862, when Captain Peck was ordered to report with his company, consisting of sixteen men, to Major Harhaus, of the Second New York Cavalry, at Morrisville, for picket duty. Upon arriving there he was sent to United States Ford, on the Rappahannock River, where he was directed to remain on picket. He reached the Gold Mines, a small settlement a short distance from the ford, just at sundown, and established his reserve about a half-mile from the little hamlet, in the direction of the river, sending a sergeant and two or three men to the river, scouting. Sergeant W. N. Harrison and Private John Hicks were sent at the same time some distance in the opposite direction on picket. On the morning of the 16th Captain Peck stationed Sergeant Guy Wynkoop with a corporal and three men at United States Ford, leaving but nine men on the reserve, including Orderly Sergeant Bonnell and Sergeant John C. Reynolds. During the forenoon the Captain, with Sergeant Bonnell, started in the direction of Fredericksburg on a reconnaissance, taking Harrison and Hicks along as they came to the point where they were stationed. The party returned about noon, Harrison and Hicks resuming their places on picket. From the time of the arrival of Captain Peck and his little party on the ground there had been a feeling of uneasiness, and although this reconnaissance developed nothing new, it did not in the least allay the anxiety of the men. They were about twelve miles from the main reserve at Morrisville, and their small numbers and the condition of the country invited a visit from the enemy, who were fully informed by the citizens of the exact condition of affairs. Every precaution was taken against surprise, but with so few men it was impossible to successfully resist any sudden attack of a superior force.

About noon a body of forty or fifty rebels came charging down upon Harrison and Hicks. As they were clothed in blue, Harrison at first sight supposed they were a party sent from Morrisville to relieve Captain



Getman

CAPTAIN, Co. I.

Peck; but the "yell" admonished him of his error, and springing to his horse he mounted just as a Southern Goliath in stature rushed upon him with a demand to surrender. Harrison declined the invitation, tickled his horse in the ribs with his spurs, and started for the reserve. A scrub race followed between him and his would-be inter-viewer, but Harrison's nag came under the wire several lengths ahead. Hicks was unable to get to his horse, and was taken prisoner.

As soon as Captain Peck heard the firing, he ordered the men on reserve to fall back to an open field close by, taking a bridle-path through the thicket. Reaching a gateway a stand was made, and as the rebels came charging down, closely pursuing Harrison, the Company H boys discharged their carbines into their ranks, causing a short halt. The little band contested the ground across the open; but soon another party of thirty or forty rebels opened fire from the opposite direction, forcing them to abandon their position around an old house. Captain Peck then called out to the men to take care of themselves as best they could, and he himself made an attempt to reach the woods, to accomplish which his horse would be compelled to leap a fence; this he obstinately refused to do, and the Captain slid from his back, over the fence, just in time to avoid capture. In the scramble from the house six of our brave fellows were made prisoners, among the number being Lansing Bonnell, who received a frightful saber-cut across the right side of his face and head, and Joe Bearley, who had a slight bullet-wound. Chet Wilcox gained the woods in safety and hastened to the ford to warn Sergeant Wynkoop of his danger. Sergeants Bonnell and Reynolds, and Privates Lorenzo Allen and Lemuel Barker ran the gantlet safely, passing through the gate where several rebels were stationed, while close behind them followed their pursuers, "too numerous to mention," calling on them to surrender and applying to them vile names. Corporal Harrison's horse became unmanageable and carried him into a dense undergrowth, where three or four rebels followed, demanding his surrender at the point of their fuses. He was marched to Fredericksburg that night, arriving just after dark, and was lodged in the guard-house with ten others of Company H. Next morning they were taken to Richmond and placed in Libby Prison, and three or four days later exchanged and sent to Annapolis.

After safely passing the rebels stationed at the gate, Sergeant Bonnell and his three companions went flying through the little settlement of the Gold Mines, the rebels "ki-yi-ing" close behind them. Reaching the junction of the roads where our picket had been posted,

they encountered another force of the altogether too-numerous enemy, but the only course open to them was to "go through" or die trying. It was hot work, but through they went, the bullets flying fast, the boys doing their best to outrun them. About twenty of the numerous throng continued the pursuing business as the boys sped on, with Morrisville only ten miles away; but one by one the horses of their pursuers gave out and they abandoned the chase. Reaching Morrisville, Bonnell and his party found the place deserted. Continuing, they arrived at Rappahannock Station about dusk and reported to General Bayard. Captain Peck, Sergeant Wynkoop, and others came in early the next morning just as camp was being broken preparatory to a move. Captain Peck was placed in arrest at once by order of the General, and was not released till about the 1st of January at Camp Bayard.

The following is the report of General Bayard :

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA.,

November 16, 1862.

The rebel cavalry from Falmouth surprised Captain Peck and his company, who were sent to picket Richards and United States Fords. A sergeant and four men have returned; the Captain also escaped. I will arrest him for gross carelessness when he comes in. Probably some eighteen or twenty men are captured with their arms and everything.

GEORGE D. BAYARD, *Brigadier-General.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine's report :

HEADQUARTERS TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,

RAPPAHANNOCK, November 16, 1862.

GENERAL: Sergeant Reynolds, of Captain Peck's Company, H, last night sent to Morrisville to report to Major Harhaus for picket duty, has just come into camp, and reports that Captain Peck, with fourteen men posted at the Gold Mines, was attacked about 1 P. M. to-day by about one hundred men in their rear. Captain Peck rallied his men after being fired on and made a stand, fired his carbines, then fell back a few rods. On the rebels advancing, emptied his revolvers. By that time the party were nearly surrounded, the Captain's horse shot under him, and they undertook to cut their way through to the rear. Five of the men succeeded in doing so and brought away seven horses. Captain Peck escaped into the woods, and, the Sergeant thinks, succeeded in escaping. The Sergeant and four men were chased and fired on for two miles toward Morrisville, when the rebels gave up the chase. Nine men are missing and seven horses. Two horses were shot, including the Captain's. Whether any men were killed the Sergeant can not tell. He has no idea where the rebs came from, but knows that they did not cross at the ford. Captain Peck's rear-guard was but a little way off and the attack was a surprise. Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM IRVINE,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Tenth New York Cavalry.

GENERAL BAYARD.

The same day this affair took place the Left Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac—Burnside having succeeded McClellan in the command of the army—commenced breaking camp for the purpose of moving to Fredericksburg. From this time to the battle of Fredericksburg the cavalry was engaged in scouting, picketing, guarding wagon-trains, etc., in broken and isolated detachments.

While on one of these foraging expeditions, an old farmer, from whom the boys had taken a few hams, etc., demanded payment, and Lieutenant Robb quieted him with a receipt signed "Q. K. Jones, commanding squad," on the presentation of which to some "general" the confiding tiller of the soil expected to receive full compensation for his supplies.

Sergeant L. A. Colburn, of Company A, relates some amusing incidents, among them the following :

Soon after the Regiment reached the front I was sent out with a detail to forage for the officers. Chickens were plentiful at the time, and we soon secured a good supply and started on the return trip, when we came to a place where there were quite a number of fowls and we stopped to increase our stock on hand. While the boys were gathering in the chickens, I went to the well to get a drink. In lifting the bucket I spilled some water on the platform near the door to the house, which made it rather slippery. The lady of the house, hearing the appeal for help from her chickens, came flying out, seized an axe, and with it raised in the air came for me, exclaiming with an oath, "I'll kill one Yankee, anyhow!" As she struck the slippery platform I raised my arm to ward off the fatal battle-axe and at the same time shied one of my feet in the direct line of her march. In an instant there was considerable female spattered over that platform, the ugly-looking axe being transferred to my hands in the acrobatic manœuvre. By the time she had recovered herself and assumed an upright position she concluded Yankees must bear a charmed life and retired within her fort, leaving the vicious chickens to defend themselves as best they could.

And here is another from the same source :

Sergeant "Tip" McWethy and I were rather privileged characters, presumably because we never forgot the officers when we were successful in getting anything in our "outings." It was hinted in our presence by some of the officers on one occasion, just as we were about to go into camp, that milk would be a mighty nice thing for the coffee that they were anticipating the enjoyment of soon. Tip and I gathered up some spare canteens and started cow-ward, over the hills and far away. Arriving at a farm-house where there were some cows, we found the lady and asked her if we could have some milk, to which she modestly replied, "Not a cussed drop!" and proceeded to deliver an eloquent lecture on the subject of vandalism, subjugation, etc. We assured her that the text was sufficient for us; we hadn't time to remain for the sermon. We complimented her cows, told her they were very pretty, etc.; but none of these things seemed to placate her. She

refused us a dish into which we might pump the lacteal fluid, so I, holding the canteen in one hand, essayed with the other to guide the precious fluid from the cow into the canteen. The woman threw sticks and stones at the quadruped, which frustrated my endeavors. I told Tip I thought we would be compelled to go into the cellar and get some old milk. "No," said Tip, "we must have fresh milk. You go and milk that cow, and if she don't stand still I'll shoot her," saying which Tip produced his revolver and aimed at the cow's head. "Madam," said Tip, "if *you* ever want to milk that cow again don't throw any clubs at her now; if she stirs, I'll shoot her!" All the old lady dared throw was furious glances, but, as these didn't interfere with the flow of milk, we didn't mind them.

Thé Tenth was again assigned to Bayard's brigade early in December, made up as follows: First Maine, First New Jersey, Second New York, Tenth New York, and First Pennsylvania cavalry regiments, and Independent Company First District of Columbia Cavalry, and Battery C, Third United States Artillery.

At noon on the 6th of December boots and saddles resounded through the camp, and soon after the entire command was on the move northward. Reports of the presence of large bodies of rebel cavalry in the vicinity of Fairfax and Thoroughfare Gap was the cause of our sudden departure for that section. A snow-storm had set in the day before and was still prevailing, and it was bitter cold when the command set out on the march. The suffering was very great, in many cases the men being compelled to dismount and march on foot to prevent their feet from freezing. Little or no sleep was obtained during the march, and but scanty opportunity was afforded for preparing a cup of coffee. The country was thoroughly patrolled but nothing of a hostile nature was encountered. The brigade returned to camp on the 9th, the men having been in the saddle the greater part of the time for three days.

While on this march General Bayard had established his headquarters one very disagreeable night, near a house, close by which was a crib containing a little corn which the men were not slow in discovering, for the enterprising cavalryman was always on the alert for food for the faithful animal that had borne him patiently during the day. The General was a strict disciplinarian. He would tolerate no pilfering or unwarranted appropriations or destruction of property. A guard had been placed on the crib by request of the lady of the house; but the boys made a "rush" on him, knocking him down, and each man proceeded to issue to himself all the corn he could get away with. Meantime the guard had hastened to the General and reported the state of affairs. Seizing the saber from his informant, the General, in a great state of excitement, rushed to the

relief of the besieged crib. The men scattered in every direction, while the young commander of the brigade paced rapidly up and down in front of the crib, muttering vengeance on any one who dared molest the corn. The deposed sentinel stood quietly by, dazed at the vigorous manner in which a general stood guard. Taking advantage of the excited condition the General was in, the audacious men crept up to the back of the crib, took off a bottom board, and in a few moments every ear of corn had vanished. A staff officer passing inquired of his chief the cause of his excitement, and on being told, ventured to look at the corn that was so valuable as to require a brigadier-general to guard it. He saw no corn, but did see the hole through which it had gone, and reported the fact to the General, who was for a moment dumfounded; then handing the guard his saber again, with injunctions to allow no one to approach the crib, he hastened to his quarters.

On the evening of the 10th of December the Regiment was ordered to the rear of the army for picket and scouting service. The location was dismal and forlorn—a more than usually hard-looking spot on the badly scratched and scarred face of “Ole Virginny.” Sergeant Mortimer Spring, of Company D, gives his experience at this time as follows:

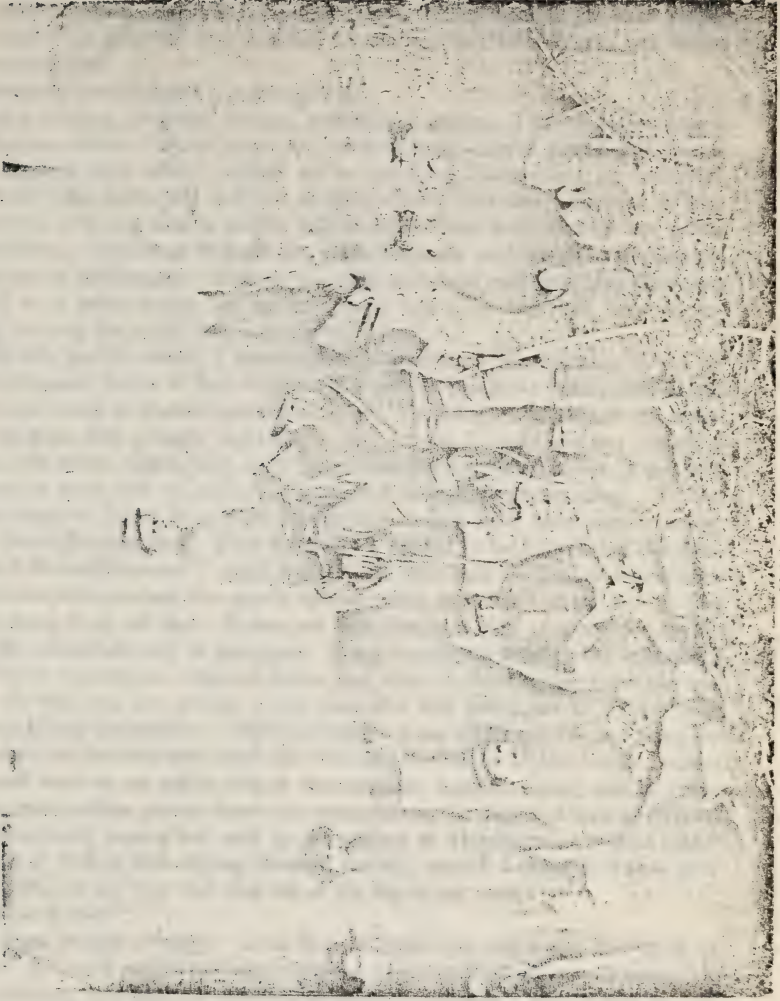
It was on the night of the 11th of December, 1862, when the Union army, under General Burnside, was preparing to cross the Rappahannock and give battle to the rebel army under General Lee. A part of the Tenth was doing duty on the right and rear of the army, on what was known, I think, as the Dumfries road. The reserve was about a half-mile back from the picket-line, on a cross-road, which led to the Dumfries road. Midnight was the time for my relief to go on duty, and as there had been firing on the right of the line all the early part of the night, the Lieutenant and Sergeant took seven or eight men and went in that direction, sending me with the remainder of the relief to the left. I had posted all but two of my men, and was going with them down a hill, the road at that place being through a dug-out. The bank on either side was as high as my horse's back, and on each side was a rail fence. An open field was on the left and dense timber on the right, with a heavy growth of underbrush. We were marching quail-fashion—single file—when, of a sudden, there came from the underbrush a gruff demand to “surrender.” I knew from the noise and rustling that we were outnumbered by at least two or three to one. I reached for my revolver, as each particular hair seemed to stand on end. Instantly came the command, “Hands off that, or I'll blow your d——d brains out!” They had the drop on me, and so, turning to the man nearest me I said, in a low tone, “Follow me.” I drove the spurs into my horse's side, and I think he jumped fully twenty feet as he flew down the road. They fired a volley at us, but neither I nor my horse was hit, but the horse behind me was shot through the neck. That changed ends with him, and the other horse of course followed, leaving me alone. The

boys on reaching camp reported me killed, while I, in turn, supposed they were killed. By the time I reached the outpost the boys were scrambling for their horses lively. At the outpost was a building which before the war had been used as a grocery-store. In this building the Corporal and one man sat before the fire while the third watched, the trio relieving each other at stated times. We formed in the road and awaited the approach of the enemy, but they did not come. Supposing my comrades to have been killed, I proposed to the Corporal to let me take one of his men and go to camp for a relief party, but he objected to remaining, so I proposed that he should take one and go, and I would remain. To this he consented, as he could reach camp by going across the open fields. Posting my one man to prevent being cut off from the open field, I took position in the road, where it seemed to me I remained three or four hours, when I espied a man approaching from the direction where the rebels had fired on us. I got the drop on the fellow, and allowed him to approach within about ten paces, then it was my turn to make the cold chills creep over the other fellow, as I shouted, "Halt! who comes there?" A very complacent, almost meek, "Friend," was responded. "Advance, friend," I commanded, never losing my advantage, but having him constantly covered. Approaching almost to the muzzle of my gun, with all the assurance of an old acquaintance, he said, "Where are the other boys?" I said, "What other boys?" "Why, the Company B boys." "What do you know about the Company B boys?" I queried, still keeping him covered. "Why, weren't they on this post?" "Who are you, and what brought you here?" I continued. He replied that he came with some others, under Lieutenant Jones, from camp, supposing when they heard the firing that we were all captured, and the Lieutenant had halted his command and sent him to reconnoitre; so that instead of a reb, as I supposed, he was one of the coolest Yanks I ever met.

The Regiment remained in this locality during the battle of Fredericksburg, scouring the country for marauding and raiding parties, and picketing the roads in every direction.

The morning of the 10th, Companies L and K were detached and ordered—the first named to General Smith, of the Left Grand Division, whose headquarters were near White-Oak Church at the time; and the latter to General Reynolds, commanding the First Army Corps. Captain Vanderbilt describes in graphic terms his first experience in escort duty, which is here given in his own words from a letter to the historian some years ago:

I just want to say a word about our march to the river. Please remember that my company had been mustered into the service only about six weeks before, and had received horses less than a month prior to this march: and in the issue we drew everything on the list—watering-bridles, lariat ropes and pins—in fact there was nothing on the printed list of supplies that we did not get. Many men had extra blankets, nice large quilts presented by some fond mother or maiden aunt (dear souls!); sabers and belts, together with the straps that pass over the shoulder; carbines and slings; pockets full of cartridges; nose-bags and extra little bags for carrying oats; haversacks, canteens, and spurs, some of them of



Wm. B. Kenney. Morgan Hall. David Weatherby. Ord. S'gt. Nelson Mitchell.
Alfred Bruce. John P. McWehney. Jacob C. Rogers.

the Mexican pattern, as large as small windmills, and more in the way than the spurs on a young rooster, catching in the grass when they walked, gathering up briars, vines, and weeds, and catching their pants, and in the way generally; curry-combs, brushes, ponchos, button-tents, overcoats, frying-pans, cups, coffee-pots, etc. Now, the old companies had become used to these things and had got down to light marching condition gradually, had learned how to wear the uniform, saber, carbines, etc.; but my company had hardly time to get into proper shape when "the general" was sounded, "boots and saddles" blown, and Major Falls commanded:

"SHOUN! 'AIR T'-OUNT! A-O-U-N-T!"

Such a rattling, jingling, jerking, scrabbling, cursing, I never before heard. Green horses—some of them never had been ridden—turned round and round, backed against each other, jumped up or stood up like trained circus-horses. Some of the boys had a pile in front, on their saddles, and one in the rear, so high and heavy it took two men to saddle one horse and two men to help the fellow into his place. The horses sheered out, going sidewise, pushing the well-disposed animals out of position, etc. Some of the boys had never rode anything since they galloped on a hobby-horse, and clasped their legs close together, thus unconsciously sticking the spurs into their horses' sides.

Well, this was the crowd I commanded to mount on the morning I was ordered by General Smith to follow him. We got in line near headquarters, and when he got ready to start he started all over. He left no doubt about his starting! He went like greased lightning! As soon as I could get my breath I shouted, "BY FOURS, FOR-D, 'A-R-C-H!" then immediately, "G-A-L-L-O-P, 'A-R-C-H!" and away we went over the hard-frozen ground toward Fredericksburg. In less than ten minutes Tenth New York Cavalrymen might have been seen on every hill for two miles rearward. Poor fellows! I wanted to help them, but the General was "On to Richmond!" and I hardly dare look back for fear of losing him. I didn't have the remotest idea where he was going, and didn't know but he was going to keep it up all day. It was my first Virginia ride as a warrior in the field. My uneasiness may be imagined. I was wondering what in the mischief I should say to the General when we halted and none of the company there but me. He was the first real live general I had seen who was going out to fight. Talk about the Flying Dutchman! Blankets slipped from under saddles and hung by one corner; saddles slid back until they were on the rumps of the horses; others turned and were on the under side of the animals; horses running and kicking; tin pans, mess-kettles, patent sheet-iron camp-stoves, the boys had seen advertised in the illustrated papers and sold by the sutlers at Alexandria—about as useful as a piano or folding bed—flying through the air; and all I could do was to give a hasty glance to the rear and sing out at the top of my voice:

"C-L-O-S-E U-P!"

But they couldn't "close." Poor boys! Their eyes stuck out like those of maniacs. We went only a few miles, but the boys didn't all get up till noon.

My company was used as orderlies to infantry generals. Pitt Morse was orderly for General Russell. One day the General was sitting on his horse with Morse just behind, when he (Morse) spied a nice round ball (percussion shell) lying on the ground. He jumped off and got it. Had no other place to put it, so laid it on his oats-bag in front, intending to take it home when he went! (Wasn't that

innocence?) The General suddenly turned to give him an order, when his astonished gaze fell upon Morse's shell.

"What in the world have you got there?" shouted the General, laying his hand threateningly on his revolver. "Get down off that horse and don't you drop that shell! Be careful, now. Go and lay it in that water, and then report to your commanding officer; I don't need you any longer."

"Next morning," Captain Vanderbilt continues, "we saddled at break of day and started for Richmond *via* Fredericksburg. We went into camp some distance north of the river, crossing the lower pontoon bridge the following morning with the infantry and artillery."

Companies K and L were present with the army at the battle of Fredericksburg, but neither company was seriously engaged.

On the 13th of December, the brigade commander, Brigadier-General George D. Bayard, was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg. Bates's History of Pennsylvania Volunteers says: "At three o'clock in the afternoon, when the storm of battle was raging fiercest, General Bayard, now in command of the whole cavalry force, was struck by a shell and instantly killed." General Bayard was originally colonel of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, of which David Gardner was afterward lieutenant-colonel. The latter officer was near the General at the time he was wounded and gives an account of it, substantially as follows: The brigade, after crossing on Franklin's pontoons, drove the rebels back and established a strong line of videttes. A dense fog prevailed, which late in the day had risen, thus fairly disclosing the positions of our troops, which were being vigorously shelled. An officer of a regular battery near by had invited the General to partake of lunch with him, and on arising from the ground where he had been reclining to accompany the officer, he was struck by a shell on the upper part of the thigh, shattering the leg. He was immediately removed in an unconscious condition to a house* and laid upon a bed, and consciousness soon returned. To the question, "Doctor, what are the chances for life?" he received the answer, "There is a chance, General, if you survive the shock of the amputation." He instantly replied, "I don't want to live, sir, with the leg gone." He proceeded with deliberation to dispose of his property, making his will and dictating letters, which he signed with his own hand. One of these was to the lady to whom he was to have been married on the day he was buried. The preparations for the wed-

* The Bernard house, known as "Mansfield."

ding had been made, and the young hero had his leave of absence in his pocket, but refused to avail himself of its privilege when he learned of the approaching battle. He was perfectly calm and collected up to the moment of his death, which he awaited with the courage of a true soldier.

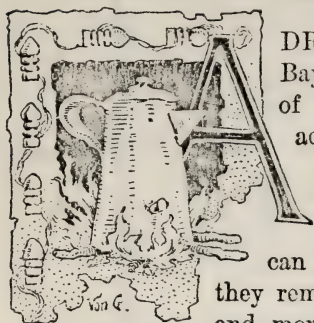
On the death of General Bayard, the brigade which he had so ably led was increased to a division, and Colonel D. McM. Gregg, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry (captain Sixth U. S. Cavalry), was promoted brigadier-general of volunteers, with rank from November 29, 1862, and assigned to its command.

The Regiment continued to picket the northern part of Stafford County until about the 20th of December. On the 16th of this month the greater part of the men who were captured near Centreville on the 31st of August and paroled, rejoined the Regiment, having been duly exchanged. While picketing here the men made the most of life, living pretty well, and occupying deserted dwellings through the country when off duty. Fresh meat and vegetables were frequently obtained from the farmers, which contributed to the health and avoirdupois of the men.

Orders were received on the 22d of December to be ready to move the next day; and on the 23d the brigade, now composed of the First Maine, Second New York, and Tenth New York regiments of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Judson Kilpatrick, of the Second New York Cavalry, went into camp near Belle Plain Landing, where it was destined to spend the winter months in what came to be known as Camp Bayard.

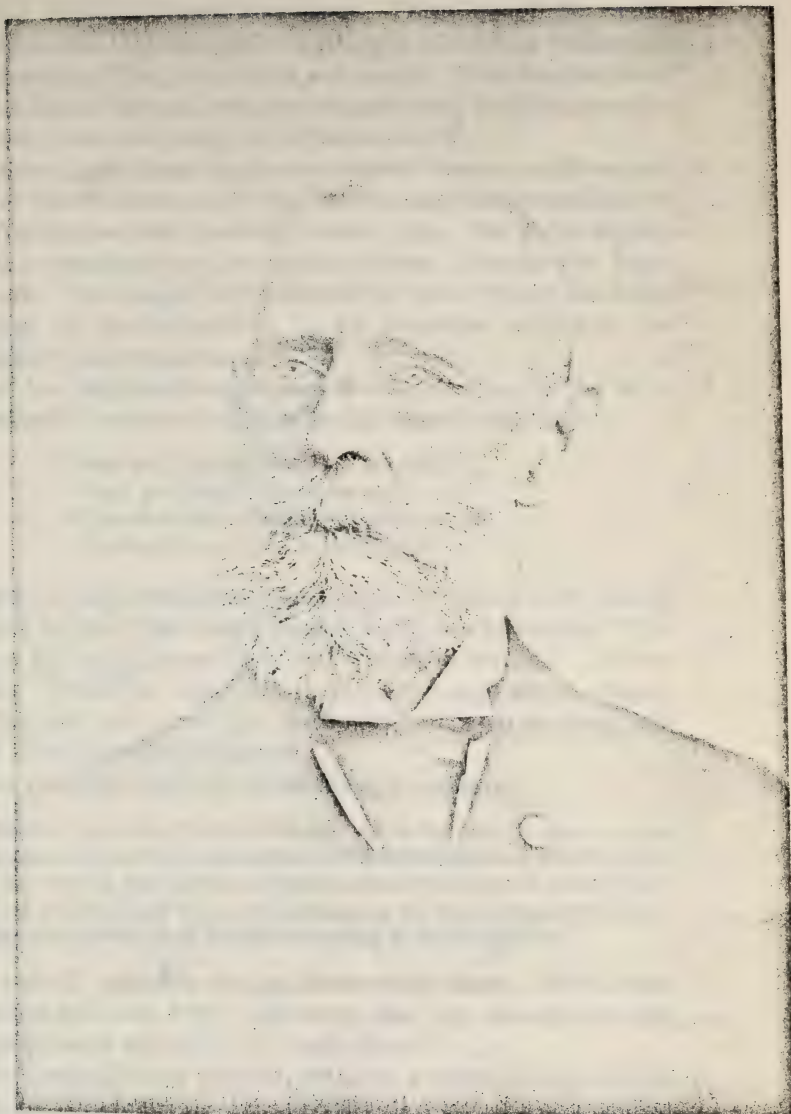
CHAPTER IV.

SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1863.—FROM CAMP BAYARD TO BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.



DREARY, uninviting spot was that where Bayard's old troopers encamped on the 23d of December, 1862. They had become so accustomed to sudden changes, leaving quarters on which they had spent much labor, that few did more than make arrangements for present needs. It can hardly be believed that this place, where they remained for the succeeding three months and more, was the result of choice. It would rather appear to have been accidental that the command found itself fixed in the location where it dismounted amid scrub-oaks and bushes on the evening of the year 1862; but with assurances that they were to go into winter quarters the boys swung the axe and used the spade with a vigor that made a bad scar on the face of Dame Nature in a short time. The wilderness was quickly transformed into a miniature city, and as time rolled by, giving promise of permanency, the hastily-constructed mansions were improved in architectural appearance and home comforts.

The place was christened Camp Bayard in honor of the youthful commander who had but recently lost his life in battle. It was a shameful degradation of a chivalrous name, a questionable honor to a brave and deserving officer. The place was a wilderness. There was more Virginia to the acre in Camp Bayard than could be found in any other part of the State. Hills and vales, scrub-oaks, mud, and hard times were there blended. The ground was as wrinkled as an elephant's hide in time of famine; but it was wonderful how soon the boys transformed the location into a place of comparative good looks. The log-huts had been erected with little regard for alignment or regularity, but as time passed they were arranged and fixed



GENERAL D. McM. GREGG.

up so as to present "a line of beauty." Tents had been issued about the time the Regiment went into camp. These served for roofs. Even the detestable Virginia mud was brought into use to render the cabins comfortable, filling the chinks and cracks. The interiors were in most cases home-like and cozy, and evinced taste in their arrangements. Good cheer was always to be found within.

Major Avery had a large log-house erected, where a night-school was held for the instruction of the officers and non-commissioned officers. The horses were carefully looked after, the camp rigidly policed, and every effort put forth by the officers to render the Regiment efficient. The trooper who ventured to trot or gallop his horse was reminded of the indiscretion by his comrades uniting in the familiar shout, "Walk that horse!"

Many of the bugle-calls were given words in verse by the boys. When "feed-call" was sounded, they would unite in singing:

"Come to the stable, while you are able,
And give your horses some corn;
If you don't do it, the Colonel will know it,
And you'll catch h— in the morn!"

There were a large number of contrabands in camp, chief among them being a bright little round-headed black boy known as "Cul-peper," from his having come from that historical borough. He was irrepressible. Under his leadership these colored boys would congregate after the men had retired for the night, and keep up song and dance until morning unless dispersed.

Assistant Surgeon Clarke in mentioning these, says:

I well remember when the officer of the day was on his tour on one occasion. These contrabands had formed in line, armed with sticks, sabers, or anything that would serve the purpose, and on his approach rendered the salute in true military style. I can see Captain Peck even now charging on the black rascals with drawn sabers, and can also see the black hussars scattering in every direction.

It was not all camp-life during these winter days. Picket duty helped to drive dull care away. However, the boys managed to get considerable pleasure out of life in Camp Bayard.

Captain Vanderbilt was relieved, with his company, from duty at General Smith's headquarters and reported at Camp Bayard on the 3d of January, and part of Company K returned on the 11th of the same month.

Forty-five men belonging to Company M were mustered into service at Elmira, and left for the Regiment on the 10th of January.

About this time Colonel Lemmon came to Camp Bayard and assumed command of the Regiment. He remained but a few days, but his presence rekindled the smoldering embers of animosity, and the strife was renewed with vigor. It was of short duration, however, as he returned to Washington again on the 13th of February.

Two hundred men, under command of Major Avery, went to Lamb Creek Church on the 16th of January for the purpose of picketing the lower Rappahannock. The weather was bitter cold and the suffering of the men and horses great. The morning after their arrival the Regiment was relieved by the Harris Light Cavalry and returned to camp, and the following day was inspected by General Gregg.

The entire Regiment, numbering about seven hundred and fifty men, was ordered on picket, going to Lamb Creek Church again on the 20th of January. Only enough men to properly police and care for the camp were left behind. The weather was very bad. High winds and rain prevailed all night, and continued without cessation the 21st and 22d. Notwithstanding the storm, great activity among the troops was everywhere manifested. From six to ten men were on a post at a time on the picket-line. Every horse was kept under the saddle, and the greatest vigilance maintained. This was the time of the "mud march," when the army under General Burnside became hopelessly stuck in the mud.

The 23d was pleasant but cold. The Tenth remained on picket until the 24th, when it returned to camp, and the next day, Sunday, was inspected by General Gregg.

Rain commenced falling again on the 27th, turning to snow during the night. It grew intensely cold on the 28th, on which day the Regiment moved out at 3 P. M. on what proved to be a most tedious march. At midnight it went into camp near King George Court-House. Starting out again at daybreak on the 29th it marched to Mathias Point, distant from Camp Bayard about thirty miles. The journey was made in a terrible storm, over roads well-nigh impassable. Early on the morning of the 30th the return march was commenced, and the command went into bivouac near the previous night's camp. The next morning the march was resumed and Camp Bayard reached about noon.

On the 3d of February the Regiment was paid to the 31st of October, and everybody, including the sutler, was happy.

Again the Regiment was ordered on picket, leaving camp Sunday, February 8th, resuming its former place along the Rappahannock

River, which had now become quite familiar. On being relieved by the Harris Light Cavalry, the command returned to camp on the 12th. After making some changes of location at Camp Bayard and preparing themselves for a comfortable time, the boys were once more summoned to King George County to do picket duty on Sunday, the 15th of February, relieving the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana cavalry regiments. The change did not involve any serious hardships, as the boys generally found comfortable quarters in deserted buildings and the commissariat was much improved by the finding of quantities of hams, poultry, eggs, milk, etc. The isolated nature of the country had preserved it from the frequent forays of the ferocious forager. Turkeys and pigs roamed at will for a while. There were many young ladies in the neighborhood, who, if not always loyal, were generally social. They threw cheerful rays of sunshine into this otherwise benighted section, for it could not be truthfully said that it was a paradise. The Northern Neck was the home of the Lees, and Washington had spent some time there, probably the better to appreciate the rest of the United States.*

Considerable rain and snow fell while the Tenth was on duty in this country, a very severe storm occurring on the 17th of February. The 22d was very cold and nearly a foot of snow was on the ground. Two men were taken prisoners from Company B on this day, but the Company B boys evened up by capturing two Johnnies two days later, Joseph Ranney and Butler Rollins by name, members of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry.

Company M joined the Regiment on the 20th of February, making the regimental organization of three battalions complete for the first time.

Surgeon H. K. Clarke relates the following incidents of life on the Northern Neck at this time :

The Regiment was assigned to picket duty in King George County in the winter of 1862-'63. Some amusing incidents occurred while there. Captain Vander-

* In The History of the British Plantations in America, London, 1838, Part I, page 165, it is recorded :

"Immediately after this Affair of the Plant-Cutting was over, Lord Culpepper returned again Governor; and while he was holding his second Assembly, his Lordship having it then in View to purchase the Proprietorship of the Northern Neck, viz: that Strip or Portion of Land which lies between the Rivers Rappahannock and Potowmack," etc.

Lord Thomas Culpeper arrived from England as Governor of Virginia in 1679.

bilt—he who knew all the horses in his company by sundry natural and unerasable marks—was at one time in command of the pickets, one post being near a blacksmith-shop at the crossing of two roads. Near by lived a lady with several daughters. The master of this household was in Fort Lafayette for blockade-running. They were ardent “secesh,” and never lost an opportunity to drum on their old piano The Bonnie Blue Flag when any of the officers passed. Orders had been issued strictly prohibiting the killing of swine, sheep, calves, etc. One day the lady, full of righteous indignation, sought out Major Avery and related that Captain Vanderbilt’s men had killed her *pet pig*! Captain Vanderbilt was summoned. “Captain,” said the Major, “Mrs. — tells me that your men have killed her pet pig. Do you know anything about it?”

“Yes, Major,” replied the Captain, while a suppressed smile hung about the corners of his eyes, “the facts of the case are these: The pig attacked one of my men on the picket post, and the man, being armed, got the best of the pig!”

The lady was compelled to bear her loss without redress.

Major Avery was a great lover of card-playing. He one day bantered our commissary, Lieutenant Preston, to a novel and unique game of cards. Preston held off for some time, but finally yielded to the Major’s importunities and engaged in a game. The result was so unsatisfactory to the regimental commander that Preston was not bothered with further requests to play. The Major’s discomfiture was a standing joke among his friends for a long time.

One night I with several others took refuge in a deserted log-house. The horses were put in one part and we slept in the other. The snow was deep and wet and the roads had no bottom. In the morning early the cabin took fire from our chimney, and we were all incontinently hurried out into the snow.

In that country I saw for the first time people who did not know what a stove was. They cooked in fireplaces as their forefathers had done.

R. G. King, of Company A, relates a midnight adventure as follows:

“William A. Baker, John P. McWethey, Lyman Senter, Lon. Mayyou, John T. King and he, were on picket and patrol duty. Senter was on post and Mayyou patrolled the road once an hour to the nearest picket post, that of Company L. The night was very dark, and they had been instructed to maintain a strict outlook, as the rebels had been unusually active and enterprising. Mayyou, at the time King approached the post, had been gone more than the allotted time, and, as the moments flew by, the impression became more fixed in their minds that he had gone on a visit to Richmond. Two hours passed, and nothing having been heard from him, King concluded to make the trip over the road, which ran through a dense wood part of the way, the balance of the route being hedged in by scattering cedars. He cocked his revolver and started forward peering into the gloom, looking for something he did not want to find. Passing along the cedars he had almost reached the dense wood. In an instant,

quick as a flash, his horse jumped to the side of the road into the ditch and King landed on his neck. The horse remained immovable, and King, with revolver cocked and aimed toward the point of supposed rebels, breathlessly strained his vision in search of the cause of his horse's fright. Yes, he saw something move. Was it Mayyou, wounded and unable to speak, or were they rebels moving to get into his rear? He was about to fire, when he discerned the dim outlines of an animal. He advanced and found it to be a calf that had been lying down in the road, and was lazily stretching itself as he came up. King felt that his growth was interfered with by that night's adventure. He continued his march without further incident, and found Mayyou at the picket post, where he had been detained, as he had failed to secure the countersign."

Bidding adieu to friends and familiar scenes in King George County, the Regiment returned to Camp Bayard on the 28th of February. Here it remained drilling and fixing up quarters until Monday, March 9th, when it went to Lamb Creek Church on picket again. The Second Virginia was picketing the opposite side of the Rappahannock. It evinced a desire to fraternize, but the orders and disposition at this time were opposed to holding any intercourse with the enemy. A boat filled with Confederate soldiers attempted to make a crossing to our side on the 11th of March, but met with such a warm reception from the pickets that they hastily returned.

On being relieved by the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, the Regiment returned to Camp Bayard on the 19th. Brigade and division inspections on the 24th and 25th were followed by drilling and policing the camp.

A part of the Regiment was again sent on the 28th to picket the Rappahannock below the point where they had recently been on duty.

A detail from the Tenth went to Falmouth on the 2d of April for horses, returning with about seventy-five.

Captain Carpenter, of Company G, on being ordered before a board of examination on the 4th of April, tendered his resignation, which was accepted on the 9th of the same month.

The bugle-blasts brought the men from their quarters early on the 6th of April. Snow to the depth of two or three inches had fallen the day before, and, although still cold, the temperature was sufficiently moderate to allow the clay to mix freely, the result of which was plenty of mud. At seven o'clock the division, headed by General Gregg and staff, moved out of camp, going to Falmouth, where

the Army of the Potomac was reviewed by President Lincoln and General Hooker. After remaining in line a long time, during which the infantry and artillery were being reviewed, the tall, gaunt form of the President came into view, accompanied by General Hooker and a vast retinue. The latter were kept busy plying whip and spur to keep in company. The President's face was pale, sad, and care-worn in appearance. He sat his small horse with ease, his long legs hanging straight down, the feet nearly reaching to the ground. The standing was followed by a passing review, in which the troopers were given another opportunity of seeing the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

Returning at 4 P. M., active preparations were immediately begun for leaving Camp Bayard. That portion of the Regiment on picket reached camp on the 7th, and on Wednesday, April 8th, the brigade moved out and formed in an open field, west of the camp, to witness the infliction of the sentence of court-martial on two deserters from the Second New York Cavalry. After the brigade had been formed in a square, with one side left open, a blacksmith-forge was brought into the inclosure and a large brand of the letter D was heated to redness. Meantime the culprits having been marched into the open space, the hair was cut from one side of the head of one, the red-hot brand was then applied to the left hip of both, and they were marched around the inside of the inclosure near the line, that every man might have a close view of their features. This, together with the doleful music and savage proximity of the sabers' points to the backs of the prisoners, was calculated to leave an enduring impression on the minds of the witnesses. The prisoners were then marched off and the troops returned to camp.

Some changes had been wrought in the composition of the Regiment during its stay in Camp Bayard. The command had become united and the organization of a three-battalion regiment completed. General Hooker, who had succeeded General Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac, was the first commander of the army to recognize the worth of the cavalry. He caused the scattered regiments to be collected and organized into a corps, to the command of which Brigadier-General George Stoneman was appointed. It was as follows :

CAVALRY CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN.*

FIRST DIVISION.—Brigadier-General Alfred Pleasonton.

First Brigade.—Colonel Benjamin F. Davis: Eighth Illinois, Colonel David R. Clendenin; Third Indiana, Colonel George H. Chapman; Eighth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles R. Babbitt; Ninth New York, Colonel William Sackett.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Thomas C. Devin: First Michigan, Company L, Lieutenant John K. Truax; Sixth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan McVicar, Captain William E. Beardsley; Eighth Pennsylvania, Major Pennock Huey; Seventeenth Pennsylvania, Colonel Josiah H. Kellogg.

Artillery.—New York Light, Sixth Battery, Lieutenant Joseph W. Martin.

SECOND DIVISION.—Brigadier-General William W. Averill.

First Brigade.—Colonel Horace B. Sargent: First Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Greely S. Curtis; Fourth New York, Colonel Louis P. Di Cesnola; Sixth Ohio, Major Benjamin C. Stanhope; First Rhode Island, Lieutenant-Colonel John L. Thompson.

Second Brigade.—Colonel John B. McIntosh: Third Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward S. Jones; Fourth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Doster; Sixteenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Lorenzo D. Rogers.

Artillery.—Second United States, Battery A, Captain John C. Tidball.

THIRD DIVISION.—Brigadier-General David McM. Gregg.

First Brigade.—Colonel Judson Kilpatrick: First Maine, Colonel Calvin S. Douty; Second New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry E. Davies, Jr.; Tenth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel William Irvine.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Percy Wyndham: Twelfth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Hasbrouck Davis; First Maryland, Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Deems; First New Jersey, Lieutenant-Colonel Virgil Broderick; First Pennsylvania, Colonel John P. Taylor.

REGULAR RESERVE CAVALRY BRIGADE.—Brigadier-General John Buford: Sixth Pennsylvania, Major Robert Morris, Jr.; First United States, Captain R. S. C. Lord; Second United States, Major Charles J. Whiting; Fifth United States, Captain James E. Harrison; Sixth United States, Captain George C. Cram.

Artillery.—Captain James M. Robertson: Second United States, Batteries B and L, Lieutenant Albert O. Vincent; Second United States, Battery M, Lieutenant Robert Clarke; Fourth United States, Battery E, Lieutenant Samuel S. Elder.

Of the foregoing commands the Second and Third Divisions, First Brigade, First Division, and the Regular Reserve Brigade, with Robertson's and Tidball's batteries, were on the Stoneman raid, April 29th to May 7th.†

In the changes that had taken place among the officers of the Tenth up to the 1st of March, Captain A. D. Waters had been pro-

* General Stoneman was afterward promoted Major-General of Volunteers with rank from November 29, 1862.

† Official Records, xxv, Part I, p. 168.

moted to major of the new Third Battalion, and First Lieutenant George Vanderbilt had been advanced to captain of Company L. Lieutenant Layton S. Baldwin having been made captain of Company E, *vice* Morey, resigned, Sergeant-Major N. D. Preston was commissioned as first lieutenant in his place. Both of the latter officers were promoted while on recruiting service in New York, and did not join the Regiment until February, when Lieutenant Preston was promoted to regimental commissary of subsistence, and Second Lieutenant William A. Snyder, of Company E, received a commission as first lieutenant. Other changes among the officers and non-commissioned officers will be found by reference to the individual records.

The following was the roster of the commissioned officers of the Regiment on the 1st of March, 1863 :

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel, John C. Lemmon.

Lieutenant-Colonel, William Irvine.

Major M Henry Avery.

Major John H. Kemper.

Major Alvah D. Waters.

George W. Kennedy, *Adjutant*.

William E. Graves, *Quartermaster*.

Roger W. Pease, *Surgeon*.

Noble D. Preston, *Commissary*.

Henry K. Clarke, *Assistant Surgeon*.

Rev. Robert Day, *Chaplain*.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, Henry S. Pratt.

1st Lieutenant, William C. Potter.

2d Lieutenant, Theodore H. Weed.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Henry Field.

1st Lieutenant, John C. Hart.

2d Lieutenant, Thomas Jones.

COMPANY C.

Captain, John Ordner.

1st Lieutenant, L. L. Barney.

2d Lieutenant, John Werrick.

COMPANY D.

Captain, Aaron T. Bliss.

1st Lieutenant, William J. Robb.

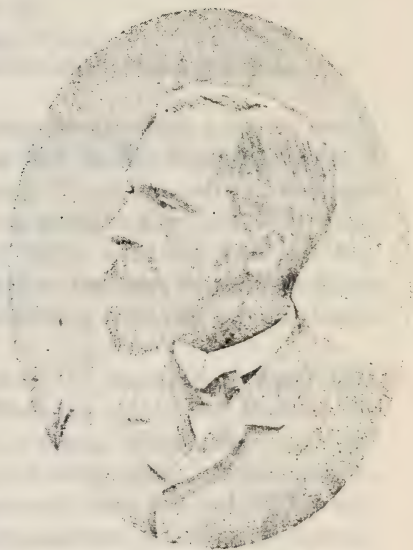
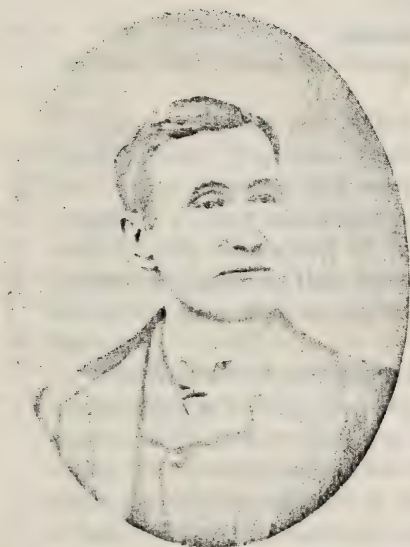
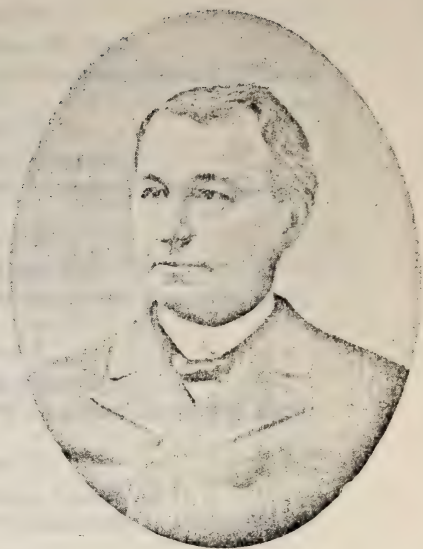
2d Lieutenant, Joseph A. Hatry.

COMPANY E.

Captain, Layton S. Baldwin.

1st Lieutenant, William A. Snyder.

2d Lieutenant, Nelson P. Layton.



LIEUTENANT TRUMAN C. WHITE, Co. K.
LIEUTENANT HORACE MOREY, Co. E.

CAPTAIN NORRIS MOREY, Co. E.
SERGEANT FRANK PLACE, Co. B.

COMPANY F.

Captain, Wilkinson W. Paige.*1st Lieutenant*, Henry L. Barker.*2d Lieutenant*, Edward S. Hawes.

COMPANY G.

Captain, Delos Carpenter.*1st Lieutenant*, John T. McKevitt.*2d Lieutenant*, John B. King.

COMPANY H.

Captain, William Peck.*1st Lieutenant*, Francis G. Wynkoop.*2d Lieutenant*, Charles E. Pratt.

COMPANY I.

Captain, David Getman, Jr.*1st Lieutenant*, Stephen Dennie.*2d Lieutenant*, Horatio H. Boyd.

COMPANY K.

Captain, Wheaton Loomis.*1st Lieutenant*, Benj. F. Lownsbury.*2d Lieutenant*, L. D. Burdick.

COMPANY L.

Captain, George Vanderbilt.*1st Lieutenant*, Burton B. Porter.*2d Lieutenant*, Marshall R. Woodruff.

COMPANY M.

Captain, John G. Pierce.*1st Lieutenant*, Thomas W. Johnson.*2d Lieutenant*, James Matthews.

Gregg's division bade adieu to Camp Bayard after a stay of nearly four months. The time passed there and on the Northern Neck, if not always pleasant, had been varied. The hours of yawning and yearning, waiting and wishing, fretting and freezing, had been sandwiched with others full of fun and frolic, shouting and scouting, picket and poker, so that, taken together, the boys of the Tenth no doubt felt something of regret at the parting with the old and familiar scenes.

The Regiment was formed in line on the morning of April 13th preparatory to leaving the camp. When the order came that set the command in motion there was many a glance toward the rough old camp, the little log-cabins, and the oft-trodden paths. If not audible, there nevertheless was felt in the hearts of many the sad "good-by," a faint echo of that farewell that had moistened the eye and loosened the tension of the heart-strings when they saw the dear old homes they had left away up North growing fainter in the distance months

before They knew the spring campaign was about to open, and they would return no more to Camp Bayard.

At about 8 A. M. the Regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, broke into column of fours, preceded by the other regiments of the brigade, and after a march of about twenty miles went into camp. Next day, the 14th, it reached Bealton, and thence to the Rappahannock, with the apparent design of crossing; but, after "demonstrating," a portion of the First Maine Cavalry effected a crossing, driving off a force of rebels who were guarding the bridge, and recrossed to the north side during the afternoon. It rained hard the latter part of the day. The boys had more gloom than glory as they settled down in a heavy rain that night.

Again the men were in the saddle at eight o'clock the next morning, the rain still falling. After changing base several times, the Regiment finally went into camp in the woods. The night was, if possible, more dreary than the last, cold and raw, and the rain continuing.

The river had now become a mad torrent; crossing was impossible. Meantime, like the fabled general who marched his army up the hill and then marched it down again, the cavalry corps was kept moving, breaking camp in the morning, marching a little, and going into camp again.

On the 16th a negro was brought into camp who reported that his master knew of the movement of our cavalry from the time it left camp at Belle Plain, and had gone to Richmond to inform the authorities.

Foraging parties brought in considerable corn on the 17th. A light mist hung over the camp on the 18th, when the Regiment was ordered out. Some cannonading occurred at the river. After marching a short distance, the Regiment went into camp near Bealton. Field report on the 19th showed five hundred and ninety-three effective men and horses.

Moving out in a rain-storm which set in the night before, the Regiment marched at 8 A. M. on the 20th, and passing through the village of Liberty, struck the road leading to Waterloo, south of Warrenton, and encamped at 5.30 P. M. Here Lieutenant Preston was detailed as acting brigade commissary by Colonel Kilpatrick.

Breaking camp at 11 A. M. on the 22d, the Regiment marched to Warrenton Junction and settled down in a cold rain, which continued during the night and most of next day. On the 24th it rained hard all day, and the boys were compelled to move the camp to higher ground.

Lieutenant Seeva, who had been confined in rebel prisons for some time, returned to the Regiment on the 26th, but left for Washington next day.

There was some rain on the 28th, but it cleared up in the afternoon. The entire command marched at 6 P. M. and bivouacked near Kelly's Ford about nine o'clock.

At 11 A. M. on the 29th of April the cavalry commenced crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford on a pontoon bridge, the boats of which were composed of canvas. After crossing, the Tenth bivouacked about two miles from the river at 6 P. M. Some skirmishing after crossing, but the Tenth did not participate.

And now the start has been made on what has been gilded on the pages of history as the Stoneman raid. The delay in crossing his troops on the day of arrival at the place of crossing, when the river might have been easily forded, has caused General Stoneman to be severely criticised. His opportunity was lost by one day's delay. General Hooker, under date of April 15, 1863, sent him a dispatch, urging promptness in making the movement, in which he says :

As you stated in your communication of yesterday that you would be over the river with your command at daylight this morning, it was so communicated to Washington, and it was hoped the crossing had been made in advance of the rise of the river.

And the President sent the following to General Hooker on the same day, the 15th :

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER: It is now 10.15 P. M. An hour ago I received your letter of this morning, and a few moments later your dispatch of this evening. The letter gives me considerable uneasiness. The rain and mud, of course, were to be calculated upon. General S. is not moving rapidly enough to make the expedition come to anything. He has now been out three days, two of which were unusually fair weather, and all three without hindrance from the enemy, and yet he is not twenty-five miles from where he started. To reach his point he still has sixty to go, another river (the Rapidan) to cross, and will be hindered by the enemy. By arithmetic, how many days will it take him to do it? I do not know that any better can be done, but I greatly fear it is another failure already. Write me often; I am very anxious. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

By the long-enforced delay in crossing and the manœuvring of the corps in the vicinity of the upper fords of the Rappahannock, the enemy were given timely notice of an intended movement, but were evidently deceived as to the point of General Stoneman's crossing.

The bivouac on the night of the 29th was without fires. A few

hard-tack and a moiety of salt Jewish abomination was all the boys received to quiet their stomachs' demands.

The morning of the 30th the command moved silently away from its camp on the east bank of the Rapidan at six o'clock. The wagons, extra and sick horses, mules, etc., were sent from here to United States Ford under command of Commissary Preston and Lieutenant M. R. Woodruff. Of this numerous host we shall have occasion to speak later.

After crossing the Rapidan, the Tenth marched in the direction of Louisa Court-House, going into camp at 9 P. M.

A very early start was made on the morning of Friday, May 1st, the same general direction being pursued. Some skirmishing occurred, but nothing sufficiently serious to impede the onward march. Reaching the vicinity of Louisa Court-House at night, the railroad was destroyed each side, and at 4 A. M. on the 2d the Tenth charged through the town. A considerable force of the enemy was encountered. Some brisk fighting took place for a time, the Regiment losing three men wounded and three taken prisoners. Some Government supplies fell into the hands of the Regiment.

The Tenth left Louisa Court-House at 5 P. M., the rear of the column, and arrived at Thompson's Cross roads at 10 P. M., the men pretty well worn out.

In his report, dated May 15, 1863, covering the operations of the Third Cavalry Division on the Stoneman raid, General D. McM. Gregg says :

Leaving Orange Springs at 6 P. M. (May 1st), the division arrived within three fourths of a mile of the Court-House at 3 A. M. on the following day. At once placing the two sections of artillery under command of Captain J. M. Robertson, Second Artillery, in a commanding position, and forming Colonel Wyndham's brigade as supports, I directed Colonel Kilpatrick to form his brigade into three columns of attack—one to strike the town, one the railroad one mile above, the third the railroad one mile below the town. These parties, commanded respectively by Colonel Kilpatrick, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, and Major Avery, Tenth New York, did the work handsomely.

Captain Lownsbury relates the following :

While at Louisa Court-House, Companies E and K were assigned a position just outside the village. Sergeant Pettis, of Company K, was anxious to secure a better horse than the one he was riding, and started out early in the morning in search of one. Passing through a piece of woods, he espied not far away an old farmer mounted on what appeared to be an excellent horse, and the Sergeant concluded he would trade with him. Putting spurs to his horse, Pettis started

for his farmer friend, who also used the spurs with good effect on his steed. Chasing the farmer around a little hill, Pettis called on him to halt or he would shoot. Finally the old fellow was run into the corner of a fence, and Pettis was about to "surround" him, when the "farmer" wheeled on his horse, and, raising a revolver, fired, the ball making an uncomfortably close call to Pettis's head. The supposed farmer gave his fine horse the rein, and, clearing a high rail fence, was away like the wind.

The command broke camp and the Sabbath at 3 A. M., May 3d, and moving eastward encamped at 5 P. M. near Hanover, to which place a detail of one hundred and ten men from the Tenth was sent to destroy the railroad bridge. The bridge was a strong one and the force of rebels guarding it still stronger, so the boys tore up the railroad track and burned some warehouses and retired.

Captain Lownsbury also relates the following :

After leaving Louisa Court-House about sundown, Companies E and K were ordered from the position they had occupied in the order of march and assigned as rear-guard of the entire force with Captain Baldwin in command. Just as we were entering a piece of wood, we were met by a soldier of the Harris Light, who excitedly exclaimed: "Officers, save your men! The woods are full of rebels!" Captain Baldwin and I held a short consultation, when it was decided to have the men in front draw sabers and the ones on the flank prepared to use their revolvers. We started on a brisk trot, which rapidly developed into a run in the haste to pass through the woods full of rebels, which were not there. The run became a stampede under the maudlin shouts of the drunken soldier. All the good things the boys had collected at and around Louisa Court-House were scattered along the road to accelerate the speed of the horses. The useful and the ornamental, the necessities and the luxuries, were thrown to the winds. The bang of tin pails and dishes sent back an echo to the shouts of the inebriated genesis of the grand skedaddle. For nearly two miles the road was strewn with cooking utensils, provisions, and clothing. It was as if a store-house had been struck by a cyclone. We overtook the rest of the command near the North Anna River without even seeing a rebel. Some of the First Maine coming up with us joined in the stampede. While we were stopping at the North Anna River, the drunken soldier who had caused the stampede came up and was promptly arrested and tied to a tree, which was the last I saw of him until I reached Libby Prison, three months later, when I saw this identical man in a squad drawn up to be exchanged. He left Libby the day I entered.

Thompson's Cross-roads was the objective on the 4th. A half-hour's halt for rest was made near a brick church at about 1.30 A. M. Here the detachment sent from the Regiment the day before to destroy the bridge at Hanover joined the command. The march was resumed at 5 A. M., and the Tenth bivouacked at Thompson's Cross-roads at 3 P. M. The forced marches and lack of sleep were begin-

ning to tell on the men. They slept in the saddles while on the march.

The country afforded plenty of good things to eat, but there was little opportunity for getting them. George Hines, of Company A, had secured a fine chicken during the day. The thought of a nice supper when the Regiment should go into camp lightened his fatigue during the march. No sooner did the command go into bivouac than George began elaborate preparations for his feast. The chicken was prepared and put to boiling over a brisk fire, and George sat near by replenishing the fire with wood, and occasionally testing the tenderness of the fowl. The camp was quiet—nearly all were enjoying

“Balmy Nature’s sweet restorer,”

when the seductive aroma from George’s boiling fowl was wafted to the sensitive nostrils of Tip McWethy and Lew Colburn, who were reclining near by. Looking up, Tip noticed Hines nodding by the fire, and suggested to Colburn a raid on the boiling chicken! Creeping cautiously up they lifted the fowl from the pot and returned, feigning sleep, to await the *dénouement*. Soon Hines nearly lost his equilibrium, but recovering himself, awoke, sprang up, and seizing his long ladle swooped it around in the pot. Amazed at the result, he returned to the swooping process again! But, finding nothing of a substantial nature in the pot, he turned his gaze slowly upward and ejaculated, “Gone up in smoke and steam, by thunder!” But, after a few moments’ reflection, he concluded that the fowl must have received outside assistance to have got out, and he declared his ability to whip the man or combination of men who stole that chicken.

At 2 p. m. of the 5th the Regiment left camp, and crossed the South Anna River at 4.30 p. m., and the Pamunkey at 11 p. m. The marching was continued all night in the rain. It was intensely dark, and in some places the surroundings and soil were in perfect harmony, being dressed in deep mourning. Halts were made from time to time, and during these short stops the men would fall asleep, the horses, with heads down, joining in the effort to relieve overburdened Nature. At such times the quiet that prevailed would have made a Shaker meeting seem like a pandemonium, until some luckless fellow would lose his equipoise and fall to the ground, the rattling of saber and accoutrements waking those about, causing a general tender of choice adjectives, gilded with sulphur, as the only assistance to the unfortunate comrade. Or, perchance, some poor, exhausted fellow would give audible expression to his peaceful slumbers by snoring,

when his fellows would hurl at him such choice epithets as "Put a nose-bag on him!" "Buck and gag him!" etc.

Wednesday, the 6th, the march and sleep was continued. A brief halt was made at 9 A. M., on the 7th, the first since leaving camp the morning before, and, crossing the Rapidan, reached Kelly's Ford and encamped at 9 P. M. in a drenching rain.

It would, no doubt, have been considered impossible to cross the Rappahannock in its swollen condition, had the command been on the north side, but the troops were now in a position that admitted of no argument. They must cross, and they did. On the morning of the 8th the jaded animals were urged into the rushing torrent by their riders and compelled to swim, reaching the opposite shore wherever they could secure a foothold, the current carrying them swiftly down-stream. Although attended with great danger, the crossing was made with the loss of only one man in the Tenth, that of Private Tittsworth, of Company H.

The exhausted condition of the command, the two or three days preceding the crossing of the Rappahannock on the return march, was such as to invite attack from an enterprising enemy; but Stuart, the spirit of the Confederate cavalry, had been called to the command of General Jackson's corps, on the wounding of that officer at the battle of Chancellorsville, on the 2d of May, and the *esprit de corps* of the rebel horse appeared at this time somewhat broken.

The following letter from Captain Getman, of Company I, to his father, written just after the return from the raid, furnishes a graphic picture of the great march:

BEALTON STATION, VA., May 15, 1863.

DEAR FATHER: I embrace this opportunity to write you. The details of the recent raid, from which we have just returned, you have undoubtedly collected from the different newspapers. You perhaps saw that a detail from General Gregg's command went to the extreme rear and burned a bridge. That detail was commanded by myself. Some of our brigade (Colonel Kilpatrick's) went within two miles of Richmond. Myself and company went within seven miles. After the charge into Louisa Court-House, and while we had possession of it, I was ordered to take my squadron and establish a picket-line toward Gordonsville. We had proceeded about two miles on our mission, when we were suddenly attacked by an advance-guard of the enemy. I immediately dispersed my men as skirmishers—after concentrating the enemy I rallied my command, charged, and drove them into their reserve. (They fired four volleys. One shot grazed my mare's ear and slightly touched my whiskers.) I then retired, without losing a man. A squadron of the First Maine then charged. I advised them to be on their guard, as I believed the fright exhibited by the enemy in retreating was assumed, as I saw smoke rising from behind the trees, which convinced me that

quite a force were lying in ambush. The result proved I was correct. The First Maine drove them, exultant at their success, beyond the reserve, which closed upon them, cutting off their retreat, killing two, wounding several, and taking twenty-five prisoners. I forgot to mention we placed one *hors de combat*.

My next adventure was near Thompson's Cross-roads. As our division was about moving from that place on our return, the Adjutant rode up to me, saying, "Captain Getman, you will immediately take your command at a gallop and picket the rear, as Colonel Wyndham has moved, leaving us entirely unprotected." I hastened and established my line. In a few moments an aide rode up and ordered me to remain until after dark, then cross the South Anna, burn the bridge, and join the division, which had already moved. About eleven o'clock we crossed the river, fired the bridge, guarding it against a small force of the enemy, who were on the opposite bank, evidently with the intention of extinguishing the flames after we left. They saw, by our movement, we purposed to remain until it was so far consumed as to be useless, when one shot was fired and they retired. It was now about eleven o'clock, the night pitchy dark. We were surrounded by our enemies without knowing the direction taken by our brigade. I now, for the first time, sought assistance of negroes, whom we found truly valuable. By the way, they were the only guides used by General Stoneman. One piloted me from the river to Louisa Court-House; he then furnished me with another, who told me where the rebel pickets were posted. He also informed me that Buford's brigade had passed through the town at ten o'clock (it was now 2 A. M.), going toward Gordonsville. I passed in the rear and very close to the rebel camp-fires, until within four miles of Gordonsville, when another negro told me that Buford's command had returned pell-mell during the night and taken the road toward Orange Court-House, and that we were close on the rebel pickets. I immediately ordered a countermarch, retracing my steps about two or three miles, then taking a secluded road toward Orange Court-House. We marched very rapidly, following Buford's trail all night and all the next day, when we came to a large stream, very much swollen by the heavy rains, the bridge having been destroyed by our forces to prevent pursuit by the enemy. We were truly in a fearful dilemma—a body of the enemy's cavalry were drawn up in line of battle about a quarter of a mile in the rear with infantry behind them, while in front a wild stream was rushing like a torrent. I set my men at work building rafts, and preparatory to building a bridge, the men evidently watching the moment we should enter the stream, with the intention of rushing down upon us and kill, capture, or drown the whole command.

Now again the negro was called into requisition. One told us that the foundation of a bridge was still standing, about two miles above, which he thought could be fixed. Sergeant Jacob C. Case, with a squad of men, was dispatched to examine and report with regard to it. In about an hour he reported all ready to cross. He swam his horse to the abutments, placed two planks side by side, and all was ready. I immediately mounted my men and hastened to the bridge. We swam the horses to the bridge, then dismounted, led them over the bridge, mounted again, and swam to the opposite shore, Jacob remaining behind and throwing the planks into the river. We had but just crossed over when the enemy appeared on the opposite bank. We continued to march until we came to another stream, In the distance, on the opposite side, I saw a large encampment.

I sent over a couple of scouts, who returned in due time, reporting "all right." As our forces had concentrated and were preparing to continue the march, we crossed the stream, took up our line of march with the whole command, crossed the Rapidan, and continued the march, crossing the Rappahannock, with a loss in my company of three men, Albert Hall, George W. Davis, and George W. Close, who were captured by the enemy, their horses having flagged. John Harve Richardson would have lost his life had he not been a good swimmer. He was mounted on a mule; crossing the Rappahannock the mule in some way became entangled, throwing John into the current.

My men displayed the courage of veterans in the charge of which I spoke. After the unsuccessful charge of the First Maine I was ordered out to re-enforce them. My men were in line in an instant and started on our dangerous mission. About this time Colonel Kilpatrick rode up with the brigade, relieving me, as our horses were very much jaded, ordering me to take charge of and defend the baggage train. We had a severe time of it; we marched ninety miles in twenty-eight hours.

We are recruiting preparatory to another "grand raid," and perhaps you will not hear from me for some time to come, but remain assured that amid the monotonous routine of camp duty, or the variety of excitement incident to field service, my thoughts are ever of home and those I have left behind me, and a tear will course unbidden down my bronzed cheek as I think of the dear ones who repose beneath the sod, and whose spiritual presence, in the form of fond memory, keeps me in the path of rectitude and aloof from the temptations that beset an army. And the only request I have to make is, should I fall in this struggle, if it is in your power, obtain my body and place it beside my mother and sister—there to molder back to that dust from whence it came. Trusting this will not be the case, I subscribe myself, in great haste,

Your affectionate son,

DAVID GETMAN, JR.

On the morning of the 3d, Colonel Kilpatrick, taking the Harris Light Cavalry, set out from Louisa Court-House for the Peninsula. A portion of this command entered the outer works surrounding Richmond, made some captures of prisoners and property, and finally reached Gloucester Point on the 7th. On the march Kilpatrick encountered a portion of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, which had become separated from the rest of the command, and took them along. During the absence of Kilpatrick the brigade—First Maine and Tenth New York—was commanded by Colonel Doubt.

Assistant Surgeon H. K. Clarke speaks of his experience as follows:

The Stoneman raid—what a muddy, wearisome march! Then I learned what fatigue and hunger meant. Ten days—ten long days and nights of weariness. One night I was with the advance-guard. I went forward with one of the soldiers, and coming to a house we represented ourselves as "Johnnies"; made ourselves as agreeable as possible, inquired whether any "Yanks" had been around; asked

for and obtained an excellent supper, the good things served us at that time remaining fresh in my memory to the present day. One year later, when passing over this route on the raid to Richmond, under Sheridan, a soldier rode up to me, and pointing to a house, said, "Don't you remember the dinner we got at that house a year ago, doctor?" I did not recognize the house nor my informant, but I did the dinner.

One of the members of the Tenth, writing in regard to the raid soon after the return, says:

Such a march! Day and night for six days, halting just long enough to feed—never exceeding two hours—did we urge our horses along, traveling hundreds



of miles during the time. It was no uncommon occurrence during the last days of the march to see men fall asleep in their saddles and drop to the ground from fatigue and exhaustion.

Corporal N. A. Reynolds, of Company A, had three horses "play out" and was left behind dismounted the last day's march, but he captured a rebel, took his horse, and came up with the command

while crossing the Rappahannock, bringing his prisoner in and turning him over to the provost-marshal.

Several good animals were captured on the raid, one of which was appraised and purchased by Major Avery, which he called "Banks."

The Stoneman raid will be remembered by those who participated in it, for the test of endurance it entailed rather than for any great damage inflicted on the enemy. It was one of the many hard strokes which followed rapidly the organization of the corps that finally made the homogeneous mass a solid, compact body, and gave it power and endurance. It also demonstrated the fact that a well-organized and well-officered body of Yankee horsemen could penetrate the enemy's country with ease, and, under proper discipline and instruction, do much damage. There is little doubt but the prominence awarded the cavalry by General Hooker was viewed with much concern by the Confederates, who must have foreseen, from the time of the Stoneman raid, the prestige of "Stuart's cavalry," declining, as the Northern horsemen loomed up so conspicuously. The great cavalry engagement at Brandy Station, a month later, forever settled the superiority of the two corps in favor of the Yankees.

We will now return to the wagon train and escort, which were amputated from the main body on the 30th of April, and sent to Chancellorsville. This grand and imposing cavalcade—the Union Transfer Company of the Cavalry Corps—proceeded to its destination, passing over the field, where a few moments later the terrible clash of arms between the Union and rebel armies occurred—marching to the Chancellorsville House on the road near which the Confederate General Jackson met his death. The rear portion of the train was cut off by the rebel army advancing to meet the Union lines of infantry. From the Chancellorsville House the train proceeded on the road to the United States Ford. The cavalry boys started to take the main road leading to the ford, but were compelled to yield it to the infantry and artillery going to the front in large numbers. It was a matter of regret that they didn't take the main road. They had become so accustomed to taking anything they wanted, that it might have been taken without seriously affecting their consciences. Besides, main roads appeared to be scarce, and they could no doubt have disposed of it at a good figure to the Eleventh Corps, a little later, as it was understood they were looking for one.

The train finally reached the ford in échelon, left in front—that is, the ones in front got left—as they remained "standing to mule" for a long time, awaiting an opportunity to cross on the pontoon

bridge, while the rear portion, supposing a halt had been called, went into camp, had a good cup of coffee and enjoyed a quiet rest.

Finally, the right of way was secured by the beasts of burden and their attendants.

After crossing, camp was established on the high grounds overlooking the United States Ford, the wagons parked, tents pitched, the mules formed in a hollow square around the camp, business ends outward, and the brave defenders of the tail end of the Cavalry Corps sought quiet and rest in the shade of the friendly trees. During the night of the 3d of May the Confederates advanced a battery near the river on the opposite side, and at early dawn on the 4th began a bombardment of the camp.

The effect of being awakened from peaceful slumbers by the bursting and banging of shells is rather bewildering, to say the least. Anyway, they had that effect on the boys in the train-camp that morning. In front of the line of tents was an ancient, bald-headed old patriarch of the forest—a rotten tree-stub, about eighteen inches in diameter. A vigorous push by a muscular fellow would, no doubt, have sent it over. In the scramble which followed the sudden awakening this decayed remnant of Nature's grandeur was selected as a defense from the exploding shells! A long line of brave fellows, most of whom were in undress uniform, were soon crowding in the shadow of that stub, among the number the regimental commissary. The picture was too ridiculous to be long maintained. With a shout the boys broke from the line, and laughter, long and loud, ensued. The shells intended for the mule-camp reached the herding-place of Confederate prisoners, just beyond, who rejoiced when the projectiles fell among the teams and tents, but when, a few moments later, some of them fell plump in their midst, they made earnest appeals for a change of location.

Seven hundred and fifty of these prisoners were sent to Falmouth, with a detachment under Sergeant Peck, of Company M, as guards, during this day.

When news was received of the return of the cavalry from the raid, camp was broken and the train put in motion for the purpose of forming a junction. The train and escort joined the command at Bealton Station on the 9th.

The next day the brigade broke camp and marched to Hartwood Church, where it encamped. At 8 A. M. on the 11th the march was taken up again and continued to Potomac Creek Bridge, where the Regiment went into camp. Here the boys were vigorously assailed

by wood-ticks. Between the attacks of these new-found visitors and the regular inhabitants, they had hard scratching to get any rest. The Potomac Creek afforded excellent opportunities for bathing and laundry-work, which were well improved.

Paymaster Armstrong appeared in camp on the 14th and paid the men to the 1st of March, 1863.

Boots and saddles at sunrise on the 15th brought the Regiment into line again, and at eight o'clock the march was taken up in a westerly direction, going into camp once more at Bealton Station. Picketing the surrounding country for several succeeding days was no pleasant duty, since guerrillas were numerous and murders of Union troops frequent. Philip Cuming, of Company I, while on picket, was killed and his horse and personal effects carried off only a day or two after the arrival of the Regiment at Bealton. Sergeant L. A. Colburn, of Company A, was out early one morning in command of the patrol in a section of country that had become notoriously bad. Hearing a shot fired in the direction of one of the picket posts, he hastened to the place, where he was informed that the post had been fired on. Leading his patrol to a house near by, he discovered the tracks of a man in the soft earth and the imprint of the same boot on the door-steps. Posting his men around the house, Colburn rapped at the door. It was all quiet within. The rappings were continued until a response was obtained. "Who's there?" was demanded in a feminine voice, and when informed, the same voice asked for time to allow the ladies to arise and dress.

But to an imperative demand to open the door or it would be forced open, it was thrown back, and a woman demanded the authority by which her house was thus rudely entered. "Well," said Colburn, "I'm acting on my own authority just now," and going forward commenced a search of the rooms. As the men were about to enter the last room, the woman placed herself in the door and pleaded that they would not intrude, as her daughter was within lying at the point of death. "Well," said Colburn, "trot out the man and we won't disturb your daughter." The woman was indignant at the insinuation that there was a man in the house. The boys proceeded to investigate. The single bed in the room contained a single person or what seemed a person, though no portion was visible. Turning down the clothing, the comely features of a very healthy-looking young woman appeared. The boys thought they wouldn't disturb her only just what was necessary, but as the bed was against a door they were compelled to move it to gain access. Colburn entered the

dark recess which the door opened into, and as he did so his feet encountered something of a soft nature. Reaching down his hand it ran into a man's hair, still wet from the rain of the night before. The hand involuntarily tightened its grip, and Colburn stepped out into the sick (?) chamber with a handful of hair. There was a man on the end of it. One of the boys went into the closet and brought out the fellow's gun and accoutrements, which were yet damp from the night's dew. The fellow pleaded for mercy while the boys were discussing the rope question. It was finally decided to take him to camp, where he was turned over to the provost marshal.

Johnny Schenck, of Company A, was placed on picket in a lonely spot one night near Morrisville. Surrounded by a thick growth of underbrush, Schenck thought it afforded a good screen for a hostile to approach very near him unobserved, and he kept both eyes and ears opened, watching in every direction. His vigilance was rewarded some time after midnight. First he heard a faint rustling of leaves as if made by a squirrel. The noise grew nearer and nearer. Anon it would cease entirely, and then again it would be resumed. A twig would snap, and then a silence ensue as though fear of discovery might follow. Meantime Schenck with bated breath was peering into the underbrush, with his carbine to his shoulder cocked and ready for immediate use. It was a starlight night and a moving object could be discerned for a little distance very fairly. Presently, creeping on all-fours, clutching a carbine in his right hand, the form of a human being appeared beneath the underbrush. "Halt! move a muscle and you're a dead man!" shouted Schenck. The would-be murderer needed no second admonition. He was as immovable as a statue. The Yankee and the gun were both uncomfortably plain to the astonished man. "Drop that gun, throw up your hands, and come up here!" The fellow was under a good state of discipline. The order was obeyed without a word. Securing his man, Schenck watched him and the surrounding country until he was relieved, when he marched his prisoner into camp to receive, not the plaudits of his comrades, but their execrations for bringing the would-be murderer in alive! On the prisoner was found a pass, reading something like this:

HEADQUARTERS, ETC.

Private —, having indicated his ability to secure a remount, is hereby given permission to visit Parquhar County for — days.

—, *Commanding.*

Which, translated into English, "indicated his ability" to murder a Yankee and secure his horse.

The command left Bealton Station early in the morning of the 16th, and went into bivouack near Rappahannock about 11 A. M. Next morning it broke camp about 8 A. M. and returned to Bealton. These moves were probably for strategic purposes.

While on picket near Liberty, a Confederate horseman was discovered on the road leading to Sulphur Springs, and four of our boys gave chase, pursuing the venturesome Johnny to the Rappahannock, and secured his hat, which he lost in his flight. This piece of ancient and dilapidated head-gear was identified as the property of one "Mr. Johnson," of the Black Horse Cavalry, whose fondness for the society of pretty Miss Belle Newhouse, who lived with her mother at Fayetteville, on the road between Liberty and Sulphur Springs, induced him to test the vigilance of the Yankee pickets in the endeavor to allay the wild pulsations of a heart overburdened with love. The boys tantalized poor Belle by exhibiting the trophy as evidence that Mr. Johnson had been on a flying trip to that section of country.

The Regiment continued on picket around Liberty, Fayetteville, and on the Sulphur Springs road until Friday, May 29th, when it was relieved by the First Maryland Cavalry. The following day it marched to Warrenton Junction and went on picket. Frequent alarms kept the boys wide awake. It grew quite monotonous if they were not called out at least once every day to meet some threatened attack or to intercept some imaginary raiding party. On being relieved from picket by the First Maine Cavalry on the 2d of June, the Regiment returned to camp.

CHAPTER V.

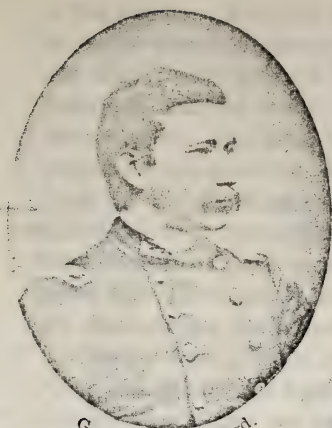
GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.—FROM BRANDY STATION TO GETTYSBURG.



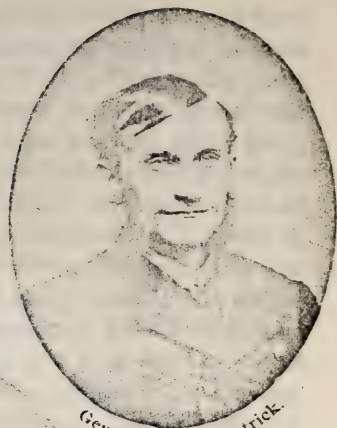
DISSATISFACTION with the results of the cavalry operations in the rear of the Confederate army caused the removal of General Stoneman from the command of the corps and the substitution of General Alfred Pleasonton in his stead.

Colonel Kilpatrick returned and took command of his brigade on Sunday, June 7th. The same evening a number of officers of the brigade assembled at his headquarters and enjoyed a few hours' social intercourse, recounting the scenes and incidents of the raid. It was late when Colonel Kilpatrick remarked, in a jocular way, that the "boys" had better turn in early, and get as much rest and sleep as possible, as the Cavalry Corps would beard the lion in his den, by crossing the Rappahannock the next day, and give battle to the enemy at Brandy Station. This announcement was greeted with expressions of satisfaction, and a desire to meet the Confederate horsemen in an open field fight. The following day was one of busy preparation for battle. An old grindstone had been found and brought into the camp of the Tenth, and was kept in use nearly all day, in sharpening the sabers. Then some wag started the story that, by the rules of war any soldier found with a sharp sword or saber on his person was liable to be shot. Some of the susceptible youths proceeded to put an edge on their blades as dull as their comprehensions, not stopping to consider the joke of their "liability to be shot" in any event.

General Hooker, having received information that the Confederate army was withdrawing from his front, and massing in the vicinity of Culpeper, ordered General Pleasonton to cross the river with the Cavalry Corps, and attack whatever force he might encounter, with the view of ascertaining, as far as possible, the numbers and purposes



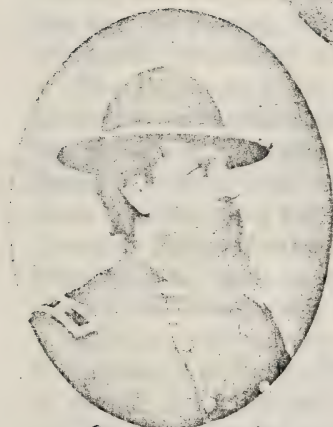
Gen. Geo. D. Bayard.



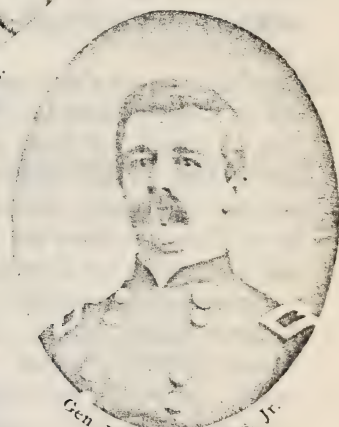
Gen. Judson Kilpatrick.



Gen. D. McM. Gregg.



Gen. J. Irvin Gregg.



Gen. Henry E. Davies, Jr.

GENERALS OF THE
SECOND CAVALRY DIVISION,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

of the enemy. With the impression that no considerable force of Confederates were near the river, General Pleasonton's plan was to cross one division at Beverly Ford and two at Kelly's Ford at the same time, and uniting south of the river, advance until the enemy was encountered. But Stuart had moved his corps near the upper fords, preparatory to crossing the same day, to clear the way and guard the flank of the main army, which was to follow, on an invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. There was, therefore, a surprise in store for the Union as well as the Confederate cavalry, when the latter were encountered as soon as Buford's troops gained the southern shore of the Rappahannock, on the morning of the 9th of June.

Camps were broken in Gregg's division at 2 P. M. on the 8th of June, and the march taken up toward the Rappahannock. The day was very warm and the rising dust almost stifling. Reaching Kelly's Ford in the evening, the troops went into bivouac on the north side. No fires were permitted. The men had neither coffee nor comfort that night, but the loss of these did not chill their ardor. They exhibited an enthusiasm and a desire to measure blades with the Southern horsemen that gave promise of success.

Longstreet's corps of the Confederate army was assembled at Culpeper Court-House on the evening of June 7th, preparatory to crossing the Rappahannock and moving north for the invasion of the loyal States. The Confederate cavalry corps, numbering at least ten thousand men, were reviewed on the open field between Brandy Station and Culpeper Court-House by Generals Lee and Stuart on the day the Federal troops were moved to the vicinity of the fords, preparatory to crossing the next day.

The Comte de Paris relates that Pleasonton's corps numbered scarcely seven thousand five hundred men,* and that, to make up for the numerical inferiority, Ames's brigade, from the Eleventh, and Russell's brigade, from the Sixth Corps, numbering, all told, about three thousand men, were added to Pleasonton's command; but the Comte de Paris adds that, notwithstanding the excellent qualities of these soldiers, "their co-operation interfered with the mobility of the cavalry, and consequently destroyed part of its chances of success."

Early on the morning of the 9th the column under General Gregg crossed at Kelly's Ford unobserved. Buford's division crossed at Beverly Ford, farther up the river, about the same time. General Pleasonton moved with this latter column. General Gregg, leav-

* The Battle of Gettysburg, by the Comte de Paris, p. 9.

ing the brigade of infantry, under General Russell, at the ford, sent the Second Division, under Colonel Duffie, to Stevensburg, while he with his own division, the Third, proceeded direct to Brandy Station. The sound of Buford's guns up the river served to hasten Gregg forward. The unslinging of carbines and snapping of caps along the column before coming in view of the open fields around Fleetwood Hill had an ominous meaning. The arms were closely inspected, the belts tightened, and the ammunition arranged with a view to easy access. Like the gladiator preparing to enter the arena, everything was put in readiness for the conflict.

As the Tenth emerged from the woods, the Second Brigade, under Colonel Wyndham, was already engaged away to the left.* The scene was most inspiring, and called forth many expressions in the Regiment of a desire to participate in the fight. The men had but a moment to wait. Colonel Kilpatrick formed his brigade for attack, and with his usual impetuosity led his troops in the charge. (See report of Colonel Kilpatrick, in Appendix.)

The Comte de Paris says: †

Wyndham, pressed by superior forces, has fallen back near the station, taking with him his two guns, together with the three pieces he has captured from the enemy. Gregg, in order to relieve him, orders Kilpatrick's brigade to fall upon the left flank of the Confederates. The latter, strong in numbers, do not yield one inch of ground. Their leaders perform prodigies of valor, for this is a decisive moment. Along all the slopes of Fleetwood Hill and around Brandy Station the hostile lines are mixed in such a *mêlée* as was never before witnessed in America.

Captain Willard Glazier, of the Second New York Cavalry, writes as follows of this trying moment: ‡

Kilpatrick's battle-flag was seen advancing, followed by the tried squadrons of the Harris Light, the Tenth New York, and the First Maine, in echelon of squadrons. His brigade was quickly formed and he advanced like a storm-cloud upon the rebel cavalry which filled the field before him. The Tenth New York received the first shock of the rebel charge, but was hurled back, though not in confusion.

In this charge a portion of the Second New York Cavalry gave way as the Confederate line was met, and, striking the left flank of

* Not fifty yards below, Colonel Percy Wyndham was advancing the First New Jersey Cavalry in magnificent order, in column of squadrons, with flags and guidons flying.—(*The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry*, p. 271.)

† The Battle of Gettysburg, by the Comte de Paris, p. 16.

‡ Three Years in the Federal Cavalry.

the Tenth, threw that part of the Regiment into momentary confusion. The broken nature of the ground over which the command was compelled to pass also contributed to weaken its formation. Nevertheless, the Confederate line was met in a gallant manner by the major part of the Regiment. The First Maine was ordered forward at this opportune moment, and part of the Tenth retired, while another portion continued to engage the enemy at close quarters. The First Maine went gallantly forward, and striking the Confederates in flank, drove them back.

The fact should not be lost sight of that the splendid charge made by the Tenth on this occasion was upon the enemy in superior numbers *in front*, the Regiment thus meeting more than man for man. Whatever of credit or glory attaches to this particular part of the engagement of the day belongs quite as much to it as to any regiment. It was a memorable charge for the Tenth, one in which it acquitted itself with credit.

In the midst of the struggle Colonel Irvine's horse went down with him near the railroad, and he was immediately surrounded and made a prisoner. He fought until overpowered, but was finally forced to surrender. In speaking of his capture afterward, Major Avery said: "I never saw so striking an example of devotion to duty. He rode into them slashing with his saber in a measured and determined manner just as he went at everything else, with deliberation and firmness of purpose. I never saw a man so cool under such circumstances."

Captain B. B. Porter, at the time first lieutenant of Company L, furnishes the following in regard to the battle:

At the time of the battle of Brandy Station I was acting as adjutant of the Regiment. On the 8th of June, 1863, our Regiment, with the entire division—the Third—commanded by General Gregg, was moved to the vicinity of Kelly's Ford, and bivouacked. There was but little sleep, however. The men were animated with the prospect of meeting the rebel cavalry in a fair, open-field fight, which the morrow promised. They had never been engaged as an unbroken whole, and now an opportunity was to be presented for displaying the qualities of the Regiment as a unit. There had been companies and detachments from it engaged at various times and places, and the men had acquitted themselves in all these isolated affairs with credit, and increased the desire for a chance to see what the Regiment could do united. It probably never counted so many officers and men in any other engagement, nor was the *esprit de corps* ever better. In my connection with the Regiment I never witnessed more enthusiasm and confidence by the men than on this occasion. There was a positive eagerness for the meeting. The number of men in the Regiment who participated in the battle was about five hundred, and they were led by one in whom they had perfect con-

fidence, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine. Every man responded promptly to the call to "fall in," early in the morning on that memorable 9th of June, 1863. The spirit of enthusiasm and good cheer pervaded the entire command under General Gregg, so far as my observation extended, presaging the grand results which were to be recorded of it that day.

We crossed the ford without opposition and marched straight for Brandy Station, where the rebel cavalry was known to be encamped. The booming of Buford's guns, up the river, advised us that he had already encountered the enemy. Our advance-guard met with no opposition until we were near the field which was so soon to be rendered historical as the battle-ground between the two powerful cavalry corps of the opposing armies. When we had reached the edge of the timber, about three fourths of a mile from Brandy Station, we were halted and drawn up in squadron fronts, preparatory to charging into the open, where the rebels were rapidly concentrating. Occasional shells were dropped around us from the enemy's battery on Fleetwood Hill, but they caused no damage or uneasiness. Our Second Brigade, under Colonel Wyndham, had been engaged, and had met with some reverses. While awaiting orders to participate, our boys manifested the utmost restlessness and anxiety to engage in the battle. The orders were at hand. The voice of Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine rose clear and firm—"Attention! Forward, march!" And as soon as we had cleared the woods, "Trot! March! Guide left!" How the hot blood coursed through my veins at that moment! Who can describe the feelings of a man on entering a charge? How exhilarating, and yet how awful! The glory of success in a charge is intoxicating! One forgets everything, even personal safety, in the one grand thought of vanquishing the enemy. We were in for it now, and the nerves were strung to the highest tension. When about two thirds of the distance intervening between the starting-point and the railroad had been passed, the command comes—"Column, walk. Draw sabers! Trot!" The Regiment was well in hand, the formation perfect. The enemy in small numbers advanced from the hill to oppose us. As a part of our line was crossing the railroad, Colonel Kilpatrick, with some staff-officers, passed us and ordered Colonel Irvine to charge to the right of the hill. Colonel Irvine immediately gave the command, "Gallop! Charge!" and the Regiment swept up the hillside, where they were met by a largely superior force, that had been concentrated on that point as the key to the situation. It was a hand-to-hand struggle now. Here many of our brave boys went down. Colonel Irvine was on the right of the leading squadron, and I was at his left. The rebel line that swept down upon us came in splendid order, and when the two lines were about to close in, they opened a rapid fire upon us. Then followed an indescribable clashing and slashing, banging and yelling. My entire time was taken up in caring for Lieutenant Porter at this time, and the rapidly-moving panorama left no distinct recollection of anything that occurred in particular, outside my individual experience. Two or three stalwart rebels crowded past me, intent on the capture of Colonel Irvine. I was of apparent little account in their desperate efforts to reach him. We were now so mixed up with the rebels that every man was fighting desperately to maintain the position until assistance could be brought forward. The front squadrons broke to the right and left to allow the rear squadrons to come upon the enemy fresh. In an instant everything was mixed up and confused, and Irvine a prisoner. I made desperate efforts to

rally enough of our boys to attempt his recapture, but it was of no avail. Every man had all he could attend to himself. I found myself with but two or three of our men near, and concluded it would be best to release myself from the awkward position I was in as soon as possible. Just then a big reb bore down on me with his saber raised. I parried the blow with my saber, which, however, was delivered with such force as to partially break the parry, and left its mark across my back and nearly unhorsed me. One of our boys probed my assailant from the rear, and he dismounted. It was plain that I must get out then, if ever. The only avenue of escape was over a high embankment of the railroad, and a reb squadron was advancing on that point, not far away. The rebel commander gave orders not to kill my horse, probably deeming me already a prisoner. Two jumps of the horse brought me to the embankment. Every reb in that squadron fired at me, but, strangely enough, the only bullet that found its mark was one that burned my upper lip so badly I thought it had been carried away. But the next jump of the horse was over the embankment and out of their reach. I immediately made for an approaching column, which I discovered in the nick of time to be Johnnies, and changed my course. I saw Lieutenant Robb ahead of me getting out of a ditch. He gained his horse and urged him to clear a fence, which he refused to do. My horse jumped the ditch and over the rear of Robb's horse and the fence too. Not more than fifty feet from that fence Robb was killed. He was a brave and enterprising officer, with whom I was quite familiar. I had learned to respect him for his sterling qualities as an officer and a man. I finally reached the Regiment in safety, others, who like myself had become separated, coming in later, and the command was reorganized by Major Avery, who was left in command by the capture of Colonel Irvine.

Elias Evans, of Company D, writes:

I believe I was the last person that talked with Lieutenant Robb, and I was near him when he was killed. When the regiment charged on the rebel line, Companies D and B acted as flankers. When the rebel line broke, a fine stand of colors was seen going up the railroad. One of General Gregg's staff-officers, who was present with us, said, "Can't we get those colors, boys?" We needed no second hint. Away we went for the colors, but we had not gone far before we saw what appeared to be a whole brigade of rebels coming for us. We were under such headway that before we could change direction they had gained our rear and cut us off from the rest of the command. We made for a piece of woods on our flank, but intervening was a dry ditch of from eight to ten feet in width. There was a dug-out just wide enough for a wagon to pass through, and into that narrow passage-way our men were choked in the endeavor to escape from the rebel horde that were pressing upon them. When Lieutenant Robb and I reached it, he said to me, "Now, 'Lias, what will we do?" I said, "Follow me," and, putting the spurs to my horse, he cleared the ditch, but Robb's horse, in endeavoring to do the same, fell into it. There were two rebels close upon him, and one of them ran his saber through his body, the blade entering near the right shoulder in rear and coming out at his breast. His horse scrambled out of the ditch and the Lieutenant clung to him for something like fifty or one hundred feet, when he relaxed his hold and fell to the ground. While he was struggling in the ditch, I turned and shot one of the rebels, the bullet taking effect in his arm. He cried out, "O

God, I'm shot!" Just then, as I was about to dismount to assist the Lieutenant, a little rebel officer made a cut at me with his saber, and struck my hat clean from my head. I thought it best to get out of that place, and I made a break for the woods. As I came upon the main road I found it filled with troops, the dust rendering it impossible to tell friend from foe, but, singling out one ahead of me, I rode up to him and discovered him to be a full-grown rebel. Thrusting my revolver against his head, I called out, "Surrender!" I may have added something more to this. I was somewhat excited, and perhaps used impolite language, but I had neither time nor inclination to study my words. "Throw that revolver away, quick, and unbuckle your belt, and drop the whole thing!" During this little *tête-à-tête* both our horses were on a dead run. All of a sudden I found myself in the presence of rebel infantry, but I brought off my prize. The horse was a very fine one, but he was so stiff next morning I gave him to Lieutenant Gait. The bridle, which was a beautiful silver-mounted one, I kept.

Robert Evans, of Company D, corroborates the statement of Elias Evans in regard to the death of Lieutenant Robb. He states that he was one of about thirty men who were with the Lieutenant in the forlorn hope, trying to break through the Confederate lines. He says he saw three rebels attacking Lieutenant Robb, one of whom thrust his saber through him, the blade entering from the rear, near the shoulder, and coming out at his breast. Evans says the last words he heard the Lieutenant utter were, "Left about wheel," and then, "Every man for himself."

Joseph F. Ashtenaw, of Company D, writes :

I was knocked from my horse and fell, cutting my head badly, and was taken prisoner. While being marched to the rear I saw the dead body of Lieutenant Robb. He lay on his face, with arms extended. I asked permission to stop and view the body. He appeared to have been wounded in two places. I took a memorandum-book from his pocket, which was saturated with his blood. It was examined by General Fitz-Hugh Lee, when I was brought into his presence, who returned it to me after examining it. I carried it through Libby with me, and forwarded it to his mother from Annapolis after I was exchanged.

General C. H. Smith, lieutenant-colonel of the First Maine Cavalry at the time of the Brandy Station fight, delivered an address at a reunion of that regiment, which is published in the History of the First Maine Cavalry. The following is an extract :

... Our division crossed at Kelly's Ford, and therefore had the left, and my remarks here will be restricted to what occurred on that part of the field. The Second Brigade had the advance. Ours followed in the following order: Tenth New York, Harris Light, First Maine. Much of the march was through woods, and we had to keep the road in column. The location of the enemy was known, and our business was to reach his camp as soon as possible. His pickets caused hardly a pause in our advance. Much of the way we rode at a gallop. Only the

head of the column could strike the enemy, but the different regiments gave successive blows as they arrived. The Second Brigade had become broken and defeated when the First got in. The Tenth New York made a gallant charge. Its colonel went down and was captured.

Fleetwood Hill, which was the objective point of both sides, was taken and retaken several times. Cannon were captured and recaptured, and Union soldiers were frequently fighting, unconsciously, by the side of Confederates in the dust, smoke, and confusion. While all this desperate but indecisive fighting was going on, the Confederates were rapidly hurrying forward troops for the destruction of Gregg's forces.

General Doubleday says: *

. . . The First Division, under Buford, came upon the enemy between Brandy Station and Beverly Ford. A battle ensued at St. James Church, and, as their whole force confronted him, he was unable to break their line. After fighting some hours he was obliged to turn back with a portion of his command to repel an attempt against his line of retreat. Gregg next appeared upon the scene, and succeeded in getting in Stuart's rear before the rebel general knew he was there. Buford having gone back toward Beverly Ford, as stated, Gregg, in his turn, fought the whole of Stuart's force without the co-operation of either Buford or Duffie. It can hardly be said that Duffie's column took any part in the action, for he did not reach Brandy Station until late in the day; and then, as the rebel infantry was approaching, Pleasanton ordered a retreat.

C. W. Wiles, of Company L, relates that, at the time of approaching the scene of the conflict in the morning, Captain Vanderbilt was sent to report with his company, L, to General Russell, commanding the brigade of infantry, who ordered him to post pickets to give warning of any movement down the roads in his front. And so it chanced that the Regiment was deprived of the services of this excellent company in its operations around Fleetwood Hill. Toward evening the cessation of firing at Brandy Station caused Captain Vanderbilt to feel that the battle must have ended, and he looked anxiously for orders from General Russell to withdraw his pickets; but none came. It was after sunset when the pickets reported large numbers of horsemen in their front. It was impossible to determine the color of their uniforms, and Elias Wright and Fred Tillinghast were sent forward to observe and report. They were immediately fired upon, and as they retired they were pursued by quite a number of the enemy. Captain Vanderbilt rightly conjectured that our troops had been withdrawn to the north side of the river, and that his little force had been

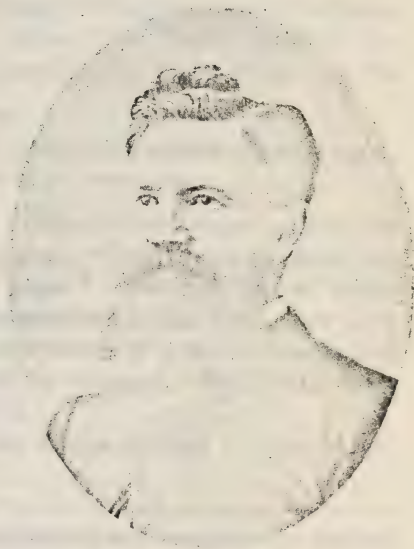
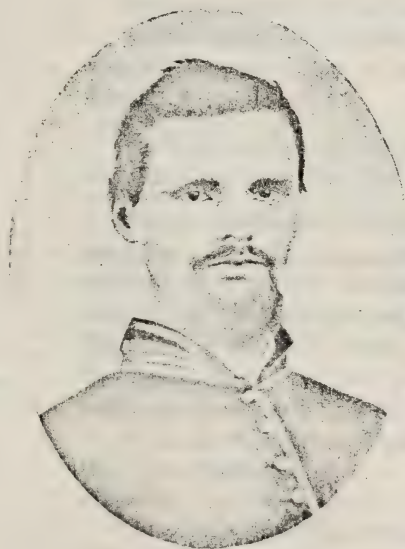
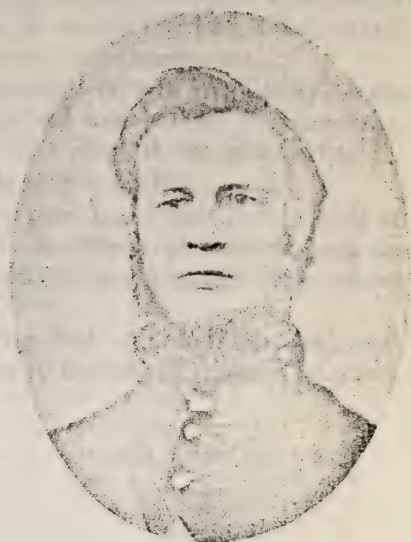
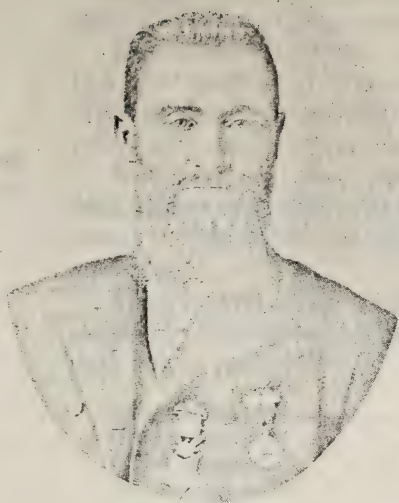
* Campaigns of the Civil War, vol. vi, p. 83.

forgotten. He, therefore, hastily called in his pickets, and gave the enemy a volley, and started his company on a run for Rappahannock Bridge, some three miles away. The enemy, recovering from the bold action of the Captain and his squadron, immediately commenced the pursuit. Captain Vanderbilt kept his command well together, as they sped onward as rapidly as spur and voice could urge their horses. Shouting and shooting, the rebels followed, close behind. While the pursued were making every effort to increase the gap between themselves and their pursuers, Andy Ginn's horse stumbled, throwing Andy to the ground. Captain Vanderbilt was not made of the stuff that deserts a man in such an extremity. Calling on a couple of his men to halt, they assisted in getting the horse and man properly adjusted for a continuation of the race, the rest of the men meantime causing the pursuers to check their horses for an instant by a practical display of their marksmanship! Then away they went like the wind again, until their hearts were gladdened by the sight of our troops across the river. Our artillery, mistaking them for Johnnies, sent several shells into altogether too close proximity to be comfortable. The gathering darkness prevented recognition, and the boys were compelled to run the gantlet of the shells until their identity was disclosed to our troops at the river. Then the guns were elevated to suit the requirements of the case, and Company L came into camp under flying colors.

Night settled down on the Regiment, near Bealton Station, in a broken and rather dejected state. The men, all begrimed and battered, entertained no thought of sleep, but remained grouped together, discussing the great battle, with its many incidents of daring deeds and noble sacrifices. There were many touching allusions to the loss of tent-mates, and the heroic efforts to save companions from death or capture, but all were imbued with the glory of having met and successfully measured sabers with the much-vaunted and by many thought to be invincible rebel cavalry.

The Regiment sustained a severe loss in the capture of Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, Captain Getman, and Lieutenant King, and the death of Lieutenant Robb. Colonel Irvine, while a good disciplinarian, was by nature kind and sympathetic, and his presence with the Regiment was a guarantee that every interest of the men would be carefully looked after and attended to.

The capture of Captain Getman was a severe loss to the Regiment, and a source of mortification and disappointment to himself. He was an educated military man, a superb horseman, and an accomplished



LIEUT. L. P. NORTON, Co. L.
LIEUT. HARLAN P. THOMPSON, Co. A.

LIEUT. JOHN B. KING, Co. G.
HUGO MULERTT, Co. C.

swordsman. Although of a retiring nature, he would most surely have attained to a high position in the service had he not been cut off from all chance of advancement by his long imprisonment.

Lientenant King, with a shattered arm, was borne away to die in a rebel hospital, after enduring a long and painful imprisonment. Want of the simplest attentions to his wound at the proper time deprived this gallant officer and noble man of his life.

No braver man ever drew saber than Lieutenant Robb. Full of dash, energy, and enterprise, he was an officer calculated to keep an enemy on the alert, and to impress his own character upon those about him.

The gallantry of the Tenth on the field of Brandy Station is well attested by its losses, which are given in the Official Records, vol. xxvii, page 169, as follows:

Officer killed.....	1
Officers wounded.....	3
Officer missing.....	1
Enlisted men killed.....	2
Enlisted men wounded.....	15
Enlisted men missing.....	60 *
Total.....	82

Or more than twice the loss of the entire brigade outside the Tenth.

In the report of Colonel L. S. Baker, First North Carolina Cavalry, of the part taken by his regiment in the fight, occurs the following: †

The Regiment made two charges with perfect success on cavalry, capturing the standard of the Tenth New York Regiment and routing them.

This is somewhat ambiguous. Colonel Baker's report might, perhaps, have been better paraphrased thus: "The Regiment made two charges with perfect success—on paper." Whether Colonel Baker meant that his regiment routed the standard or the Tenth New York Regiment is not quite clear; but, as a matter of fact, it neither routed the Tenth New York nor captured its standard. The Tenth never lost a standard and was never routed.

As to the relative strength of the forces engaged at Brandy Station, General Gregg says:

* A number of those reported missing escaped and reported to the regiment later. For corrected return see list of casualties.

† Official Records, Series I, vol. xxvii, Part II, p. 726.

The strength of Stuart's command at this time was subsequently ascertained to have been about twelve thousand horsemen, divided into five brigades, with sixteen pieces of light artillery.

General Gregg places the cavalry under General John Buford and himself at about nine thousand, with six batteries; * but of this number the column under Colonel Duffie, nearly a third of the entire force, was not seriously engaged at all, and the artillery was but little used. †

To this estimate of the number of horsemen on the Confederate side, Major McClellan, of General Stuart's staff, takes exception, alleging only about half the number. ‡ In his *Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry*, page 293, this same officer states, however, that the monthly return for May 31, 1863, for the five brigades constituting Stuart's corps, together with his horse artillery, showed an effective total of 9,536; and also that, "on the 5th of June, eight thousand cavalry passed under the eye of their commander," # etc. This was evidently exclusive of his artillery, as he mentions in the same connection that "the guns of the artillery battalion on the hill opposite the stand gave forth fire and smoke," etc. It is well known that the Confederates were not accustomed to underestimate their forces, nor to allow any of their men to skulk or remain idle when a fight was in progress. It is fair to assume that the forces engaged were about equal, with the chances that the Confederates were the more numerous if anything. Both sides claimed the battle as a victory, the mean of which would be a draw.

The lesson of Brandy Station was healthful to our cavalry. It gave them the much-needed confidence in themselves which ever after proved disastrous to their opponents.

On this point, Major McClellan, General Stuart's assistant adjutant-general, frankly says: ||

* *Annals of the War*, p. 375.

† General Pleasanton's report, as given in the *Official Records*, shows the number in the Reserve Brigade and First Cavalry Division, under General Buford, to have been 3,918, and in the Second and Third Cavalry Divisions, under General Gregg, 4,063, a total effectives of 7,981 men. There was in addition a force of 1,500 infantry with each of the columns under Generals Buford and Gregg. General Pleasanton also reports the number of cavalry and artillery at Warrenton Junction, June 11th, at 4,973; absent on scout and picket, 1,680—total, 6,653.

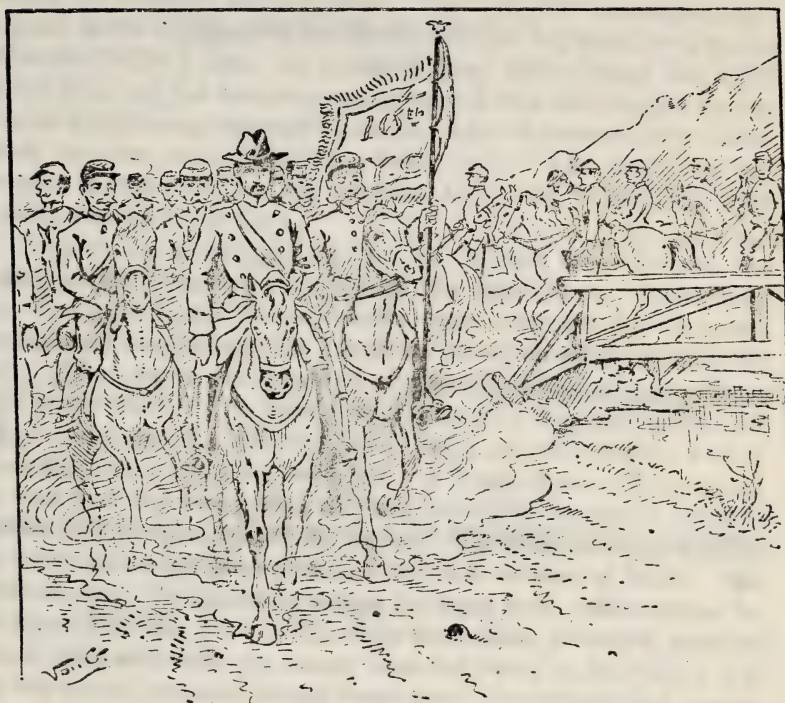
‡ Major McClellan, of Stuart's staff, puts the number at 9,335 men, on paper, and twenty guns; but states there were nearly three thousand absentees.—(*Campaigns of the Civil War*, vol. vi, p. 82.)

Page 261.

|| *Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry*, p. 294.

One result of incalculable importance certainly did follow this battle, it *made* the Federal cavalry. Up to that time confessedly inferior to the Southern horsemen, they gained on this day that confidence in themselves and in their commanders which enabled them to contest so fiercely the subsequent battle-fields of June, July, and October.

The division moved to Warrenton Junction on the 10th of June, and next day the Cavalry Corps was reorganized into two divisions: the First, consisting of three brigades, was commanded by Brigadier-General John Buford; and the Second, of the same number of brigades, by Brigadier-General D. McM. Gregg. The Third Brigade of the latter division was made up of the First Maine, Tenth New York, and Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, and was commanded by Colonel John Irvin Gregg of the last-named regiment.



On the March.

The Tenth remained in camp near Warrenton Junction until the 15th of June, when the cavalry commenced moving northward. The infantry had been marching in the same direction for several hours

before the cavalry broke camp. Reaching Union Mills late at night, the Regiment bivouacked, and next day marched with the brigade to Aldie, where it arrived about 3 P. M. As the Regiment neared the village, the sharp crack of the carbines indicated an engagement. The Tenth was moved to the right of the road just before reaching a bridge over a little creek in the edge of the village. The First Maine Cavalry had been detached and ordered to report to Kilpatrick, who had been promoted to brigadier-general on the 10th of June and now commanded the First Brigade of the Second Division. They were immediately ordered forward to charge the enemy, who were posted behind stone walls, hay-stacks, etc. The First Maine did noble service here, losing heavily, among their killed being the brave Colonel Douty, who fell pierced by a rebel bullet while gallantly leading his regiment in the charge. The Tenth did not actively participate in this engagement, but portions of the Regiment were on the skirmish-line for a time. It remained near Aldie during the night of the 17th, and the next morning advanced with the brigade on the road to Middleburg, skirmishing sharply with Robertson's and Chambliss's brigades, steadily driving them back. The Regiment encamped on the pike, midway between Aldie and Middleburg, with pickets near the latter place.

Early on the morning of the 19th the advance was taken up, the enemy gradually falling back before the skirmishers. When near the village, the Fourth Pennsylvania charged through the town and for some distance beyond, the Tenth advancing on either side of the road. When about one mile west of the village the enemy made a determined stand. The nature of the country was well suited for defensive operations. The road led through an open timber, with a wheat-field intervening on the right. A heavy stone wall separated the road from the wheat-field, this wall extending the entire distance between our skirmishers and the timber. The road was narrow, making it impossible to charge mounted except in column of fours. The rebels occupied the timber as well as the stone wall. Skirmishing in the wheat-field was quite brisk, while from their protected position behind trees and walls the enemy were delivering a destructive fire into our ranks. General Gregg came upon the ground, and, seeing the necessity of carrying the position, ordered Major Avery to drive the enemy out of the woods. The skirmishers in the wheat-field were advanced, and that portion of the Regiment which was in the road was immediately sent forward to clear the woods. It was exceedingly hot work, but the command sped gallantly to the charge, driving the

rebels from cover into the open beyond, but at a great loss in officers and men. (See report of Colonel J. Irvin Gregg, in Appendix.)

Of this engagement Major Kemper writes:

We struck the Confederate cavalry just beyond Middleburg, and skirmished for a long time. The Fifth Virginia was in our front on the road. Near an old blacksmith-shop, on an elevation, the rebels had a battery, and on the right of this was the Third North Carolina Cavalry. A narrow strip of timber was in our immediate front, and a solid stone wall ran along the edge, behind which the enemy's skirmishers were posted. We had four companies on the right of our line in the wheat-field, as skirmishers; the balance of the Regiment, in column of fours, was in the road. I received instructions to take a squadron and charge the rebel line as far as the woods, when, if I found it too hot to maintain my position, I could fall back. Company F was in front of the column and Company I next. I gave the command, "Draw saber! Forward, march! Trot! Gallop! Charge!" As we neared the woods the battery fired one round and then I saw them limber up and fall back, their skirmishers meantime dodging from tree to tree. Just after entering the woods I saw Lieutenant Hawes swing his horse across the column, cutting off six or eight men. I said, "Hawes, my dear fellow, what's the matter?" He replied, "I am shot, Major," and, placing his hand to his breast, I saw the blood issuing between the buttons on his jacket. I ordered two men to dismount and take him from his horse and carry him to the rear. Getting the men into column again, I went back to Lieutenant Boyd, and said, "Boyd, let us try and reach that knoll in front." He raised his saber and said, "Come on, boys!" and was shot through the heart, and fell to the ground, striking against my horse as he went down. I then charged with what was left up to the knoll. From the position gained I saw a great body of cavalry drawn up in regimental fronts, just beyond a bend in the woods. I then ordered a retreat. When we got back through the woods I halted, and found I had but five men with me—the first sergeant of Company I and four men belonging to Company F. Our skirmish-line, which had been advanced to the stone wall when I made the charge, held it. The rebels retired some distance, and their batteries did some desultory shelling, doing no harm. We occupied the woods that night.

Of the charge made by Companies B and D, led by Major Waters, no less gallant and determined than the one just related, Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) A. J. Edson, of Company D, writes as follows:

When we moved up from Aldie we commenced skirmishing about half-way between that place and Middleburg, and drove the rebels back to within about three fourths of a mile of the woods west of the latter place, then we moved off the road to the left and formed squadrons. While this was going on the rebels had good range on us with two pieces of artillery located in the edge of the woods. Our battery at this time was commanded by an officer who presented a somewhat youthful appearance and who did not seem to have much regard for regulations in the matter of uniform. He wore a large white hat, and, sitting on the fence by the roadside, kept a close watch on the rebel battery. After a while he jumped from the fence, and hastening to his battery sighted one of the guns and gave

the command, "Fire!" This he repeated again, and the rebel guns were silenced. Then we moved back to the road, and Major Waters was ordered to charge with his battalion, which he did in a most gallant manner. Placing himself at the head of Company B, which was in advance—Company D next, and the other companies following—he gave the command, "Draw sabers!" and bravely led us to the charge. Just before reaching the woods we were compelled to pass through a cut in the road, and it was here the rebels poured into our ranks a murderous fire from both sides of the cut and in the woods in our immediate front. But few of the boys reached the timber, and there a man from Company B, whose name I can not recollect, mysteriously disappeared. He frequently used the expression, "To be lively," accompanied by a peculiar shrill whistle. When we reached the rebels in and around the cut, he yelled at the top of his voice, "To be lively!" and whistling charged into the woods, which were full of rebels. He must have been killed or wounded and captured, as we never saw or heard from the poor fellow after. In this same place, Mortimer Spring, of Company D, was wounded, besides others, whom I do not now recollect. Just after we had forced the cut, the balance of the Regiment came up and formed near by, and the entire command then advanced into the woods, driving the rebels out lively, and here we had formed line when the commissary arrived and issued rations to us. As my position in the line brought me near the place occupied by the rebel battery before alluded to, I had an opportunity of noting the effect of the shots from our battery, directed by the young lieutenant. There was a broken gun-carriage, showing where the shot had struck it, and the gun had to be left, and fell into our hands.* We had sharpened our sabers but a few days before this engagement, and the boys used them to great advantage in the cut, many of the rebels receiving severe punishment from the keen blades. One of the staff-officers remarked to General Gregg, as the bleeding prisoners passed by, "There is the work of the Tenth New York, with their sharp sabers!"

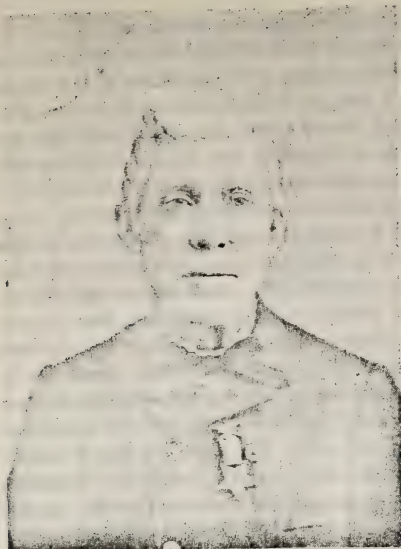
After the engagement the Regiment commenced burying the dead. David Davis, a member of Company D, had dug a grave by the side of a rebel, and then sat down by the side of it. General Gregg, in passing, said, "Why don't you bury that man?" Davis, who spoke quite broken Welsh, replied, "I jes wait'n a few minutes fer 'im to die!"

From this point to Upperville it was one continuous skirmish. These engagements appeared to me to show that the spirit of Stuart's cavalry was broken. They fought well afterward, but I never knew them to stand one of our charges unless they were backed by infantry.

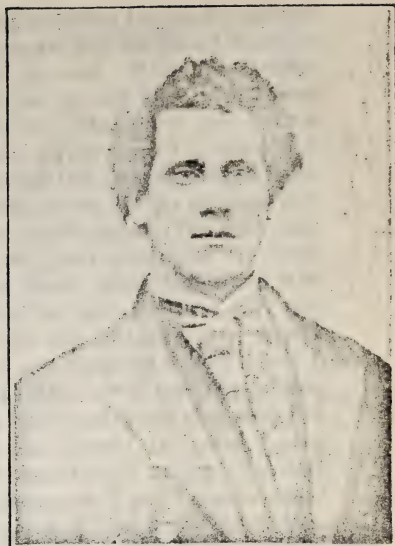
Corporal David L. Wallace, of Company A, who was wounded in this engagement, and afterward suffered the amputation of a leg, writes as follows:

On the night of the 18th of June we encamped in the woods on the right side of the turnpike, about half-way between Aldie and Middleburg. Just before day-

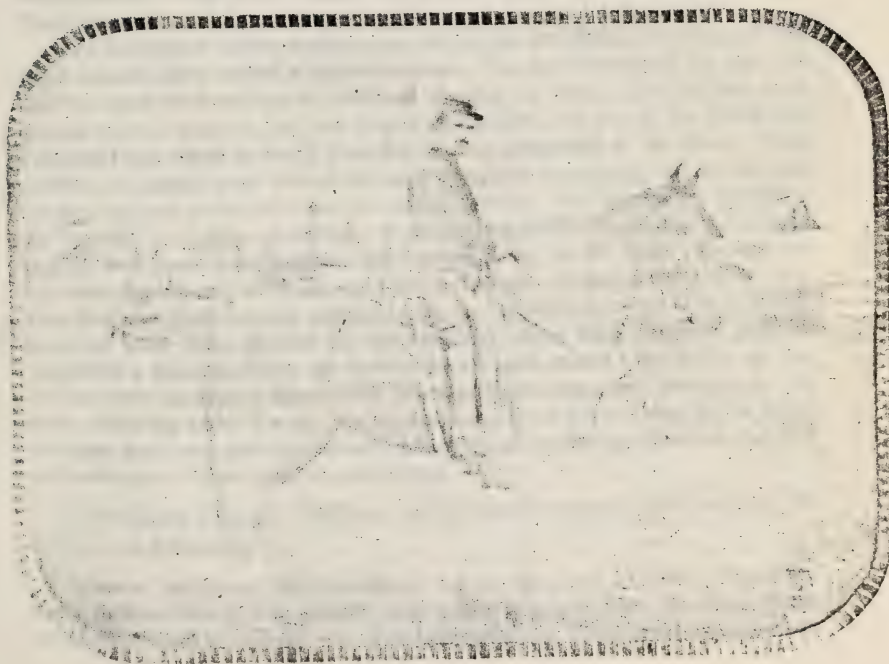
* In The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, page 308, Major McClellan says: "In leaving his (Stuart's) first position a Blakely gun belonging to Hart's battery was abandoned. The axle had been broken by a shot from the enemy, and no means were at hand for its removal."



LIEUTENANT HENRY WERRICK,
Co. C.



WILLIAM LENOX,
Co. D.



JOHN A. FREER,
REGIMENTAL COMMISSARY SERGEANT.

light a thunder-shower came up. We commenced marching toward Middleburg about 6 A. M., on the 19th, the First Battalion on the right and the Second Battalion on the left of the road. The artillery followed in the road. When near Middleburg one of the caissons blew up, but I believe no one was hurt. We passed through the village, and about a mile beyond we were dismounted and double-quickened about a mile and deployed as skirmishers in the edge of a wheat-field. The right of the skirmish-line was behind a stone wall that inclosed a small cemetery. A few of the skirmishers entered an old stone house, but the Johnnies sent a shell through it, and the boys vacated it on the double quick. The rebel skirmishers were behind large bowlders in a ravine, and their artillery in the woods several rods to the rear. We relieved the First Maine skirmishers about 8 or 9 A. M., and just after noon we drove the rebel line back into and part way through the woods. They made a mounted charge and gobbled quite a number of our boys. About this time two companies of our regiment, I think F and I, made a mounted charge up the road, and fired a volley, one of the balls striking me in the left leg, about half-way between the ankle and knee, shattering the bones. I fell and was left there for perhaps ten minutes, the rebels having retreated meantime. Presently they returned, I should think fully five hundred strong, and took position behind the trees, and companies F and I again charged them, when Lieutenant Boyd was instantly killed and Lieutenant Hawes mortally wounded, dying that afternoon in the same room in which I was placed in Middleburg. John Ford, of Company A, was shot just below the ribs, the bullet coming out at the back. He died in Lincoln Hospital, in Washington, about two months after. Gustave Lanninger was wounded in the wrist, and Ab Hayes, Frank Brownell, and John King, all of Company A, were taken prisoners.

As I lay behind a little hickory-tree, the bullets and shells came so thick and fast I crawled down behind a big cottonwood. The dead lieutenant lay near me, and the rebels were anxious to strip and plunder the body. Two of them went forward for the purpose, but our boys were vigilant, and one of the rebels was killed and the other so badly wounded he was compelled to lie down. Then another one started from behind the same tree I was occupying, and he was shot through the arm above the elbow, which laid him up. As I lay there I saw about one hundred of our boys advancing. It looked like murder to send so few against at least five times their number, and protected, too, by the trees. Finally, our boys were flanked and fell back, and I was left alone. I crawled about forty rods, when two boys from another regiment took me behind some rocks that had sheltered the rebel sharpshooters in the morning. Soon after Sergeant Mitchell came with a horse and took me back to the toll-gate, where I was put in an ambulance with Lieutenant Hawes, and taken to Middleburg, and placed in an old store. This was about 2 P. M. My leg was amputated about three inches below the knee, and I was taken to Aldie that night, and on Sunday, the 21st, was sent to Washington. That ended my soldiering.

Lieutenant John B. Buffum, at the time sergeant of Company B, relates the following:

It was at the time of the Middleburg engagement, June 19, 1863. Kilpatrick had met Stuart face to face at Aldie just before this, and there the First Maine gallantly charged the enemy, who had taken position dismounted behind stone

walls and hay-stacks, while our regiment was held in reserve until dark and then pushed out on picket. It was a very dark night. Newt Nelson and I were sitting on our horses side by side, and we could hear the rebels talking but could see nothing—could scarce see each other, although side by side.

Next morning we drove the rebels through Middleburg, our regiment following the pike leading to Upperville, while the First Maine took the fields to our left. On the 19th the Tenth was ordered to drive the enemy from a position which they had taken on a rise of ground which was covered with timber. Colonel Avery sent Major Kemper with Companies F and I into the woods on a charge. Both the company commanders were killed, and in falling back Major Kemper met our squadron—Companies B and D—going forward. Major Kemper said: "Don't go into those woods, Waters; it's a slaughter-pen." Major Waters replied, "I have orders to go, and I am going"; and away we went. We found the slaughter-pen on entering the woods. The rebels were sheltered by the trees and a stone wall, and back of the dismounted men was a mounted regiment with drawn sabers. I shall never forget the impression that terrible sight made on me. The dismounted rebels poured the bullets into us like rain, while back of them was an unbroken line with flashing sabers. To go forward meant death to every one of our little band, and so we wheeled into the open field.

At this time my horse was shot, the bullet passing through my haversack, just back of my leg, going through the hard-tack in the haversack and into the horse's side; but he took me out of the woods, and we wheeled into line again and faced the music on the skirts of the timber. Here Colonel Avery came up with the balance of the Regiment. Then and there we had a lively game of ball with the rebels. It was a hot place; but we were equal to the occasion, though the rebels were sheltered. Just at this critical moment one of the boys came riding up to me, pale as death, and, seeing my wounded horse, said: "Johnny, a rebel struck me across the stomach with his musket, in the charge we just made, and I can scarcely sit on my horse. Your horse is badly hurt. If you say so, I'll take him and go back to the wagon-train and you can have mine." I saw at once my opportunity to obtain a good remount, and I replied, "All right, if you mean for keeps." He jumped to the ground and quickly changed the saddles, and in an instant was on his way to the rear, leaving me with my new horse, with which I wheeled into line again and joined in the fight.

I challenge the records for another such horse-trade under like circumstances.*

The Second New York Cavalry came up to our aid, dismounted, and the rebels broke from the cover across the open fields beyond. We occupied the woods until dark, and then had orders to "stand to horse." We, who had been on picket the night before, didn't relish it, so my tent-mate, Johnny Farrell, and I, arranged for a little snooze. I tied my newly-acquired little mare to Johnny's saddle, and he held his horse. By the way, Johnny Farrell was an associate I always felt it an honor and a pleasure to have. He afterward lost an arm at Lee's Mills. Well, we were high privates in the rear rank that night. We spread our rubber blankets in rear of the front rank of horses and went to sleep. It was a very dark,

* George Hines, of Company A, swapped horses with a rebel while in a skirmish at Little Washington, August 5, 1863.

rainy night, but I think I never enjoyed a night of sweeter sleep in my life. When I stuck my head out from beneath the steaming blankets in the morning, I heard the boys discussing the terrible stampede among the horses during the night, of which I was wholly unconscious. Johnny said the horses pulled away from him, but he caught them and crawled back under the blankets. It was a wonder we were not trampled to death. I was greatly refreshed by my night's rest, and with my new horse was ready for business again, but we had no fighting that day. I have always wondered why; but next day, the 21st, we were at it again, and drove the rebels through Upperville to Ashby's Gap. Here Kilpatrick was heard to say, "Give me the Tenth New York and the First Maine and I'll charge the gap!" The following day we fell back, the rebels following us at a safe distance, the Tenth covering the retreat.

Then followed the march to Gettysburg. My little mare carried me through that terrible march and battle and over the mountains after the retreating rebels, but the tedious service with no rest was too much for her. Her back becoming sore, I was compelled to part with her.

Commissary Preston, who had gone to Aldie on the morning of the 19th for rations for the Regiment, returned with a wagon-load and came up with the command just after the engagement had taken place and while some skirmishing was yet in progress. His ardor and enterprise received a check from Captain Weir, of General Gregg's staff, who administered a slight censure for the presumption in bringing a wagon upon the skirmish-line; but the rations were issued to the men while in line, and as the wagon was about to return the driver was halted and Commissary Preston sent for. He was directed to take the wagon to Middleburg and report to Surgeon Phillips. There the wagon was filled with wounded, and with about fifty prisoners and a guard of a dozen men the commissary set out for Aldie late in the afternoon. It was extremely warm, and before half the distance had been covered a heavy thunder-shower came up just before sundown. A halt was made in a beautiful grove, surrounding a large mansion, prior to the thunder-shower. The fact that the guard was light and the night that was just before us would be dark and stormy, justified the belief that there might be an attempt on the part of the prisoners to escape. The guard was instructed to exercise the keenest vigilance, and not to allow the prisoners to remain long together, but to keep changing their positions as much as possible to prevent any concerted action looking to an escape. The march was resumed before the storm set in, but the rain soon after descended in torrents, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder. The silent march was continued through woods and marshes, the impenetrable gloom being dispelled anon by the flashes of lightning, which would disclose the presence

of our charge plodding sulkily along, flanked on either side by a vigilant but weak guard. Aldie was finally reached in safety, however, the wounded and prisoners turned over to the proper officers, and after a little rest, the return to the Regiment followed next morning.

Sergeant W. W. Williams, who was at the time orderly to General Gregg, gives his experience as follows:

After the battle of June 19th, General Gregg sent for me about eight or nine o'clock P. M. to come to his quarters. He handed me a message, saying he was going to send me to Thoroughfare Gap to bring up Colonel Taylor with his brigade. "Read that message until you can remember it," said the General, "and then hide it in the lining of your jacket or some other place, and if the rebels get after you and are liable to capture you, be sure you destroy that message, then if you get through you will know what the orders are and deliver them." He also said I had better take a man with me. With Parker G. Lunt, of the First Maine, as a companion, I started. We made as rapid progress as possible, but it was after midnight before we found Colonel Taylor's command. I asked the Colonel at what time he proposed to move, and he replied, "As soon as daylight." Being fatigued, I employed the intervening time in sleep.

As I did not return until morning, General Gregg concluded that I must have been captured, and he gave orders for a sergeant and twelve men to proceed to the Gap, but before going half-way they encountered a force of the enemy and were compelled to return.

When Colonel Taylor, at the head of his command, neared Aldie, he met the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, which had just been started to go through for him.

The Regiment was employed in picketing the front on the 20th, and on the morning of the 21st commenced skirmishing and advanced steadily toward the Blue Ridge. There was considerable artillery practice of a desultory character during the day. About 4 P. M. the Regiment was formed in the open field above Upperville, while the First and Second Brigades advanced to engage the rebel line drawn up in plain view near the village. The beautiful landscape spread out before the Regiment was a subject of general remark. In the background was the Blue Ridge Mountains, seemingly but two or three miles distant, with undulating fields of green intervening, while the little village of Upperville lay nestled in the valley below, like a babe on its mother's bosom. The broad expanse of open country was dotted with horsemen, singly and in bodies, moving hither and thither. The long lines of stone walls seemed the only barriers to the free manœuvring of large bodies of troops. A depression in the long line of mountains immediately in front,

with the village on the line, marked the location of Ashby's Gap, where Longstreet's guns were posted, behind whose friendly cover the Confederate horsemen were forced to retire later in the day. Away to the right Buford's troops could be seen pursuing the retreating Confederate cavalry. Kilpatrick was moving with his brigade to attack Hampton's division, drawn up in front of Upperville. Taken altogether, the panorama was one of the finest and most animating ever beheld by the men of the Regiment. And now action is to follow admiration. Kilpatrick has struck the line drawn up to receive him. The opposing forces appear merged in each other. Sabers flashed in the sunlight and riderless horses galloped aimlessly away out of the struggling mass; the curling smoke from the rapidly discharged carbine and revolver partially obscured a portion of the lines, when the Third Brigade was ordered forward. When the Tenth reached the scene the Confederate line was already broken, but the Regiment united in the chase, and gathered in many prisoners. A line was formed through the village, a part of the Tenth occupying the position across the main road, while the balance joined in the pursuit of the enemy toward Ashby's Gap. Then, late in the afternoon, having driven Stuart's forces to the Gap, our cavalry began falling back, followed at a respectful distance by the Confederates, they meantime keeping up an artillery-fire.

Of the Upperville fight General Gregg says :

... Through Upperville the pursuit was continued at a run, the enemy flying in the greatest confusion; nor were they permitted to reform until night put a stop to further pursuit at the mouth of the Gap.*

Major McClellan, of General Stuart's staff, after recounting the operations in front of Buford's troops, says :

While these events were occurring on the north of the Upperville pike, General Gregg was handsomely pushing his advance upon the town.†

The same officer gives Stuart's losses in the battles of the 17th, 19th, and 21st at 65 killed, 279 wounded, and 166 missing—a total of 510; and he figures the loss in General Pleasonton's command in the same engagements at 820.

Fresh from Brandy's well-fought field, the troopers of Buford's and Gregg's divisions gained additional renown by the series of engagements terminating before Longstreet's corps at Ashby's Gap,

* Annals of the War, p. 377.

† The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 311.

and the Tenth was authorized to inscribe on its banners the additional name of Middleburg to swell the constellation of its glorious achievements.

The retrograde movement commenced on the morning of the 22d. The Regiment retired to a point near a mill, between Upperville and Middleburg, and formed in line on the east bank of Goose Creek. The rebels, following at a safe distance, brought a battery to play on it, and the boys were compelled to remain stationary while the shells whizzed over their heads in uncomfortable proximity, or struck in the ground about them, until, just about as their patience was beginning to give out at being set up as targets for the rebel artillery, an order was received changing location.

The Regiment was kept in readiness for action during the night of the 22d, on the road between Upperville and Middleburg. The horses were unsaddled on the 23d, and obtained the much-needed grooming—the first in five days. Having received orders to report to General Slocum, commanding the Twelfth Corps, the Regiment started on the morning of the 24th for Leesburg, where they arrived about noon. The men felt ill at ease with the infantry. The life was so unlike that with their own corps, they longed to return, even before they had fairly arrived at their destination. On the 25th Sergeant Landers, with fifteen men, was sent to Aldie to bring up the regimental wagons and mail.

The march northward was commenced on Friday the 26th. The Tenth moved out with the Twelfth Corps, leaving the little village, through whose streets some of the boys had charged nearly a year before, in a more quiet and orderly manner than on that occasion. Crossing the Potomac at Edward's Ferry in the afternoon, the Regiment went into camp at Point of Rocks. The march was continued on the 27th, and camp was made in the evening at Keatorsville, Md. The following day, Sunday, June 28th, the Regiment entered Frederick, Md., and encamped on the outskirts of the city, where the boys cooked their suppers over fires made from good, dry loyal rails. The Union troops were swarming in and around Frederick on the arrival of the cavalry, and many familiar forms and faces were met by members of the Regiment. The chief topic of conversation was the change in commanders of the army, which took place on the day of the arrival at Frederick, General Hooker having been relieved, and General Meade appointed in his place.

While here, on the 28th, Stahle's division of cavalry, which had been operating about Washington, was assigned to the Army of the

Potomac, as the Third Cavalry Division, and General Kilpatrick placed in command of it.

And here, too, on the same day, the Tenth was reunited with the Cavalry Corps, taking its former place in the Third Brigade of the Second Division, to the great joy and satisfaction of the members of the Regiment.

The Army of Northern Virginia had wandered north and got lost. The Federal cavalry was started in search of it. Gregg's division left Frederick on the afternoon of the 28th of June, the Tenth encamping near New Market late that night. Then on to New Windsor, where the Regiment bivouacked, after a hot, dusty march. The 30th, Westminster was reached about 10 A. M. Here our First Brigade, under Colonel McIntosh, had driven a small force of Confederate cavalry through the town early in the morning. There yet appeared some evidence of the presence of rebels about the place, and the battery was brought into position in the road above the town, and the Tenth was ordered forward to support it. Before any shooting was done, it was discovered that the enemy had decamped. The boys received a cordial reception from the inhabitants of the beautiful village, numbers of the pretty maidens tendering the hospitalities of their homes, and offering the bronzed and dirt-begrimed veterans such delicacies as they could procure. A detail under command of Sergeant Mitchell secured a good supply of corn, oats, and flour from a mill near the village. After a halt of a couple of hours here, the march was continued.

After a time Major Avery said, "I think we must be in Pennsylvania." The means for ascertaining were at hand. A blooming little miss, from a farm-house situated away back from the main road, had ventured down to the gate to look at the passing troops.

"Miss, will you please tell us whether we are in Maryland or Pennsylvania?" was asked.

"You are in Maryland yet, but the edge of the woods, just ahead, is the State line," she replied.

"We will cross the line singing John Brown," said Major Avery. Everybody sang, or attempted singing. It was a grand swelling of loyal voices in spontaneous accord—a sublime crossing of the threshold into the grand old Commonwealth whose sons formed so large a part of the command.

Reaching Hanover Junction, a halt was made about noon on Wednesday, July 1st. Some of the men, fearing that when the march was resumed it would be in the direction of York, started out

on the road to Gettysburg, and were gathered in by the provost-guard when the column overtook them later on.

The march was resumed through clouds of dust and the burning rays of a July sun, and the command reached Hanover village at midnight. The inhabitants loyally brought forth such provisions as they had, and gave to the weary soldiers. It was learned from them that Kilpatrick had met Stuart's cavalry the day before, just outside the village, and had a severe fight. This was verified by the leveled fences, dead horses, etc., seen when the Regiment resumed the march early next morning.

Sleepy and tired the command started toward Gettysburg at 3 A. M., July 2d. Reaching the heights, some three miles east of the village, about noon, the Regiment halted and dismounted on the south side of the Hanover road. A rail fence on the opposite side of the road was leveled to give free passage for mounted troops. This had an ominous look, and chilled the ardor of some of the men, who were expecting to visit friends in Gettysburg.

Surgeon Lyman W. Bliss, of the Tenth, was in charge of the field-hospital at Hanover at the time the fight between Kilpatrick and Stuart took place. During the engagement the Doctor noticed a regiment or detachment give way, and then he saw that they appeared to be without an officer to lead them, and, turning to a fellow-surgeon, he said: "Those fellows have no officer with them; let's go and lead them," and, discarding all insignia of the medical staff, they each obtained a saber and sailed in, urging the men forward to renew the action, but they appeared somewhat demoralized and refused to stand when another charge was made, but broke, leaving the gallant quinine-dispensers in the hands of the enemy. After making the acquaintance of some of the Confederate leaders, who undertook the useless task of drawing some valuable information from them, they were paroled after being retained two or three days. The old adage was peculiarly applicable in this case, "where ignorance is Bliss," etc.

The reports of the conflict raging in the direction of the town admonished the impatient ones that it would be necessary to defer the visit to their Gettysburg friends to a more convenient season. The men therefore threw themselves upon the ground under the burning rays of the sun and patiently awaited orders, while they discussed the situation, etc.

John Madole, of Company L, was perhaps the first man from the Regiment to enter Gettysburg. As he was a member of one of the new companies, and therefore not with the command during its stay

in the town in 1861-'62, it must have been love of adventure rather than woman that took him there. He was in the town when Buford's cavalry passed through its streets out to Seminary Ridge on the 1st of July. He made a very complete survey of the quaint little village, about which he had heard his comrades say so much. On leaving the borough he was arrested as a spy and taken before General Kilpatrick. The General questioned him closely for a few moments, when, convinced that he was a member of the Tenth, he ordered his release. He gave much valuable information, which the General afterward acknowledged to Major Avery.

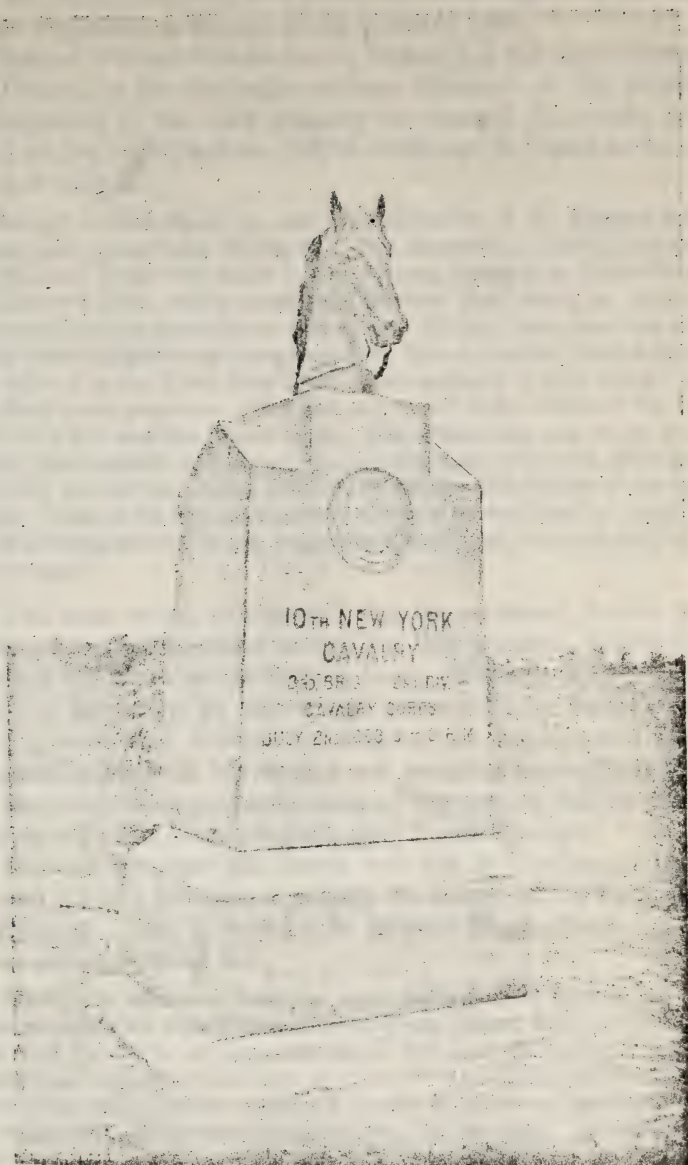
CHAPTER VI.

GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN CONTINUED—ON THE RIGHT FLANK AT
GETTYSBURG—TO HARPER'S FERRY.

THE intervening timber veiled the regimental parade-grounds of 1861-'62 from view, as it also screened the manœuvring of the Confederate cavalry, when preparing for the movement to the Union right flank on the succeeding day. But the men of the First and Second Battalions of the Tenth were confident that just over the hill and beyond the wood lay the parade-grounds where verdant officers had endeavored to manœuvre the

Regiment of verdant soldiers many months before. The efforts to "form close column on fifth squadron" generally resulted in forming close columns of confusion, to get out of which the men were compelled to "pass defile to the rear." The grounds were now inside the enemy's lines. It seemed almost like a dream to the boys that they should find themselves back again near the old parade-grounds after an absence of eighteen months, replete with hard service. When the Tenth halted and dismounted, as already stated, it was on the south side of the Hanover road, near the Reeve house. Major Avery and the regimental staff availed themselves of the very economical shade afforded by a superannuated peach-tree. Here they lay upon the ground speculating on the possibilities of meeting old acquaintances in the village, who were "so near and yet so far," and also of meeting other friends (?) who had come so far and were quite too near.

Soon after the arrival of the command near the Reeve house the squadron composed of Companies H and I were ordered forward to relieve the Union infantry line of skirmishers on Brinkerhoff's Ridge. During the afternoon this force, together with a mounted squadron in the road, under command of Major Kemper, were driven back,



BATTLE MONUMENT OF THE TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

and two more squadrons were advanced on the right and the balance of the Regiment on the left of the Hanover road.

Colonel William Brooke-Rawle, formerly of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, in his admirable address, delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the shaft marking the scene of the cavalry engagement on the right flank on July 3, 1863, says in regard to the operations of July 2d :

Gregg's column closed up near the intersection of the Hanover and Low Dutch roads about noon of July 2d. Two regiments of infantry belonging to the Eleventh Corps were found in the advance, deployed as skirmishers along Brinkerhoff's Ridge, which crosses the Hanover Road nearly at right angles, about two miles or more east of Gettysburg. In their front there was a considerable force of Confederate infantry. About three o'clock the Union infantry line was relieved by the Tenth New York Cavalry regiment of Irvin Gregg's brigade, and Rank's two guns were unlimbered and loaded in the middle of the Hanover road on a hill near the Reeve house. The officers and men of the command sought what rest and shelter from the scorching heat they could, while from the hills they watched the conflict between the infantry and artillery of the opposing armies. Some of the men groomed their horses to freshen them up; some allowed theirs to nibble the rich clover; while others, thoroughly worn out, tried to obtain a little sleep.

The same writer also states* that the section of Rank's battery, which did such excellent service on this occasion, joined General Gregg's command on the 29th of June. While *en route* from Frederick to Baltimore, its march was intercepted by Stuart's column, moving northward between the Army of the Potomac and Washington, and Rank, with his section and escort—Captain Duvall's troop of Maryland cavalry—barely escaped capture by falling back and uniting with McIntosh's brigade, near Poplar Springs.

Without question the Tenth was the first regiment from the Second Cavalry Division to engage the enemy on the right flank at Gettysburg. This is recorded by Colonel Brooke-Rawle, in his address already referred to :

During the afternoon there was some skirmish firing between the opposing lines, and about six o'clock Colonel Irvin Gregg ordered fifty men of the Tenth New York Cavalry to advance dismounted and clear the front. A regiment of Confederate infantry was at once sent out to meet them, and drove back the small party of cavalymen. Suddenly a party of the enemy appeared on the top of Brinkerhoff's Ridge where it crosses the Hanover road. In a second Rank's men were at their guns, and put two shells into the midst of the party, causing the Confederates to fall back instantly under cover of the ridge. "To horse!"

* In Philadelphia Weekly Times, February 2, 1884.

sounded at once, and the Third Pennsylvania, advancing at a trot along the road toward Gettysburg, formed close column of squadrons in an orchard back of the Cress house. The first two squadrons were quickly dismounted to fight on foot, advanced at a run, and in a few minutes were deployed at close intervals as skirmishers on the summit of the eastern spur of Brinkerhoff's Ridge north of the road. The Purnell Troop and two battalions of the First New Jersey, under Major Janeway and Captain Boyd, followed, and deployed dismounted on the left of the road on the prolongation of the same line, with the Third Battalion under Major Beaumont in reserve. A strong, well-built stone wall ran along the top of the ridge on the right of the road, with a field of tall wheat just ripe for cutting on the other side of the wall. This wall was the key of the position, as each of the contending parties at once perceived, and by the time our men reached it a line of Confederate infantry was seen making for it at full speed. The fire of Rank's guns had delayed the enemy's advance for a sufficient length of time to enable us to get there first, and give a withering reception with our breech-loading carbines to the infantrymen, who were not more than twenty feet off from the wall when we reached it.

After vainly attempting to drive our men back, the enemy retired to a more sheltered position, along the edge of a piece of woods some two hundred yards distant, where he remained until after dark, the opposing forces and Rank's two guns meanwhile keeping up a brisk firing. Later in the evening the Confederates, taking advantage of the darkness, turned our right unobserved, and dislodged a portion of our line, which, however, was re-established after some trouble. . . .

About ten o'clock in the evening the line was withdrawn, and the two brigades moved over to the Baltimore Turnpike, where it crosses White Run, near the position of the Reserve Artillery, and there went into bivouac, in accordance with orders from Cavalry Corps headquarters, to be available for whatever duty they might be called upon to perform on the morrow.

Sergeant B. W. Bonnell, of Company H, writes as follows:

When we arrived on the field, July 2d, P. M., our squadron, Companies H and L, were placed on the right of the Hanover road on skirmish-line with our left resting on the road, the line extending northerly to a piece of woods. The reserve was quartered in a door-yard. There was an orchard at the rear of the house. About 4 P. M. our line was broken by an attack from the rebel infantry, and we fell back across the road to our left. During this movement William Potter, of Company H, was wounded. As we came into the road I saw some of our men, who had taken refuge behind some rocks on the left side of the road, surrounded by a party of rebels and taken prisoners. We fell back a short distance and formed line again on a road running south from the Hanover road. That night we retired to the rear of our infantry line.

As we were going into position that afternoon we met the family vacating the house I have referred to, the women carrying articles of bedding, etc. The man had a bag full of bread, meat, etc., while the children were laden down with hats bonnets, shawls, boots, shoes, and other wearing apparel. We found some mackerel which they had left in a tub of water at the well. The boys took some of these, but would not take the chickens that were running about. I believe

there was nothing taken by the boys excepting the mackerel. They did not feel like disturbing anything the poor people had left.

The detachment sent forward by Major Avery in the afternoon, in obedience to General Gregg's orders, consisted of the squadron composed of Companies E and K, commanded by Captain Benjamin F. Lownsbury. Another squadron—Companies B and D—were sent to the support of Captain Lownsbury's squadron later, taking position on his right. In the advance of the first squadron the men bore so far to the right that the line became thinned out, the left resting on the Hanover road. This threw Companies B and D far to the right, on Brinkerhoff's Ridge.

Captain Lownsbury mentions the part taken by his squadron as follows:

Soon after noon we arrived near the battle-field of Gettysburg, *via* the Hanover pike. We had been sitting on our horses and lying on the ground on the left of the turnpike all the afternoon, until near sundown, when an aide galloped up with orders for Major Avery to send a detachment from the Regiment to Brinkerhoff's Ridge to drive back some advancing infantry skirmishers. I was near Major Avery at the time. I was cleaning my revolver. I heard the order to the major to "send a force to drive back those sharpshooters up there" (the aide pointing to the ridge). The squadron of which Company A was one was commanded by Sergeant Mitchell. Major Avery directed him to move out with his squadron, but on Mitchell's statement that there was no commissioned officer in his squadron, the major turned and ordered me to go with my squadron—Companies E and K, commanded respectively by Sergeants Morey and Torrey. I immediately dismounted the men, leaving every fourth man to hold horses, and started forward with twenty-seven men. When we reached the summit of the ridge we came to a rail fence. The sun shone directly in our eyes, rendering it difficult to observe anything going on in front. I ordered the men to lie down for a few moments, until the woods in our front might shade the sun; but just then I noticed some of the mounted men from our regiment going back in the road pretty lively, and I concluded they had found something they didn't want.

Two regiments of the Stonewall Brigade, under General Walker, then charged upon us, and I gave the command to fall back. Company E was on the right and K on the left of my line. The firing was very rapid, and as we fell back through a small piece of woods, closely followed by the rebels, we attempted to clear a fence in our line of retreat. Just as we got over, a corporal of Company E was killed, and I was slightly wounded in the leg. I was immediately surrounded by a numerous crowd of rebels, who escorted me just over the hill to a barn on the right of the Hanover pike, which proved to be General Walker's headquarters. He asked me what the force was over the ridge, and I replied that I hadn't the remotest idea. E. G. Dow, of Company K, was captured at the same time I was. We were moved from place to place, oftentimes under fire, but were finally taken to the rear of the Confederate army.

Sergeant E. G. Dow, who was taken prisoner with Captain Lownsbury, furnishes the following version of the affair :

It was perhaps four or five o'clock when we were ordered forward to drive the rebel sharpshooters out of the trees along Brinkerhoff's Ridge. The woods, our objective, were somewhat to the right, and, as we obliqued, the men on our left appeared to maintain the direct march to the front, so that our line became quite attenuated. Captain Lownsbury was on the right of the line. As we reached the brow of the hill we encountered a fence, the left of the line striking it first, and we began jumping over. As we rose up in clearing the fence we disclosed ourselves to the rebels, who were lying just over the hill, and they opened a rapid fire on us and immediately advanced in greatly superior numbers. As we attempted to fall back we were suddenly surrounded by the rebels and made prisoners. We were taken back to General Walker, commanding the Stonewall Brigade. I remember his being seated on a rail fence, in rear of his command. His language and bearing were dignified and gentlemanly. He asked the Captain about our forces, which the Captain declined to answer. The General expressed his belief that they would win in the impending battle, as our troops were tired out from forced marches and discouraged by repeated reverses. We were marched back a short distance, where we remained until after sunset.

Sergeant (afterward Lieutenant) A. J. Edson, of Company D, writes as follows of this engagement :

Our squadron, composed of Companies B and D, was ordered forward to assist Captain Lownsbury. We were placed on the right of his line, Company D joining his right and B on the right of D. Both these companies were small and did not extend the line very far. Our squadron had a very lively skirmish on this occasion. We were in the open field, and the enemy occupied an old building in our front. It was early evening. The only way we could protect ourselves at all was to lie flat on the ground as possible, and every shot from the enemy had the effect of making us flatten ourselves, in imagination, at least, a little more. There was an incident which occurred near me, however, that made me forget for the moment my peril. Hiram Hadden lay on the line near me. He wore a large white hat, which attracted the attention of the Confederates, and he was receiving more than his share of lead. He finally got mad, and jerking the hat from off his head he jumped to his feet and fired every cartridge he had at the enemy. Their fire was concentrated on him, but he finally walked off unharmed. His example had a salutary effect on the others. Jimmy Van Allen, seeing Hadden, sprang to his feet also and began blazing away, but became vexed and impatient because his carbine wouldn't go off, after snapping several caps. I suggested to him to try another cartridge, and on removing the one in the carbine, he found only the shell. The carbine had responded to the first fall of the hammer. Jim said, with a disgusted look, "What a d——d fool I am : spoiled six caps and haven't hurt a cussed reb !"

There was one poor fellow in the company who was a constitutional coward. I resolved to make him stand up to the work, and stationed Bob Evans on one side of him and Joe McKeeghan behind him, with instructions to see that he kept in his place. No sooner did the firing commence on the line than off went this fel-

low's carbine, straight up in the air! "Hold on, there!" shouted Evans, "there ain't any rebs up there; you'll kill an angel!" I finally sent him to the rear, as I was afraid he would shoot some of our own men.

Joe McKeeghan was badly wounded there soon after. Lieutenant Truman C. White, who commanded our squadron, was entitled to great credit for his coolness and judgment in handling the squadron on that as he did on all occasions.

Sergeant (afterward Captain) David Pletcher relates his experience on the 2d of July in the following way:

On the march from Hanover my horse gave out, and I left him with a farmer. When I reached the Regiment it was lying on the left of the Hanover road, near the cross roads. I obtained permission from Major Avery to go to the front, where I hoped to pick up a horse.

I took my bridle and started across the fields south of the road and soon passed some cavalry pickets. When I reached the hills, about a quarter of a mile south of the Hanover road and in front of our division, I heard picket-firing to my right and rear. I did not think for a moment that *my* position was unsafe. I crossed the summit of the hill to the west side and, in company with a civilian, was looking out upon the battle in the valley below. Suddenly some one called out, "Halt, you d——d Yank!" and looking up was surprised to see a line of rebels within a few rods of me. Jumping from the rock, I ran southward, giving the alarm. After helping to gather some wounded and played-out infantrymen and get them to places of safety, I pushed out for the Regiment, which I found near a bridge. That night I went foraging, and returning at 2 A.M. on the 3d, called up Companies F and M and fed them.

Lieutenant James Matthews writes:

I was in command of Company F at the battle of Gettysburg. I was sent by Major Avery to support Captain Lownsbury with Company F, mounted, about 4 or 5 P.M., on the 2d of July. When we reached the top of the ridge the bullets flew very thick, and I ordered the company to fall back under the brow of the hill. A little later Major Avery came riding up in a rage, and demanded to know who ordered the company back. I told him I did. Just then we received a volley, and the Major commenced to dodge, and he said to me, "You ought to have done it before."

Lieutenant (afterward Captain) B. B. Porter writes from San Francisco in regard to the Gettysburg engagement of July 2d:

I was acting as adjutant of the Regiment at the time of the battle of Gettysburg. I was with General and Colonel Gregg, on the south side of the Hanover road, on the evening of July 2d, when I received orders to post pickets on the north side of the road. Who posted them on the south side I do not know. As soon as I had established the pickets they were driven in. The regiment at the time I put the pickets out, at dark, was on the south side of the Hanover road.

Companies C and G formed the line on the south side of the Hanover Road, during the afternoon and evening of the 2d, the first named joining the right of the Twelfth Corps near the base of Wolff's

Hill, and the latter forming the prolongation, with its right resting on the Hanover Road. Companies A and M were held in reserve.

Of the operations south of the Hanover road, on the 2d of July, Sergeant John A. Freer, of Company M, says:

After Major Waters had taken his command into the field, on the south side of the Hanover road, near Brinkerhoff's Ridge, he called for five volunteers to go with him. Secord, of Company M, and three other men besides myself, started off. After going a few rods toward our right, the Major said that General Gregg desired to find out whether the enemy were in our front, in force. I told the Major if he would wait I would go through the woods and find out. Secord volunteered to go with me. We passed through the timber and came to a seven-rail fence, beyond which was an open field. We had been there perhaps five minutes when the rebels came into the open field before us and formed in line. I told Secord to keep a watch on them, while I reported to the Major, who asked me how many I thought there were. I replied that I thought there was a division, at least. He told me to watch them, but not to fire, unless attacked, as the orders were not to bring on an engagement if it could be avoided. I rejoined Secord, with the other three men, while the Major started off to report to General Gregg. We had just settled down behind the fence when twenty-five or thirty rebs came almost straight for the place we occupied, I think, intending to tear down the fence; another party, of about the same number, going toward the cross-fence to our left. The boys were restless and wanted to open the ball, but I ordered them to hold their fire. When the rebs were within eight or ten rods I gave the order to fire. Secord said, afterward, that I gave the order to "Give 'em h—l!" Anyway, from the manner in which the riderless horses dashed about, and the whole lot scampered off, they must have thought they had struck the open door to sheol and found everybody at home. About the same time the party to the left had torn down the fence, and the dismounted cavalry or infantry were marching through. The sharp crack of the carbines on the left satisfied me that there was going to be music by the full band. There was considerable tumult among the troops on the opposite side of the field, following the repulse. Then a line of battle was formed, and with their celebrated "Ki-yi!" they charged on us. All our carbine ammunition was gone, so I ordered the boys to give them the contents of their revolvers and fall back. When we started it fairly rained lead. I was never in such a shower of bullets before nor since. As we went out of the timber a shell came whizzing over our heads, crashing through the trees, among the rebs. The gunners had the range perfectly. I have always wondered why our battery did not continue the shelling. The race was kept up until we reached the creek, into which we tumbled, pretty thoroughly exhausted. We found our clothing riddled with bullets. One had just grazed the inside of my right leg and lodged in my boot, another struck me on the inside of my left arm, which bled profusely. Secord bound it up with his handkerchief and poured water on it, which soon stopped the flow. It was getting dark; we did not know where the Regiment was, so we lay down and remained till morning, when we rejoined it on the south side of the Hanover road.

And W. E. Phelps, of Company M, furnishes the following:

It was about 4 P. M. when we mounted and went down the Hanover road, crossed a small stream,* and turned into a field on the left. There we formed, squadron front, and a call was made for one hundred men for special service. There was a ready response of, I think, ninety men. Captain John G. Pierce was in command. We moved to the left in an oblique direction until we reached a narrow piece of woods, when we were halted to await the coming of Major Waters, who was in command. After a few moments Captain Pierce told us to sit down and remain quiet while he went to find the Major. Soon after the Captain left, the skirmishers in our front began to be hard pressed, the bullets whizzing around us, until the boys became impatient, and they were advanced to the skirmish-line. There we found Lieutenant McKevitt, of Company G, in charge of the line. I spoke to him, as I was personally acquainted with him, and heard him order the line forward just before the rebels charged us.

Here these two squadrons continued on duty until the line was called in late at night preparatory to the movement to the rear of the right of the army.

Hospital steward (afterward Lieutenant) Walter Kempster mentions some interesting incidents in a private letter to the historian, among them the following, which is published by permission :

You know, at Gettysburg I had not yet received my commission, and I was, so to speak, free-footed, and, having an inquiring turn of mind, gathered in all I could of the fight.

Roaming about as usual, I went up to our picket-line, which was actively engaged, on the afternoon of July 2d. It now seems to me as though our regimental skirmish-line extended south of the Hanover road a short distance. My reasons for thinking so are these: I rode up to the skirmish-line on horseback; our men were dismounted and their horses were in the rear. They were posted on the crest of a ridge and on the edge of a piece of woods (left of the road) and on the right of the road they were protected only by bowlders, etc. While I was watching some of our boys on the left who were drawing fine beads on the Confederates in front, a long line of rebel infantry came out of the woods on our right flank; they were not skirmishers, but were in line of battle. They delivered a volley and started down the hill. So did I; but they outflanked me and I presume thought I was somebody of importance, and they kept blazing away at me in a desultory way. I was hanging on to my horse, my left arm and leg thrown over his neck and back, my body sheltered by his body. As I drew near the little creek a section of our battery opened on the line of Johnnies and they flew to cover. I was by the side of the section at the second or third shot, and the officer in command congratulated me on my escape. Some of our men on the right were hurt, but the men on the left fell back to their horses, when, seeing the enemy driven back by the battery, they returned to their first position. After the fighting ceased, on the evening of the 2d, I went out with ambulances to get the wounded and was fired upon. The firing was continued until I was compelled to leave the field.

* Cress's Run.

Late that night, or early on the morning of the 3d, when we had taken position on the right of the infantry line, a portion of the Twelfth Corps formed some distance in rear of our skirmish-line and advanced in line of battle. They halted at our line, apparently surprised to find skirmishers in their front.

The scene at night, as from the elevated position occupied by the Regiment, the men looked upon the flashes from the artillery and saw the bursting shells over the battle-field, was grand and impressive.

The skirmishing continued until long after dark, when Gregg's Division was withdrawn to the south side of the Hanover road, and thence to the rear of the Twelfth Corps, near the Baltimore pike. A part of the Regiment went on picket, encountering the Confederate infantry again.

The troops confronting the skirmishers of the Tenth on Brinkerhoff's Ridge were from the celebrated Stonewall Brigade (Stonewall Jackson's old command), constituting the left flank of Johnson's division of Ewell's corps, which was making preparations for the assault on the position held by the Twelfth Corps, and the result of the sharp skirmishing on the part of our cavalry compelled General Johnson to move to the assault without the assistance of this veteran brigade. In his report, General Johnson says, in reference to the movement against the Twelfth Corps: *

General Walker was directed to follow, but, reporting to me that the enemy were advancing upon him from their right, he was ordered to repulse them and follow on as soon as possible. The opposing force was larger and the time consumed longer than was anticipated, in consequence of which General Walker did not arrive in time to participate in the assault that night.

The following is an extract from the report of General Walker, commanding the Stonewall Brigade: †

About 6 p. m. our line was advanced in a northerly direction, and took position immediately on the north side of the Hanover road. In this position, our left flank being harassed by the enemy's sharpshooters posted in a wheat-field and wood, I ordered Colonel Nadenbousch with his regiment (the Second Virginia) to clear the field and advance into the wood, which he did at a single dash, his men advancing with great spirit, driving the enemy's skirmishers out of the clear ground and following them into the woods.

When he had advanced some distance into the woods, the enemy opened on his line with two pieces of artillery, and he fell back into the clear ground again, leaving skirmishers in the edge of the wood, and reported that the enemy had a

* Official Records, Series I, vol. xxvii, Part II, p. 504.

† Ibid., p. 518.

large force of cavalry (supposed to be two brigades), two regiments of infantry, and a battery of artillery.

Colonel Nadenbousch reported three men wounded in this skirmish.

The monument erected by the State of New York to mark the site of the engagement of the Tenth New York Cavalry on the right flank, on the 2d of July, 1863, is located on Brinkerhoff's Ridge, on the north side of and near the Hanover road. The general design was suggested by Lieutenant H. E. Hayes, at the time President of the Tenth New York Cavalry Veteran Association and chairman of the Monument Committee, who labored zealously and untiringly in securing its erection, ably seconded by others of the committee. It is a work of art, of which, together with the advanced position which it occupies as marking the ground held by the Regiment that day, the members of the Tenth New York Cavalry may well feel proud.

The monument consists of a rectangular pedestal, six feet by four feet six on the ground, and nine feet high, surmounted by a horse's head in bronze three feet high. The foundation-cap, of native Gettysburg granite, shows six inches above ground. Its sides are rock-faced with margin draft, the washes hammered. The base stone, of Quincy granite, is rock-faced on the sides, with hammered washes, and bears on front and rear faces a bronze reproduction of the cavalry corps badge. The die is also of Quincy granite, finely hammered. On the face in raised polished letters is the record, as shown in the illustration. Above this is the State coat-of-arms in bronze, which also appears on the rear of the stone. The horse's head, which is the most distinctive feature of the monument, is from a spirited model by Caspar Buderl, the noted New York sculptor, and recalls in its treatment the celebrated examples in the frieze of the Parthenon.

The whole work was furnished by the New England Monument Company, of New York, and cost fifteen hundred dollars.

Amid the whizzing and banging of shell and the sharp rattle of carbines and muskets, a portion of the Regiment spent the night of the 2d on the skirmish-line, the balance remaining on reserve at a large barn on a hill farther toward the Baltimore pike.

Before leaving this place on the morning of the 3d, a quarrel occurred between Charley Cutting, of Company G, and an infantryman as to who was entitled to the plunder on the person of a prostrate rebel. Charley had got about everything but his false teeth, however, and the infantry soldier was reproving him for robbing a man before he was dead. "Well," retorted Charley, "you may rob a dead man,

but I'll not disgrace myself by doing it; I think it's bad enough to rob a live one!"

The morning of the 3d Gregg's troopers were again in the saddle and moving back to the position vacated the night before on the Hanover road, where General Custer's brigade, of the Third Cavalry Division, was found disposed along the Hanover and Low Dutch roads. General Gregg placed his First Brigade, under Colonel John B. McIntosh, on General Custer's left, and the Third Brigade, under Colonel J. Irvin Gregg, still farther to the left along the Hanover road. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, of the Third Brigade, was advanced dismounted as skirmishers in the direction of Gettysburg, encountering the Confederate infantry, whom they drove back, and succeeded in establishing connection with the Twelfth Corps near the base of Wolf's Hill and extending the line on the right to the Hanover road. About noon General Gregg was apprised of Stuart's movements by a dispatch from General Howard to General Meade, saying that from his (Howard's) position on Cemetery Hill he had observed the movement of a large body of cavalry toward our right. This dispatch was forwarded by General Pleasanton to General Gregg. Except for the many lines of fences, the country occupied by the forces under General Gregg was well adapted for an engagement between mounted troops. The Low Dutch road crossing the Hanover road at right angles near the Howard house, and running north to the York turnpike, distant about two miles, traverses a slight ridge for some distance. The same road running south intersects the Baltimore pike about two and a half miles from the Howard house. About a half mile west of the point where the Low Dutch road crosses the Hanover road is another road starting southward near the Reeve house—the point where the Tenth dismounted on its arrival from Hanover, the 2d of July.

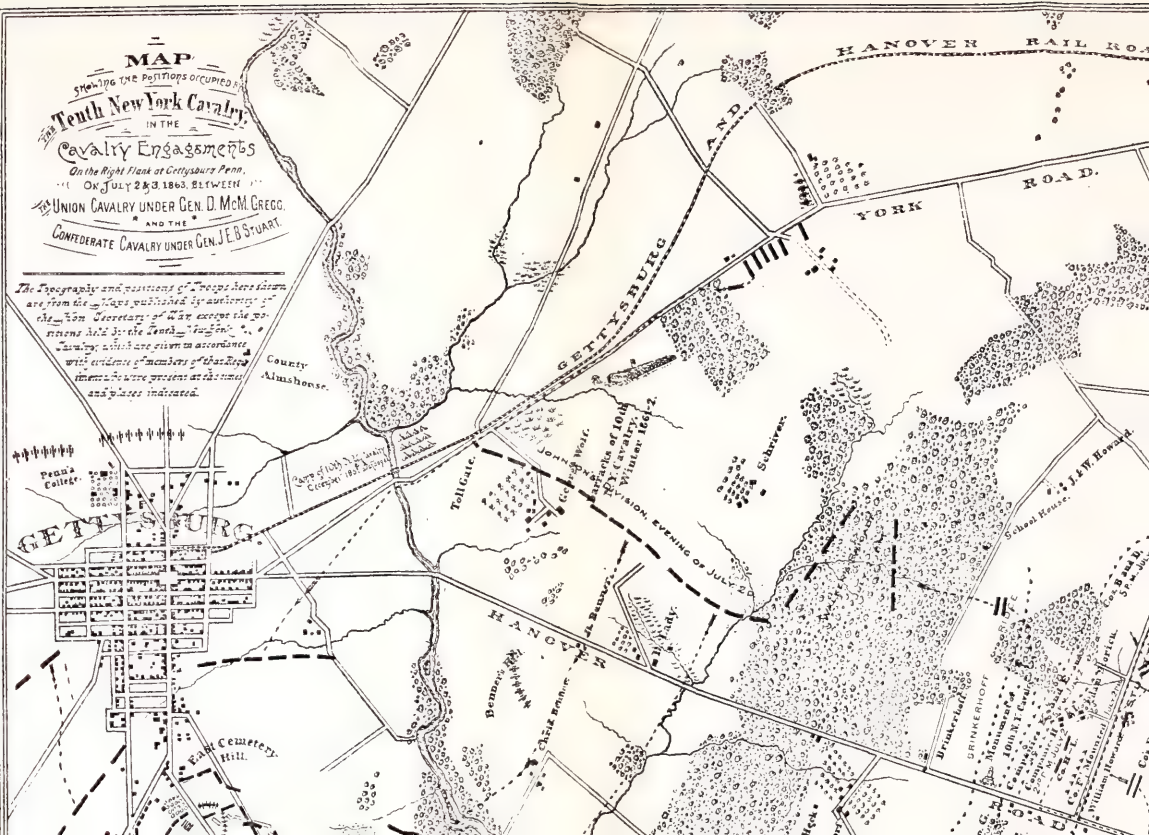
Stuart, screening his movements by the woods to the south of the York road, upon which he advances, seeks to gain the Baltimore pike by following along the base of Cress's Ridge to the rear of the Army of the Potomac, where he hopes to create a panic and thus make a diversion in favor of Pickett, who will soon launch his division against the Union left center in one of the most heroic charges of the war. Major McClellan says: *

Stuart's object was to gain position where he would protect the left of Ewell's corps, and would also be able to observe the enemy's rear, and attack it in case the

* Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 337.

MAP
SHOWING THE POSITIONS OCCUPIED BY
The Tenth New York Cavalry
IN THE
Cavalry Engagements
On the Right Flank of Gettysburg Penn.
ON JULY 2 & 3, 1863. BETWEEN
THE UNION CAVALRY UNDER GEN. D. MCM GREGG,
AND THE
CONFEDERATE CAVALRY UNDER GEN. J. E. STUART.

The Topography and positions of Troops here shown are from the Maps published by authority of the War Secretary of War except the positions held by the Tenth New York Cavalry, which are given in accordance with evidence of members of that Regiment who were present at the time and places indicated.





Confederate assault on the Federal lines were successful. He proposed, if opportunity offered, to make a diversion which might aid the Confederate infantry to carry the heights held by the Federal army.

After marching about two and a half miles on the York turnpike, Stuart turned to his right by a country road which led past the Stallsmith farm, to "a commanding ridge which completely controlled a wide plain of cultivated fields stretching toward Hanover on the left, and reaching to the base of the mountain spurs, among which the enemy held position."

This was the northern extremity of Cress's Ridge, the woods on which hid the Confederates from view. At the moment of Stuart's arrival, Major McClellan asserts that "the scene was as peaceful as if no war existed," and that "not a living creature was visible on the plain below." If, as has been frequently asserted, the Confederate cavalry leader hoped to gain the rear of the Army of the Potomac unobserved, by moving along the base of this ridge, his actions at this time appear strange, as Major McClellan states that, "while carefully concealing Jenkins and Chambliss's brigades from view, Stuart pushed one of Griffin's guns to the edge of the woods and fired a number of random shots in different directions," etc. Major McClellan says: "I have been somewhat perplexed to account for Stuart's conduct in firing these shots."*

This appears to be at variance with the account given by the Comte de Paris, who says: †

At three o'clock in the morning Stuart, leaving the positions he has occupied to the right of Rock Creek and north of the York road, follows the road which leads from the York road to the Reeve house. He thus covers the left of the Second (Ewell's) Corps, and reaches the extremity of Brinkerhoff's Ridge. Rapidly ascending the summit of this ridge, he perceives the enemy's cavalry posted along the slopes upon which stands the Reeve house. He at once proposes to separate it from the right of the Army of the Potomac, and to strike the road to Westminster between the bridge over Rock Creek and that over White Run, a stream which receives the waters of Cress's Run a little before reaching this road. In order to accomplish this it is necessary for him to conceal his movement from the enemy and detain him in the vicinity of the intersection of the Hanover and Dutch roads. Sheltered behind the high ground of Cress's Ridge, while a screen of skirmishers occupies the edge of the woods, which cover a portion of them, and at the same time keep off those of the enemy, the Confederate troopers will be able to reach the Baltimore turnpike unobserved. Without waiting for the issue of the great struggle, they may be able to create a panic in the rear of the Union army, the effect of which will be decisive on the battle-field. Stuart puts Chambliss and Jenkins's brigades, which are with him, on the march along the

* Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 338.

† The Battle of Gettysburg, p. 223.

western slopes of Cress's Ridge. Fitzhugh Lee and Hampton have remained behind, near the York road. He sends them an order to join him by following closely in his tracks, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy.

The troops which Stuart has seen near the Reever house belong to Kilpatrick's division. After sunset of the previous day, Gregg being summoned back by Pleasonton, has left his position in order to take another in rear of the army. He has bivouacked near the bridge over White Run, on the Baltimore road; but in the mean time Kilpatrick, returning from Hunterstown, and finding the important highway from Bonaughtown unoccupied, has left Custer's brigade there. On the morning of the 3d, Gregg having been ordered to advance again, so as to cover the right flank of the army, has proceeded along Cress's Run, south of the Hanover road. He thus keeps in view the eastern slopes of Wolf's Hill, on which Stuart must debouch if he passes beyond Brinkerhoff's Ridge. On learning of Custer's presence near the Bonaughtown road he sends him word to go into position on his right, which seems to him to be much exposed, and to extend his line in front of the Reever house. Although he has been ordered by Kilpatrick to repair to Two Taverns, Custer complies with Gregg's request. Stuart thus has three brigades in front of him, numbering about five thousand troopers. He has himself no less than six thousand sabers in the four brigades placed under his command. He knows nothing of the position of Gregg, who will, doubtless, soon discover the march of Chambliss and Jenkins. But this march is interrupted from the beginning by an unforeseen incident: Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, imprudently showing to the enemy a portion of their forces, have unmasked it.

But Major McClellan, in mentioning Stuart's action in firing a gun belonging to Griffin's battery, as already quoted, says, "This, quite as much as the subsequent appearance of Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee in the open ground to the left, announced his position to the enemy's cavalry." Stuart was well pleased with the advantageous position he occupied, while "the Union cavalry had none of the advantages claimed by Stuart for his own." *

All was quiet when, about noon, Colonel McIntosh moved his brigade upon the ground to relieve Custer's command, but there were evidences of trouble brewing, as the enemy were reported in considerable force in the woods beyond the Rummel buildings. Colonel McIntosh, believing the most effective way of knocking the chip off the other fellow's shoulder was to hit him in the nose, promptly took the initiative. About two o'clock the First New Jersey, under Major Beaumont, was sent forward mounted, and a strong skirmish-line was at once deployed from the Rummel buildings to meet them. The Jersey men dismounted and took position behind a fence, while two squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania, under Captains Rogers and Treichel, were deployed dismounted to their left, and the squadrons

* Historical Address by Colonel Brooke-Rawle.

of Captains Miller and Walsh advanced mounted, on the right. Pennington's battery now opened with damaging effect on the enemy. Major McClellan says: "The fire of these guns was most accurate and effective. The first shot struck in Griffin's battery, and shot after shot came with such precision and rapidity that Griffin was soon disabled and forced to seek shelter."

At the time that McIntosh moved to the relief of Custer, who was about to rejoin the Third Division, in compliance with General Kilpatrick's orders, General Gregg was with Irvin Gregg's brigade, on the Hanover road, near Cress's Run. At the first sound of conflict he hastened forward, and meeting Custer, turns him back to the assistance of the First Brigade, until the Third Brigade can be brought up. With the instinct of a true soldier, Custer responds with alacrity, and, moving his tried battalions back, disposed them in support of McIntosh's troops, now actively engaged. Colonel Gregg, leaving the Sixteenth Pennsylvania on the skirmish-line from the base of Wolf's Hill to the Hanover road, as already stated, moved with the balance of the Third Brigade to the south side of the Hanover road, near the Spangler house. Here the brigade remained in reserve during the engagement between the opposing cavalry forces, in momentary expectation of being brought into the action. Custer's brigade had become so far enlisted in the battle, however, by the time of the arrival of Irvin Gregg's regiments, that it could not be withdrawn, even if it had been deemed advisable to do so. Thus the Tenth escaped the hand-to-hand fighting of that day. It becomes no part of the history of the Regiment to record the details of that brilliant encounter, but, as constituting a part of the Second Division of Cavalry, the members of the Tenth take a just pride in having contributed to the general results of the operations of that division on the right flank at Gettysburg, which gave additional luster to its already well-earned reputation for gallantry and reliability. The Tenth suffered the loss of some men wounded by the enemy's shells, while lying in reserve.

The final result of the battle was the withdrawal of Stuart's forces to the woods from which they issued at the beginning of the conflict. The Rummel farm-buildings, originally in the possession of the enemy, were inside Gregg's lines at the close of the fight.*

With the retirement of the Confederate horsemen to the cover of

* This is maintained by Colonel William Brooke-Rawle, and denied by Major McClellan.

the woods, the action of the day practically ended. Pickett's assault on the Union lines west of Cemetery Hill, made almost simultaneously with this engagement, had failed, and darkness settled down upon the dreadful scene of carnage. Desultory picket-firing continued well into the night.

The force under General Gregg in this engagement consisted of the First and Third Brigades of the Second Cavalry Division, commanded respectively by Colonels John B. McIntosh and J. Irvin Gregg, and the Second Brigade of the Third Cavalry Division, known as the Michigan Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General George A. Custer, numbering, all told, about five thousand men, only about three thousand of whom were actively engaged, Colonel Gregg's brigade remaining on reserve, as already stated. Opposed to this force was the entire Confederate Cavalry Corps, commanded by General Stuart in person, numbering between six and seven thousand men.

The official records give the following losses in Gregg's division, July 2d and 3d, and Custer's brigade, July 3d:

COMMAND.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING.		TOTAL.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
<i>July 2d.</i>							
McINTOSH'S BRIGADE :							
First Pennsylvania.....	1	1
Third Pennsylvania.....	1	1
GREGG'S BRIGADE :							
First Maine.....	3	3
Tenth New York.....	..	2	..	4	1	2	9
Sixteenth Pennsylvania.....	..	2	..	4	6
Total Gregg's Division, July 2d.....	..	4	..	12	1	3	20
<i>July 3d.</i>							
McINTOSH'S BRIGADE :							
First Maryland....	2	..	1	3
First New Jersey.....	2	7	9
First Pennsylvania.....	1	1
Third Pennsylvania.....	5	9	..	6	20
GREGG'S BRIGADE :							
First Maine.....	..	1	..	1	2
Total Gregg's Division, July 3d.....	..	1	7	19	..	8	35
CUSTER'S BRIGADE, July 3d.....	1	28	11	112	..	67	219
Total on right flank, July 3d.	1	29	18	131	..	75	254
Total Gregg's Division, July 2d and 3d.	..	5	7	31	1	11	55

General Stuart reported his losses on July 3d at one hundred and eighty-one, exclusive of the losses in Jenkins's brigade, and his horse artillery.*

On the 15th of October, 1884, a handsome and imposing shaft, erected on the scene of this engagement, was dedicated. On this occasion General D. McM. Gregg said :

On July 3, 1863, we stood on this field, armed men, to resist the advance of an enemy with whom we had made trials of strength oftentimes before, and of late at Brandy Station, Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville. Our gaze was directed to the northward as we watched the approach of the columns of the enemy. Right gallantly did they come sweeping on, with such well-aligned fronts and with such tremendous pace that it seemed as though nothing could stand against them. There was a meeting of the blue and the gray, and for a time the issue was held in the balance. The struggle was ended by the retirement of the enemy to his starting-point, discomfited by failure, with ours in hot pursuit. Severe as was the engagement it could not be asserted that the Union forces that participated were never in a severer. These fought too many battles in that long war for such a comparison. But all will agree they never fought on a fairer field. Neither party asked nor expected aid from the main armies beyond. Our enemy had the advantage in numbers and position; we the moral advantage of fighting on our own heath. It can be safely said that on no other field did Union cavalry, whether on foot or in the saddle, do more effective and brilliant fighting than on this. Had it fought less well here, the victory would have been with the enemy rather than with us.

Surely the cavalry is entitled to honorable mention in connection with the great battle of Gettysburg. It was Buford's gallant troopers who received and withstood the first fierce onslaught of the Confederates on the 1st of July; it was Gregg's and Custer's tried squadrons that struck the final blow and administered the last chastisement to the audacious and confident enemy on the evening of the day of Lee's humiliation.

But as the report of musket and carbine was blended along those hills in the determined effort for the mastery, so may the songs of praise and rejoicings of a loyal people ever be to the glory of the Union soldier, without distinction as to the arm of service to which he was attached.

On the evening of the 3d, immediately following the closing of the conflict, the Tenth was sent to picket the section of country in the immediate front of the Confederate cavalry. Sergeant Hayes, in charge of a detachment from the Regiment, was sent to picket the

* The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 346.

woods through which the Low Dutch road runs. Sergeant W. N. Harrison, of Company H, writes concerning picket duty at this time:

The hardest night's service I ever experienced was while on picket after the battle of Gettysburg. I was assigned to a post with one man. When we arrived at the post the man sank down and went to sleep, and no amount of kicking or shaking could bring him out of his slumber. I took his place, and all that weary night I kept moving to keep awake, running from the prostrate form of my comrade to a certain fence and back again continually. I would frequently run against the fence and be brought out of my sleep, and then back to the other end of the beat, to fall over my sleeping associate. We were relieved just before day-break, and when I reached camp I dropped down and instantly went to sleep.

The Regiment remained on picket until near noon next day, July 4th, when the Third Brigade was started in pursuit of the retreating rebel army, the first organized body of Union troops that passed through Gettysburg after the battle.

On the afternoon of the 3d a foraging party from the Tenth, under command of Commissary Preston, went in the direction of Littlestown, securing some corn, oats, and German anathemas. In the evening a heavy thunderstorm came up, while the party were taking an inventory of the available assets of a seemingly prosperous German farmer. The spacious barn on the premises became a house of refuge for the boys. Once inside, the horses were tied loose with heads to the hay, while the men lay down to rest under the soothing influence of the patter on the roof. Some of the men finally sallied forth in quest of food. The humble domicile of the lord of the manor was visited and the women at once began transforming flour into greenbacks. Every morsel of food was sold to the boys, at exorbitant prices. Then onions were brought in from the garden, and when some of the boys declined to pay the prices demanded the females poured the vials of German wrath in luxuriant profusion on the devoted heads of the nation's defenders, and they fell back to the barn. Near midnight the sergeant in charge of the pickets came in and reported rebel cavalry approaching. The rain was falling in torrents. When Lieutenant Preston reached the road it was filled from fence to fence with a motley assemblage. All Germany was aroused. Women and children bearing great bundles of clothing and bedding were jostled by men and animals on every side. A rumor had gained credence that Stuart was on a raid to the rear of the Union army. The bewildered farmers were seeking places of safety for their livestock, but, not knowing from which direction the raiders were approaching, their indecision to "move on" had resulted in a jam at

this particular point. It was an indescribable scene. The vivid flashes of lightning gave occasional glimpses of the caravan, which was made up of men, women, and children, horses, cows, and pigs, from which there arose a confusion of voices and noises like unto the roaring of the ocean in a storm.

The following morning the party started on the return to the Regiment, going *via* the Baltimore pike. Just after starting out quite a number of infantrymen were observed under an old shed by the roadside. Mistaking the cavalymen for a mounted patrol gathering up stragglers, some of these infantry boys started for the fields, but discovering their error, returned to their rendezvous, which presented the appearance of a tramps' headquarters. Some of the men were evidently members of the Eleventh Corps, as they displayed an imported dialect and the crescent badge. They claimed that their term of enlistment had expired; they were ex-crescents of the army, as it were. They appeared to have lost their *esprit de corps*, and were not making a very vigorous search for it.

Soon after passing them a party of refugees were overtaken returning to their homes in the village, from whom it was learned that the Confederate army had fallen back, leaving the village in possession of the Union forces. Among the refugees was Charles J. Tyson, the photographer, well known to many of the men of the Tenth. On reaching the village it was found that the Regiment had just passed through, going on the Chambersburg road. Lieutenant Preston accompanied Mr. Tyson to his residence and afterward visited the photograph gallery with him. Underneath one of the windows of the gallery a shell, which must have been fired from a Confederate battery northwest of the town, was partly imbedded in the brick wall. Other familiar scenes and friends were visited, and many of the members of the Regiment had embraced the opportunity for doing the same.

"Are you a Porter Guard?" asked a small boy of a bronzed cavalryman who was passing by. An affirmative answer was followed by an invitation to dinner.

With all the trouble and turmoil with which the good people had been environed they had kept green the memory of the "Porter Guards," and welcomed them again to their homes.

Many interesting reminiscences are related by the citizens of the town of the eventful days of June and July, 1863. In the former month General Early passed through the village with his division on his way to York. This is mentioned by the citizens as "Early's raid."

The quiet of the little village was disturbed by repeated rumors of the near approach of the Confederate army for several days prior to its arrival. Indeed, the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" had been heard so frequently that it had lost much of its terror; but on Friday, June 26th, the oft-repeated story that the rebels were coming was renewed with an emphasis and earnestness that threw the citizens into an unusual state of excitement. Not only were the rebels reported coming, but the locality and direction were indicated. They were surely approaching on the Chambersburg road. The citizens crowded to that part of the borough which would afford an opportunity for a verification of the rumors. Presently the head of a column of troops marching in regular order appeared above the crest of Seminary Ridge. Then anxiety was gradually displaced by curiosity. It was a question in the minds of the gathered throng of citizens whether they were really rebels or Union troops. Soon, however, a large flag—the stars and bars—came into view. This was the signal for a general scamper of the men, women, and children to their various homes to prepare for the reception by secreting valuables, etc.

The on-coming cavalry soon filled the principal streets of the village, preserving good order and discipline. Their soldierly conduct was reassuring, and soon the people came from their houses and mingled with them in conversation.

Soon after General Early reached the borough he made a formal demand on the village authorities for sixty barrels of flour, seven thousand pounds of pork and bacon, twelve hundred pounds of sugar, six hundred pounds of coffee, one thousand pounds of salt, forty bushels of onions, one thousand pairs of shoes, five hundred hats, or, in lieu of the foregoing, five thousand dollars in money. Mr. David Kendlehart, as president of town councils and acting burgess, returned a written refusal to comply with the demand, and sent it by John Burns, who by his subsequent brave action in taking up arms in defense of his country and home at the time of the battle became known as the "hero of Gettysburg." Burns was at the time town constable, and the giving of the document to him to deliver to General Early invested the transaction with something of an official character. Burns found General Early sitting on his horse near a pump on Baltimore Street, not far from the Diamond, around which was a crowd of thirsty soldiers. The paper was promptly served on the General, who carefully looked it over from under his slouch hat, and handing it back, he said: "All right; I'll see my commissary

about it."* This was the last heard of the matter until General Early's return from York to participate in the great battle, when Mr. David Ziegler, one of the substantial citizens, meeting him, spoke of the demand and the physical impossibility of complying with its terms at that time. The General smiled grimly as he replied: "I suppose so; but if I had not been in such a hurry the next morning I would have found a way of getting what I wanted." But it nevertheless stands to the credit of Mr. Kendlehart that by his prompt and decisive stand the town was saved from an onerous tax.

During the time the Tenth was stationed in Gettysburg, old John Burns was daily at his work making and mending shoes in Mr. Kendlehart's building, opposite the court-house and adjoining the post-office. Many of the boys resorted to the old man for a better "understanding," and those acquainted with his character were not surprised at his course when the hour arrived for decisive action. Indeed, the old man's patriotism had early manifested itself in an attempt to enter the Union army in the regular way, but his age prevented. Age, however, did not prevent his going out with a musket as an "irregular," and joining a Union regiment when the rebel army approached his native town in hostile array. There he fought until wounded, when, giving the rebels a "last" shot, he threw his gun from him, and escaped capture by assuming the rôle of a citizen caught between two fires.

In 1884 the historian addressed a letter to Mr. Tyson, recounting some incidents of the battle, and received the following in reply:

FLORA DALE, PA., *January 16, 1884.*

N. D. PRESTON, Esq., *Bradford, Pa.*

DEAR FRIEND NOBLE: Yours of the 9th instant came duly to hand while I was in Baltimore and reached me on Saturday last, and, to make amends for the long time I kept you waiting before, I shall answer this at once. You certainly have a very good memory, though I shall have to correct it a little bit, and, if this epistle should seem to you disconnected, never mind that, but pick out of it anything of value to you and let the balance go. I shall only write what I know to be fact.

About three o'clock on Friday afternoon, June 26th, my wife and I were putting down the last carpet in the front second-story room in our little house on Chambersburg Street, Gettysburg (we had just commenced housekeeping—were married April 30, 1863), when we heard an unusual noise. Upon looking out the turnpike toward Chambersburg, we saw the advance of Ewell's corps, consisting of numerous mounted men, some with hats, some without; some in blue and some

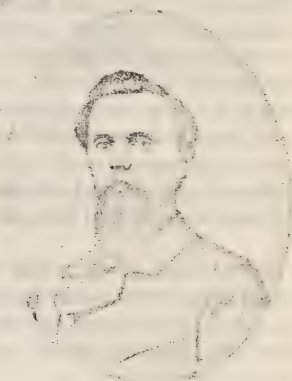
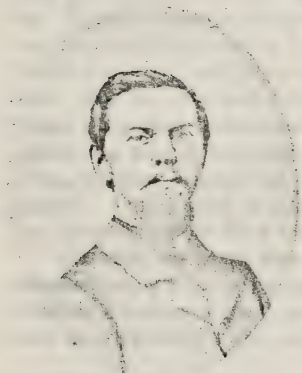
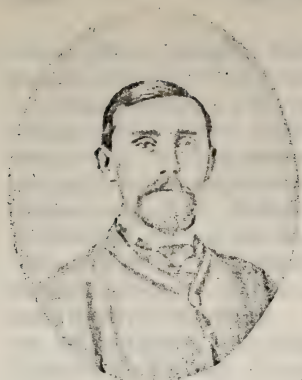
* Both General Early's order and the message refusing compliance are in the possession of Mr. Kendlehart, who retains them as souvenirs of the "Early raid."

in gray. On, on they came, and as they dashed past the house and up into the town they rent the air with yells, at the same time discharging their carbines and pistols into the air. Following them came the mass of infantry, which filled the road from side to side, and when they reached our house and passed on the solid mass extended to the top of Seminary Ridge, and still on they came. Presently the word "Halt!" was given. "Stack arms!" next. So they halted and they stacked.

We had taken the precaution to lock the front door and yard gate, and were looking out through the Venetian shutters—seeing but unseen. We heard them trying the door, and heard one fellow spell out from the door-plate "T-y-s-o-n; wonder who the devil he is?" and at the same time began chopping on the step or door, and I said to my wife: "There's no use trying to keep them out if they want to get in; I will go down and open the gate." I did so, and said to them: "You look warm and dry; we have a well of good cool water in here; come in and refresh yourselves." They came right along without a second invitation, and then they wanted bread and butter, but we told them we did not have enough to commence on, and they were satisfied far more easily than I expected; were very polite and gentlemanly. One, a German, asked where Joe Hooker was; said they were after him, and would have him if they had to go to Philadelphia for him. I would like to have seen him a week later. This gang passed on to York, and next day the town was clear again. One straggler came in and was promptly captured.

On the following Wednesday morning, July 1st, I arose to find Gettysburg swarming with Union soldiers, and the stores all open and doing business. I opened the gallery and went to work, and was kept very busy till near ten o'clock. I had made an exposure, and the room was full. I went into the work-room to finish the picture. When I returned the room was empty, excepting the one person. He offered me in pay a note I could not change. I ran down-stairs to get change, when, to my surprise, all the stores were closed and no one to be seen. I gave the man his money, and he disappeared. Judge Russell turned the corner just then and I asked, "What does this mean?" He answered, "It means that all citizens are requested to retire into their houses as quietly and as quickly as possible," and off he went, and off I went up-stairs and gathered up a few valuables and started for home. By the time I reached the opposite side of the square I met my wife, who was coming to see what had become of me. It was then between ten and eleven o'clock. I returned with her to our house. She had a small trunk packed, which contained our wedding suits and some valuables.

The cannonading was then going on in good earnest, and the people living on Chambersburg Street were advised to go farther up town. We locked up the house and I put the trunk on a wheelbarrow and started. Going a short distance I met our neighbor, Mr. Boyer, who had a spring wagon, covered, and in it his mother-in-law, who sat upon some trunks. He very kindly permitted me to put my trunk on, which I did and tumbled my barrow over into Mr. Christman's yard. We all went up on Baltimore Street and remained there until about two o'clock. In the mean time the churches were being filled with wounded men and the pavements were lined with those slightly wounded. Several blocks of captured rebels passed out Baltimore Street and I concluded to go down home and bring up a basket of fresh bread to distribute to the soldiers my wife had baked a large quantity the day before or that morning; but when I got nearly down to the square I met one



OSCAR WOODRUFF,
Commissary-Sergeant, N. C. S.
(Afterward First Lieutenant, Co. F.)

JOHN E. COWLES,
Hospital Steward, N. C. S.
(Afterward First Lieutenant, Co. A.)

SERG. BELA BURZETTE and SERGT. JOHN VAIL, Co. B.

W. W. TACKABURY,
Hospital Steward, N. C. S.

HERBERT E. FARNSWORTH,
Sergeant Major, N. C. S.
(Afterward Captain, Co. B.)

of our officers riding up the street, warning all women, children, and non-combatants to leave the town, as General Lee intended to shell it.

This caused quite a stir, and the streets were full of people hurrying to and fro preparing to leave. Suffice it to say, I did not go for the bread, but I did go for my wife. We kept in company of our neighbors, the Boyer family, and went out the Hanover road, crossed the bridge over Rock Creek and went on to Daniel Benner's on the hill. Before we got there it rained in torrents, but having an umbrella we did not get very wet. We remained there till the rain was over, when I proposed to Mr. Boyer that we leave our trunks in the cellar and put our wives in the wagon. This he consented to do, and on we went to Littlestown, ten miles south of Gettysburg. Mr. Boyer's son and I walked. Next day we went out the pike toward Gettysburg as close as we could go safely. Next day, Friday, I met Moody (I think). He said he had passed the gallery the day before, and it was, to use his language, "gutted!" and my house, he said, still stood, but everything was destroyed. My all was there, and you can perhaps imagine my feelings better than I can describe them. In the mean time I learned that the house at which our trunks were left was within rebel lines, so that all (so far as I could learn) was gone, except the well-worn suit on my back.

Therefore it was not strange that I should feel very good upon entering my house to find nothing wantonly destroyed. My secretary was ransacked and the contents scattered over the room. In the parlor we found a small heap of ashes, the residue of burned letters and papers, the forms of the envelopes still preserved on the top of the pile. Upon removing the ashes we found the carpet uninjured, and after the carpet was swept no trace of the fire could be found. The carpet, which was Brussels, remained on the floor in constant use until we sold the property, in 1867, and I presume still longer, as we sold it with the house. We found several bundles put up ready to be carried off, but which were left behind. All my clothing was taken and several rebel suits left in place. With this exception we missed very little, indeed, outside of the cellar and pantry, which was pretty well cleaned up. Your recollection of the barrel of flour is correct to a fraction. You remember we entered the house in the rear—the front door being locked just as I left it. Or did I unlock it and enter from the front? Indeed, I would not be sure about that. But the door was locked and the front parlor windows open. Yes, we found the gallery undisturbed. The wife of Lawyer Wills claimed to have prevented the men from going into the gallery by telling them it was dangerous. They, however, entered the cellar and emptied a barrel of ninety-five per cent alcohol. I had a gross of eight-ounce bottles there also, and they were seen carrying these bottles out filled with alcohol.

The shell has *never been removed*—is still there just as it was, ready to blow somebody up perhaps some time or other.* A minié-ball passed through the back window, which was raised, passing through both panes of glass, cutting a round hole through the first pane, without cracking the glass. In the next pane the hole

* The barrel of flour referred to had been placed behind the cellar-door by Mr. Tyson, on leaving his house. To look behind this door a person would be compelled to go down the steps to close it; which, it appears, no one thought of doing. The shell alluded to may be seen, partly imbedded in the brick wall of the building on the south side of York Street, near the public square.

was much larger and the glass cracked. The ball then passed through an inch-pine partition and lodged on its side on the opposite side of the room, half imbedded in another partition. I covered this with a glass case. It was still there when we left the place a few years ago. We found our trunks safe and sound. Mr. Benner and his wife retreated to the cellar when the rebels took possession of the house, and made their beds on our trunks and in that way saved them for us. In its proper place I omitted to say that on Saturday morning, July 4th, a rebel, who had evidently overslept himself, was seen coming out of my house with an overcoat on his arm. He was very promptly arrested and the overcoat afterward returned to me. It proved to belong to my brother, who lived with us at that time.

C. J. TYSON.

The night of the 3d of July the Confederates were gloomy and crestfallen. Every effort to break the Union lines or turn the flanks had been unsuccessful. Their losses were enormous; their ammunition and supplies well-nigh exhausted. The Union-loving people of the village noted their dejection and were not slow in guessing the reason. The spirit of the Confederate army was broken; that the contest would not be renewed on their part was plainly evident. It was not, therefore, a great surprise to the observing, intelligent citizens to find the village comparatively deserted by Confederates on the morning of Independence day. It was desirable that General Meade should be informed of the situation of affairs, and Mr. David Kendlehart, who had left home early in the morning with his sons, John L. and J. William, aged twelve and nine respectively, on a tour of observation, decided to seek the commander of the Union army after having satisfied himself that the Confederate army had really fallen back. Going out upon Baltimore Street toward the cemetery, they were stopped by Mr. George Arnold, an officer of one of the banks, who informed Mr. Kendlehart that it would be impossible to get through to the Federal lines, as he as well as all others who had attempted it had been turned back. Mr. Kendlehart, however, manifested a determination to make the attempt, and Mr. Arnold accompanied them. Unchallenged, they passed inside the Union lines, and were beset with inquiries from the anxious officers and soldiers. When Mr. Kendlehart announced that the Confederate army had fallen back, the news was received with every demonstration of delight. An officer who was present requested them to go with him to General Meade's headquarters, in a grove south of the cemetery, near the Taneytown road, which they did. A number of officers were in the General's headquarters at the time of their arrival, evidently discussing the problem which Mr. Kendlehart was prepared to solve for them. General Meade gave the gentlemen immediate audience, and

exhibited great surprise and pleasure when informed that the Confederate army had certainly fallen back, thanking them again and again. It was the first definite information he had received of the important event.

Passing through the village, the Third Brigade marched out upon the Chambersburg road, passing over the battle-field of July 1st, strewn with the dead Union soldiers. The road was littered with broken and abandoned wagons, caissons, muskets, clothing, etc. War's devastation was more clearly shown on this route than any upon which the Tenth had ever marched. Squads of Confederate soldiers were met with, plodding dejectedly along toward the place where their valiant conduct had challenged the admiration and respect of their adversaries. Some were under guard, others marched without. They were, generally speaking, a surly, uncommunicative lot. Every building that would afford shelter from the storm or protection from the burning rays of the sun was filled with Confederate wounded and stragglers. Late at night the Tenth went into camp at Graefenburg Springs. The greater part of the Regiment had been sent back to Gettysburg during the day as guards to rebel prisoners.

Corporal E. G. Fish relates that Company K had but four men present for duty, and when the commanding officer of the Regiment gave the order, "By fours, march," Sergeant Torry would command, "Company K, forward march!"

Of this day's march Lieutenant B. B. Porter says:

Our advance-guard commenced bringing in rebel prisoners as soon as we reached Seminary Ridge. With every squad of fifty prisoners two men were sent back as guards. When the Regiment reached Cashtown, I think Avery, Graves, Preston, and myself were the only commissioned officers with the Regiment. I had the management of the prisoners. I think over three thousand were sent back under guards furnished from the Tenth. At Cashtown I was kept busy for a long time searching rebel prisoners. I had quite a stock of knives, pistols, revolvers, etc. As soon as the men sent as guards rejoined the Regiment we followed after, and soon came up with the rest of the brigade.

The suffering from hunger was probably never greater in the Regiment than while on this march. Men ate corn from the ear, birch-bark, anything that would appease the gnawings of hunger. Finally, the commissary, taking a few men, started out in search of food. It was an almost hopeless task, as the rebels had made a pretty clean sweep of everything in the line of grain and provisions. Foraging parties and stragglers were to be seen in every direction; but, nothing dismayed, the commissary brought his small command to a

halt in the yard of a cozy farm-house and was about to institute an investigation when the lord of the manor, a bright-appearing young fellow, made his appearance, and smiling said, "Want something for the horses to eat?"

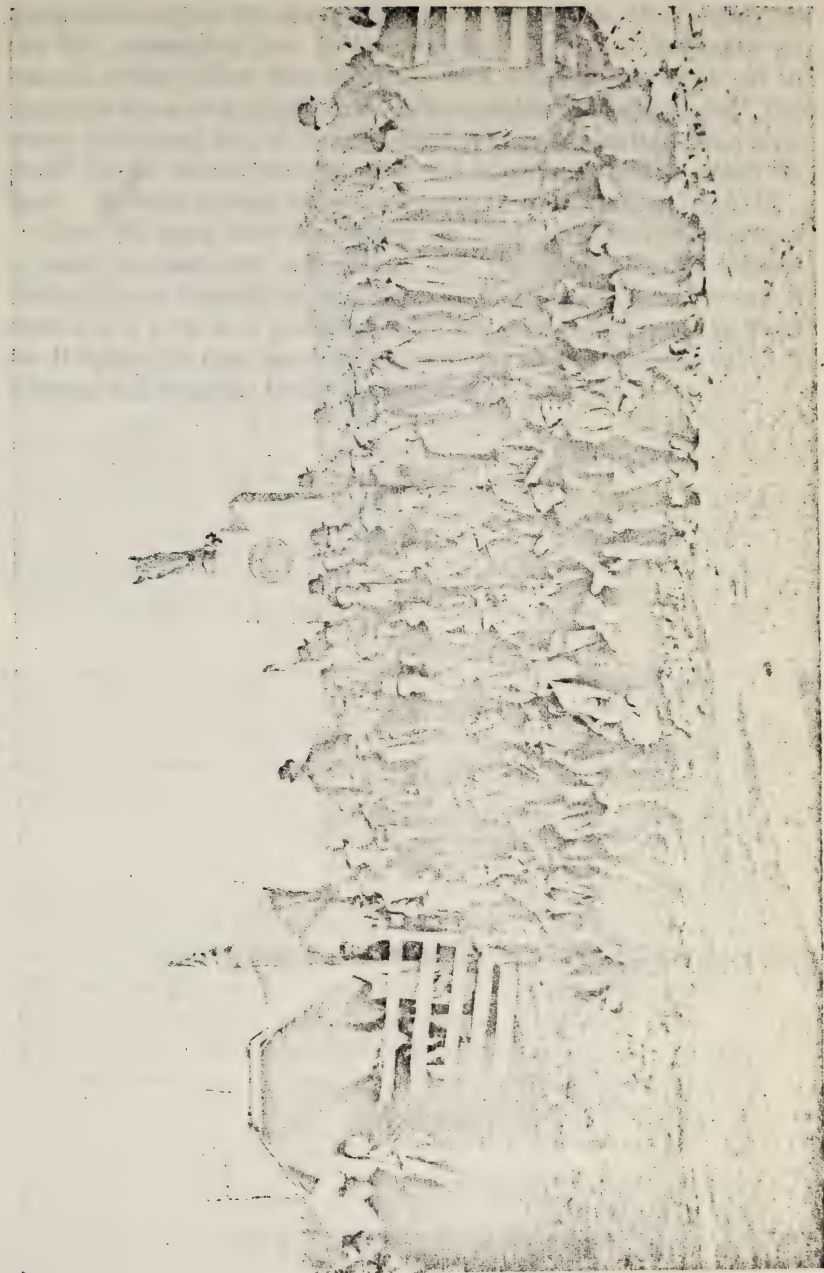
"Yes, we would like something to fill the vacancy in both man and beast," was the reply.

"See anything in there you want?" he asked, as he swung open the door of a large empty corn-crib. The commissary shook his head dubiously.

"The rebels didn't, either; but what you want is up there," he said, pointing to a scaffolding, on which was some straw. "You see, I put that straw up there as a blind," he continued, "and on the straw I spread some sheets and put my oats on them. Those rebels were too dumb to think of such a thing or too lazy to get a ladder to investigate."

He brought a ladder, and there, sure enough, was something to "make a horse laugh"—a great pile of bright oats, which the young farmer insisted the commissary should clean up, refusing to keep enough to supply even his immediate wants. As the detachment did not have forage-sacks enough to hold all the oats, the loyal fellow brought out sufficient bags for the purpose; and just as the party were about to start off, one of the men came running from the house bearing a loaf of bread of immense proportions. The commissary hastened to the house and secured a duplicate loaf, together with a liberal supply of cheese, for none of which the ladies would accept payment. This relieved the commissary from an embarrassing position; he had but twenty-five cents. It was quite late when the Regiment was overtaken, but the horses of no regiment in the brigade had a better feed that night. The bread and cheese was distributed in dainty parcels, the small number of men in the Regiment at the time making it possible for each to receive a ration. Some cherries were found along the line of march during the day. A well-loaded cherry-tree would break up the column more effectively than a well-loaded battery, and would prove equally effective in placing the men *hors de combat*. Reaching Chambersburg on the evening of the 6th, the Regiment was marched through the town and into a meadow of clover and encamped. Jenkins's brigade had found it convenient to vacate just before our arrival.

Resuming the march on the 7th, Quincy was reached in the evening, where the Regiment went into camp during a hard rain-storm, which prevailed all night; then again on the 8th to Waynesboro,



DEDICATION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT OF THE TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

going into camp in the mountains at 8 P. M., and to Middletown on the 9th, encamping late in the evening. Here the Regiment remained, doing picket duty until the 11th, when it was again set in motion at noon, and settled down at Boonesboro the same night. The severe strain and lack of forage to which the animals had been subjected in the forced marches over the mountains told seriously on them. A large number were condemned in the Tenth on the 12th.

Rain fell again from the 12th to the 14th in sufficient quantities to make the roads soft and pliable. On the latter date the brigade broke camp at Boonesboro and marched to Harper's Ferry, where it crossed at 5 P. M. on a pontoon bridge and established camp on Bolivar Heights, the first troops from the Army of the Potomac to reach Virginia soil after the battle of Gettysburg.

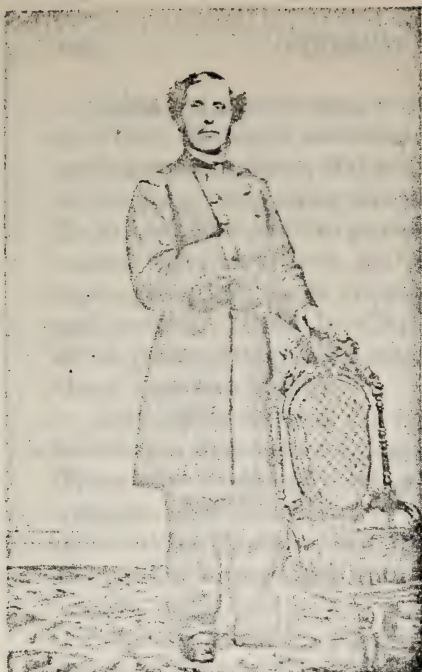
CHAPTER VII.

FALL CAMPAIGN, 1863.—FROM HARPER'S FERRY TO WINTER
QUARTERS AT TURKEY RUN, NEAR WARRENTON.



HARPER'S FERRY, romantic, picturesque, and historical, presented sufficient attractions to keep the boys of the Tenth busy during the short stay of the Regiment there. Maryland Heights, the Gibraltar of America, towering sublimely into the clouds on the opposite side of the river, the rushing waters of the two mighty streams, the Potomac and Shenandoah, which come together at its base, the ruins of the extensive United States Arsenal, the long bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which crossed the Potomac at this point, and the broken nature of the surrounding country, all combined to render a scene at once beautiful and impressive. Ten months to a day before the arrival of Gregg's cavalry at Harper's Ferry, Colonel B. F. Davis, of the Eighth New York Cavalry, who was killed at Brandy Station on the 9th of June, 1863, refusing to comply with Colonel Ford's terms of surrender of Maryland Heights, marched out with fifteen hundred cavalry, under the cover of darkness, and not only succeeded in escaping from the beleaguered stronghold, but captured a part of General Longstreet's ammunition-train and took six hundred and seventy-five prisoners, while *en route* to join the Army of the Potomac.

The scene of old John Brown's imprisonment and brave defense in the engine-house, and the ruins of the vast United States Arsenal, were visited by the boys. It was here that Generals Lee and Stuart first came prominently before the country: the first as a colonel in the United States Army, sent to capture Brown and his associates; and the latter as a lieutenant of cavalry in the same service, who held the parley with Brown, and gave the orders for the assault on the engine-house.



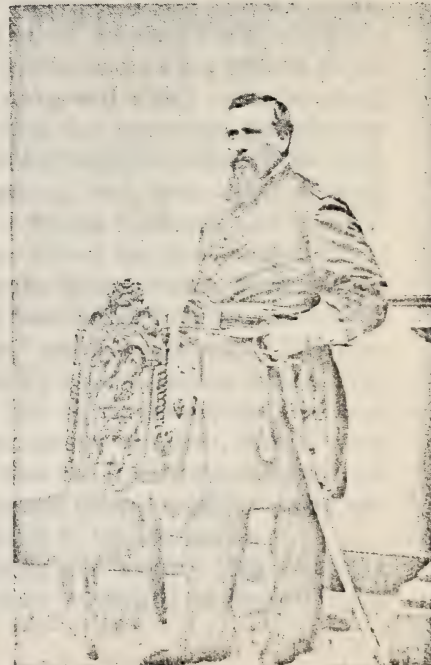
MAJOR THEODORE H. WEED.



SURGEON LYMAN W. BLISS.



LIEUTENANT SYDENHAM GAIT.



CAPTAIN JOHN ORDNER.

Boots and saddles came with the dawn of day on the 15th, and at six o'clock the march was taken up in a westerly direction. After proceeding some distance, Major Avery espied a lone horseman, away off on the flank. Supposing him to be a rebel scout or bushwhacker, the Major ordered a detail to go out and bring him in. Before the detail started, however, Debold, the Major's orderly, suggested caution in approaching him, as he knew him to be well armed—with quinine and powders. It was Dr. Clarke, the genial regimental surgeon, he of an investigating mind, whom Major Avery designated as "The Great American Flanker."

Just before reaching the village of Shepherdstown, two or three ambulances were captured, together with the drivers and small escorts. These fellows assumed a very wise demeanor, winking and smiling as questions were asked them in regard to the rebel forces, etc. It was quite evident, however, that the Confederates were in force near by. Continuing through the town, Lieutenant King, the A. C. S. of the brigade, issued quantities of captured bacon to the men as they passed. To the disgust of the boys, both they and their horses became besmeared with grease from the juicy meat, but they drew some consolation from the thought that perhaps the horses, like the wagons, needed greasing after so long a march.

Passing through the town the regiment turned into a meadow, where the horses were permitted to eat of the rank clover, while the men lay down to rest. Major Avery, with some other officers of the regiment, sought the shade of the stone wall which extended along the roadside. After remaining here a few moments, reclining on the grass, Major Avery arose, and looked over the wall into the road, as if expecting some one. Sure enough, there was at that moment passing an old negro on horseback. In his front and rear were immense bags dropping down on either side of his horse, stuffed full of something. "Hold on, there," said the Major; "what have you got in those bags?" "Dinners fo' de farm-hands," replied the frightened old man. "Bring them up here," was the next order. The poor old darkey was so perplexed he hardly knew what was said to him, but a second sharp order brought him to his senses, and the bags were thrown over the walls. Great loaves of bread, baked sweet potatoes, pickles, etc., gave evidence that the farm-hands were to have had a good dinner, both in quantity and quality. Major Avery had the food equally divided and distributed to the companies.

Nothing unusual occurred during the night. The following morning, the 16th, one battalion, under command of Major Waters,

consisting of Companies H and L, under Captains Peck and Vanderbilt, and C and G, under Lieutenants Sceva and McKevitt, respectively, were sent to picket the Winchester pike. At the same time Captain Pierce, with Companies K and M, was sent to picket the Dam No. 4 road; the balance of the Regiment, under Major Avery, picketing the Martinsburg road.

About noon the squadron under Captain Peck was furiously attacked, his outposts driven in, and the reserve thrown into confusion. Fortunately, the First Maine Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, were just coming up, on their way out to obtain forage. Colonel Smith instantly took in the situation, and so disposed his regiment as to give the rebels a reminder of Brandy Station, Aldie, and Gettysburg. Lieutenant Sceva's post was first attacked, but the enemy were temporarily checked by his squadron, when he retired without loss. Captain Peck's squadron was then charged by an overwhelming force just as the First Maine came upon the scene, as stated.

Sergeant W. N. Harrison, of Company H, says:

Captain Peck told me to get back with my old horse. As I was going to the rear, I met General Gregg going toward the front. He inquired the condition of affairs out there. He was as cool and collected as if nothing unusual had occurred, sending his aides to different points, directing the movement of troops, etc. In the fight, Company H lost David C. Hubbell, taken prisoner; Thomas Molineaux, shot through the neck, and left in the hospital at Shepherdstown, where he died a few days afterward; and Jonas Erway, shot in the forehead, losing an eye.

After this the companies all joined the regiment, and were directed to take position on the right of the line as dismounted skirmishers. The stone walls afforded good works, from behind which the skirmishers kept up a brisk fire. From the position occupied by the Regiment long lines of troops were plainly visible behind the woods, which screened them from view from our troops in the center and on the left. The fighting was continued until late at night, when the Regiment was withdrawn from the right and placed in a grove in rear of the right center of our line. Here the men, although supposed to be "standing to horse," sank down upon the ground exhausted. The rebels appeared to have an especial spite against the location, sending shells with much rapidity and accuracy; but the men slept soundly while the shells tore through the trees and crashed and shrieked around them. Before daylight on the 17th, the men were quietly awakened, and as quietly stole away and joined the brigade in the streets of the village on its retrograde movement.

Commissary Preston was left at a street crossing to direct a detachment, which was expected in from picket, what road to follow. It was daylight before he left his position. He saw no rebel troops nor anything to indicate the presence of an enemy near.

In his report of the fight, General Stuart, commanding the Confederate cavalry says:

Preparations were made to renew the attack vigorously next morning, but day-break revealed that the enemy had retired toward Harper's Ferry.

Sergeant M. D. Peck, of Company M, the regimental standard-bearer, was overlooked when the Regiment retired in the darkness, and did not awake till after daylight. Here is what he has to say:

934 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 26, 1890.*

The occurrences of the battle of Shepherdstown, Va., July 16, 1863, and that which took place during the next twenty-four hours, are still very fresh in my memory, from the fact that at that time I saw visions of my early entry into Libby Prison that I never was before nor afterward possessed with.

After the battle on the day of the 16th, which it is unnecessary for me to detail, our regiment, at about nine o'clock in the evening, camped in a little grove, perhaps a quarter of a mile southwest of Shepherdstown, and we were placed so as to form two sides of a triangle, and there waited in suspense for orders until about eleven o'clock at night. Having the regimental colors, I was, with Colonel Avery and some of the staff-officers, between the two wings of the Regiment. The Colonel repeatedly sent to General Gregg for orders, but the General could not be found, or at any rate the Colonel could get no orders. About eleven o'clock at night General Gregg ordered the long roll beaten, as a *ruse* to indicate to the enemy that our troops were re-enforced by infantry. We all seemed to realize the fact that we were in close quarters, and that unless something could be done very soon we would be swallowed up. Between eleven and twelve o'clock everything became quiet, and the men lay down by the side of their horses and went to sleep for the night. I was lying not more than six feet from the Colonel, by the side of my horse.

The men had been ordered in the earlier part of the evening not to talk aloud nor to allow the clanking of the sabers, and to prevent all noise, as far as possible.

From the time I lay down on my blanket, which I took from under the saddle, I did not awaken until the next morning at four o'clock, when I was aroused by the uneasy stamping of my horse. I at once looked around and discovered that the Regiment had moved, leaving my horse and myself alone. I rapidly placed my blanket under the saddle and mounted and rode a short distance, reaching the road, when a sergeant, whose name I do not now recollect, came in from off picket, with all speed, and stated that he had been left out there alone. He joined me, and as we started toward Shepherdstown we had gone but a few rods when we met an old white man, of whom I made inquiry of which way the Yankees had gone. He told me that they left their camp at one o'clock in

the morning and marched toward Harper's Ferry, taking the river road, at the same time pointing in that direction. Being two hours behind our troops, and it then being daybreak, we felt assured that our retreat was cut off and thought our capture inevitable. Nothing, however, was left us but our own pluck in an effort to escape. I told the Sergeant to follow me, and I at once planned that, should our retreat be obstructed, we would exchange a few shots until we could gain ground enough toward some house to enable me to tear the beautiful silken banner that I carried from the staff and secrete it or consign it to the flames of some stove.

Our horses were fleet of foot, and as we dashed down the road toward town we soon went under the cover of the high banks on each side of the road, which continued until we reached the cross-road. At this point, as we dashed across the road, I saw at the right coming down the cross-road, about fifteen or twenty rods distant, a half-dozen or more of the enemy. But, before they had time to raise their weapons, we were on the other side of the road and again under cover of the high banks, which protected us for some distance and until we were apparently out of danger. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and we continued our journey as rapidly as the strength of our horses would admit of, and reached Harper's Ferry in time to dismount with our regiment, not having been missed by the Colonel nor any one else, so far as I know.

I have no recollection whatever of seeing any one of our troops on the morning of the 17th of July at Shepherdstown after I started for Harper's Ferry, nor any one on the way except the Sergeant who accompanied me. So I think the man who came up to the commissary of the Regiment on that morning must have preceded me on his way to Harper's Ferry.

It is recorded, on pages 182, 183, of the History of the First Maine Cavalry, that—

A few of the men at the front, who had fallen asleep, did not hear the order to retire, and next morning they found that the field had been abandoned by the forces of both sides, and that the rebels had built a barricade across the road just in front of the one built by the Union forces.

Lieut. John T. McKevitt, of Company G, was shot through the lungs, in this engagement, and left to the care of a family in the village. By the tender nursing of a young lady, Miss Maggie Chapline by name, the life that was despaired of was saved, and the gallant officer gave his hand and heart to the one who had watched over and cared for him in the dark hours of despair and suffering.*

In his report, dated August 22, 1863, covering the operations of the Second Cavalry Division during this time, General D. McM. Gregg says: †

... With the view of getting in rear of and on the flank of the rebels, on the 15th I marched with the First and Third Brigades to Shepherdstown. ...

* Both have since died.

† Official Records, Series I, vol. xxvii, Part I, p. 959.

On the 16th, . . . at about noon, a few shots heard on the road leading to Winchester announced an attack on our pickets. . . . The enemy attacked in large force, and . . . soon the engagement became very spirited. The Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania and First Maine Regiments were principally engaged in my front, the Tenth New York on the right covering the road leading to Martinsburg. . . .

During the whole afternoon and until some time after dark the fight was maintained. . . . Having discovered that the enemy had gained the roads leading to Harper's Ferry, and the river in rear of Shepherdstown being unfordable, and attacked thus by so largely a superior force, we dared not yield our position, and it was held heroically. At about dark, Colonel Huey, Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, arrived with the Second Brigade. His report that he had been attacked on the march from Harper's Ferry determined me to withdraw to that point. . . . At about 9 P. M. it was discovered that the enemy were withdrawing.

The rear of my command left Shepherdstown at daylight on the 17th.

Colonel J. I. Gregg, in his report of the Shepherdstown engagement, says: *

The Tenth New York Cavalry was posted on the right on the Martinsburg road, on which the enemy made several demonstrations during the engagement, but were gallantly repulsed.

Private C. C. Phelps, of Company L, who was at the time serving as an orderly to General Gregg, was sent to Harper's Ferry with dispatches to Colonel Huey on the afternoon of the 16th, and was captured by the enemy soon after leaving Shepherdstown.

The return march to Harper's Ferry was made on a road running along the river. The Regiment remained on Bolivar Heights until Sunday, the 19th of July, when it marched southward again, encamping that night at Lovettsville, and the next day to Leesburg, where a halt was made to allow the men to cook their suppers. Then the march was resumed again, and they went into camp at Goose Creek at night. At 8 A. M. of the 21st the command was again on the move, marching in clouds of dust, and encamped on the field where the battle of Bull Run occurred just two years before this day. So dusty and begrimed were the men that it was difficult to distinguish comrades who chanced to become separated. John King, of Company A, went for water after the Regiment had gone into camp, and, returning, inquired of the men in his own company where Company A was located.

The Regiment marched through Manassas to Broad Run on the 22d and encamped; thence to Catlett's Station on the 23d, and War-

* Official Records, Series I, vol. xxvii, Part I, p. 978.

renton Junction—familiar ground—on the 24th. The next day it marched to Bealton Station and went on picket during a rain-storm. Here it remained picketing in the direction of Sulphur Springs until the 28th, when it was relieved and returned to Bealton in a heavy thunderstorm. It generally rained when the Regiment encamped around Bealton or Warrenton.

The brigade left Bealton and encamped two miles from Warrenton, on the Front Royal road, on the 29th, in the midst of our infantry camps; thence to Amissville on the 30th, where it encamped in the woods and remained several days.

Detachments from the Regiment were frequently sent out scouting. On one of these expeditions made by a squadron under the command of Lieutenant Sceva, on Monday, the 3d of August, a force of Confederate cavalry was encountered near Little Washington and driven through the village. As the little force under Lieutenant Sceva reached the top of a hill, commanding a view of the country for some distance ahead, with Little Washington in the distance, the sharp crack of several carbines was followed by the singing of bullets by their ears. The rebels had dismounted and taken position behind a high, winding stone wall that ran along the road, and could not be seen. Lieutenant Sceva immediately deployed a portion of his little command as skirmishers in the open field to the right, but before the formation had been completed the position of the enemy had been discovered and the skirmishers were called in. Lieutenant Sceva gave the command, "Draw sabers!" and then followed a bold and successful saber charge. The rebels broke from cover, mounted their horses, and sought safety in flight, our boys in close pursuit, down across a bridge, through the village, and out on the Sperryville road, making both the rebels and the dust fly. Finally, the boys came back with four prisoners as the result of the charge, and the command returned to the camp at Amissville in the evening. The number of the enemy was fully as great as Lieutenant Sceva's force. Our loss was none. This little adventure appeared to awaken the latent fire in the Lieutenant's bosom, and next day, the 4th, he led three companies to the same place, without encountering or observing any rebels. On the return, however, when a short distance from Little Washington, he found himself confronted by a force of rebel cavalry that had gained his rear and had torn up a bridge over the creek and stood ready to dispute his further progress. But the detachment was at once put in readiness for another charge, and went forward with a cheer. Again

the rebels broke and fled and were pursued for some distance. In this encounter we lost one man taken prisoner. George Hines, of Company A, had a queer experience in this skirmish. He encountered a Confederate in a personal struggle, each firing all the cartridges from his revolver, when they grasped each other in a rough-and-tumble fight, at the termination of which Hines mounted his antagonist's horse and rode off, trading horses without guaranty. The command reached camp about 4 P. M.

Surgeon H. K. Clarke mentions the skirmishes in these words:

On the 3d of August, 1863, Lieutenant Scève was sent to Little Washington on a scouting expedition. Scève was a gallant fellow. His great desire was to charge into Richmond with saber only. He disdained the revolver; did not want one in the command. When near Little Washington his command was fired upon. Scève gave the command to draw saber, and away he flew down the road, his long hair streaming back. He was closely followed by his little command with sabers gleaming in the sunlight. The enemy broke from concealment, mounted, and started toward the mountains. In the scrub race that followed we gathered in some prisoners, among the number one of those who fired the first shots, whose saber and spurs I took and still retain.

Next day Scève went out again. Captain Blynn and I went out on the road for a distance after he had gone. We saw a detachment of rebels that had barricaded the road and were awaiting Scève's return. Scève gave them a good fight, losing, however, one man taken prisoner, Charles Clifford, of Company E.

The Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry relieved the Tenth from picket on the 5th, and the latter returned to camp at Amissville. Then on the 7th the division left for Sulphur Springs, where it encamped until the 15th. While here, on the 13th of August, the brigade designation was changed from the Third to the Second, and the Second and Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiments were added to it. The same day a detachment of one hundred and fifty men from the Regiment went on a reconnaissance to Gaines Cross-roads encountering none of the enemy. (See Appendix for Major Avery's Report.)

Crossing the Rappahannock at 9 A. M. on the 15th, the division marched to Catlett's Station. Here the "Scotts Nine Hundred" Cavalry Regiment, that came to the division soon after the battle of Gettysburg, returned to Washington. The Tenth did picket duty in this vicinity for several days. On the 23d, details were made from Companies M and K for orderly service with the Second Corps, in accordance with special order No. 81, Cavalry Corps, dated August 23, 1863. Again the Regiment broke camp and marched with the division to the vicinity of Jeffersonton and Oak Shade on the 24th, and went on picket along the Hazel River.

A detail of eighty men was made from the Regiment on the 4th of September to proceed to Washington for horses. This detachment, which was under command of Major Weed, returned to camp on the 10th, with fifteen hundred horses, which were distributed among the various regiments of the division. The command marched to the vicinity of Warrenton Junction, and went into camp on the 13th. It rained, as usual, when it approached Warrenton Junction. There were about eight hundred of the horses brought from Washington by the detachment under Major Weed, and on the 18th the command, encumbered with these, marched to Culpeper, crossing the river at Rappahannock Station on a pontoon bridge. Next day a detail of one hundred and fifty men from the Regiment went to Cattle's Station for beeves. The Tenth was encamped south of Culpeper from the 21st to the 24th. While here an issue of wormy hard-tack and rusty pork was made to the Regiment. The men busied themselves in taking a census of the inhabitants of their hard-tack, and investigating the oxidized pork, during the time that could be spared from eliminating the timothy-seeds from their nether garments. Then on the afternoon of the 24th they were again in the saddle and moving northward, encamping at night at Brandy Station, where they remained until the 1st of October, when they marched to Fayetteville, and did picket duty along the Rappahannock River. Relieved by an infantry force on the 2d, the Regiment marched to Bealton in a heavy storm. Here it picketed the surrounding country until the 9th, when a scouting expedition was ordered to Warrenton. A few rebels were seen, but they retired rapidly before the invading host. On the return of the detachment to camp it was dispatched on another reconnaissance beyond Warrenton and Sulphur Springs, returning late at night, having encountered nothing of a hostile nature. Early on the 10th the division was on the move, going over well-trodden and familiar paths, to a point below Culpeper Court-House. Next day the Second Division marched through Culpeper and halted on the hills to the west, from where Kilpatrick's troopers could be seen to the south of the town, falling back. The entire army had abandoned their camps and were moving northward.

Our signal officers on Pony Mountain had made out from the enemy's signals General Lee's purpose of making an immediate march around the right flank of the Union army. General Meade, instead of disposing his army to meet this intended movement and give battle, at once began a retrograde march northward. After the Rappahannock had been crossed, General Meade, apparently confused as

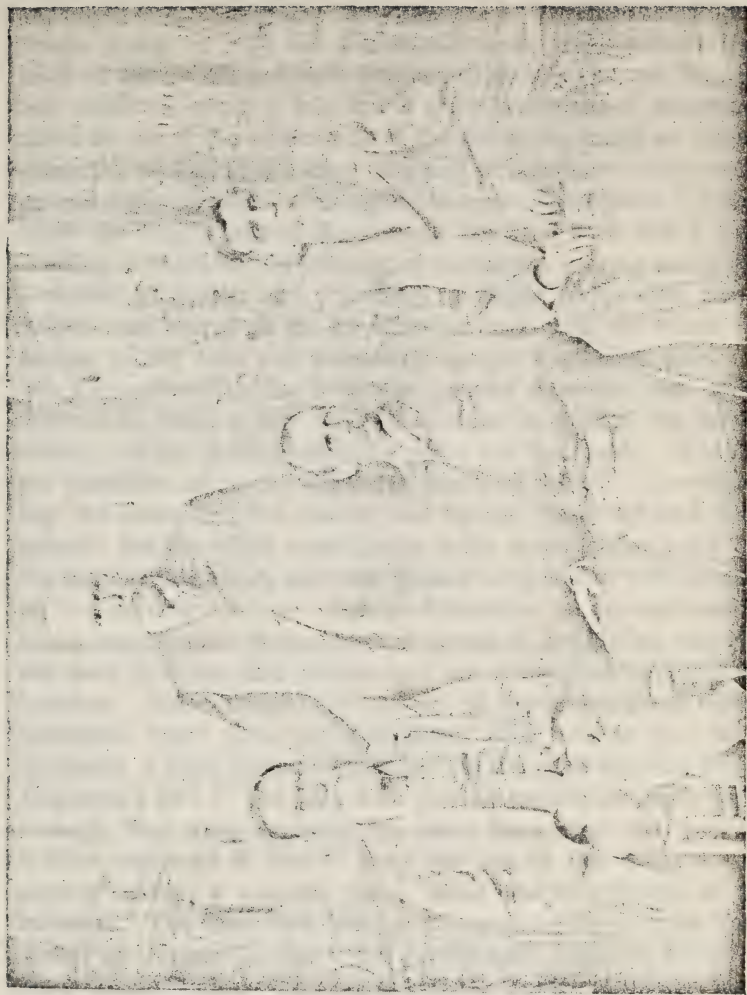
to General Lee's presence and purposes, directed General Sedgwick to recross and engage the Confederate army at Brandy Station, when in fact that army was already far to the west of that point, at Jeffersonton. General Sedgwick suggested an attack at Sulphur Springs, which was not approved, and the Army of the Potomac continued the march toward Washington. Resuming the march from Culpeper, the Second Cavalry Division crossed the Hazel River at Rixeyville, and passing through Jeffersonton, reached its old camps at Sulphur Springs at dusk, the Tenth settling down in the quarters vacated by it but a few days before. Here, all unconscious of the proximity of the enemy, a good night's rest was enjoyed. General Gregg had sent scouting parties in various directions, however, none of whom were heard from on the 11th. The First Maine Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, had been ordered to Little Washington on a reconnaissance early on the morning of the 12th, and on their return late at night, found A. P. Hill's corps of the rebel army encamped about Amissville and Jeffersonton. Being thus cut off, Colonel Smith returned with the Regiment, and after a two days' march, full of hardships and adventure, on one occasion marching into the sleeping camp of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry late at night, the Regiment finally found the Army of the Potomac near Bristoe Station.

At an early hour the command was moved across to the east side of the river, leaving the Fourth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiments on picket in the direction of Jeffersonton. The Tenth halted about half a mile from the ford, on the south side of the road leading to Warrenton, and went into camp. Colonel Taylor's brigade had been sent to Warrenton before the Second Brigade had crossed the river. While the men were busy making preparations for future comfort, the sharp crack of carbines was heard across the river, and then the bugle summoned them to horse. The Regiment was quickly mounted and moved to the support of the battery posted near the ford. While this movement was being made, the Fourth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which had stubbornly resisted the advance of the enemy, made by infantry and cavalry in overwhelming numbers, were seen to break from the woods, and the Tenth was ordered to their assistance. While the rear of the Regiment was coming into line behind the battery, the right broke by fours and moved to the ford. After crossing, Major Avery deployed a part of the Regiment as skirmishers, which extended the line so that the right reached beyond the woods in which the two regiments already named were

maintaining the unequal contest. From the right of the line a view could be had behind the woods. Infantry in solid columns were in plain view, while the open field swarmed with cavalry and artillery. Those on the east side of the river, who witnessed the advance of the Regiment under a heavy fire on this occasion, spoke of it with great admiration. The alignment was perfect, and was maintained until the wood was entered. From the position here attained the large force in front of the Regiment was partially disclosed. After a brief resistance the Tenth was compelled to fall back, together with the Fourth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania, as the flanks were overlapped.* The organization of the Regiment became broken by its inability to resist the great numbers brought against it, and as the men broke from the timber the rebels followed with their characteristic yell. The right of the Regiment was thus cut off, but most of the men escaped, going directly to the river, and, plunging in, swam across. Meantime the battery was doing excellent service at the ford, and aided by the carbineers along the river's edge, compelled the enemy to retire to the cover of the wood again. General Gregg caused the dismounted men to be organized and placed along the river's bank during the quiet that followed the falling back of the enemy to the wood, knowing their services would soon be required. A staff-officer called for a report of the number of mounted men in the Regiment. This report showed seventy-eight men. Upon receipt of this, Major Avery was directed to take them to one of the fords up the river to prevent the crossing of the enemy. The command had proceeded about a mile on its destination when the ominous silence was broken by the simultaneous discharge of several cannon in the wood on the hill opposite the ford. The guns were worked vigorously for a short time, and then loud and clear rang out the yell which invariably accompanied the rebel charge. With the first discharge of the rebel guns the Regiment had halted, and as the tumult of conflict was heard at the ford, Major Avery directed Commissary

*. . . The Seventh Virginia Cavalry was sent to the left and the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry to the right, with the intention of penetrating to the enemy's rear and cutting them off from the fords. Colonel Funsten, with the Twelfth Virginia, soon encountered the Tenth New York Cavalry, and after a brief but severe struggle drove them back toward the river. . . .

Sending two regiments to cross the Rappahannock higher up, Stuart proceeded to force the passage of the river at Warrenton Springs. Here the ford and bridge were commanded by rifle-pits, into which the enemy had thrown a considerable force of dismounted men.—(*The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry*, p. 285.)



WILLIAM HUTCHINGS. WILLIAM H. POTTER. WILLIAM E. DAVIS. WILLIAM N. HARRISON.

The four comrades whose portraits appear in this picture form a group which has an interesting history. The first name of each is William, and they rode as numbers one, two, three, and four in the front rank, on the right of Company H, through the entire campaign of 1864. All are still living (1891), and met for the first time in twenty-seven years at the National Encampment G. A. R., in Detroit, Mich., August, 1891, when the photograph of which the above is a reproduction, was taken.

Preston to proceed to that point and ascertain the condition of affairs. It was then just dusk. Passing rapidly through the weeds surrounding the ruins of the large Sulphur Springs House, Lieutenant Preston encountered a line of dismounted troops who were being pursued by mounted men. Supposing the pursuers to be officers and mounted troops trying to rally the dismounted men, the Lieutenant passed some of them. He suddenly discovered his mistake and found himself inside the enemy's line, and a sharp summons to surrender was made by one of the rebels, who at the same time made an attempt to grasp the bridle of his horse. A quick jerk brought the horse's head around and a vigorous working of the spurs unlimbered his muscles. Over the rough ground the animal bounded with the Lieutenant bending forward on the pommel of the saddle, passing safely through a shower of bullets and reporting to Major Avery that the entire brigade had retired on the Fayetteville road, with the rebels in possession of the ford and advancing up the Warrenton pike. There was a cross-road leading from the one the Regiment was on to the Warrenton road, a few rods back—that is, toward the advancing enemy. Major Avery's objective point was that road. If the rebels got possession of it, the Regiment would be cut off. Countermarching the command, the march was rapidly taken up and the road gained; but the rebels were already in the dense timber which flanked the road on the right, and they opened a rapid and well-directed fire on the moving column. A little disposition to unsteadiness in the ranks was checked by the prompt action of the Major, who brought the men into line and commenced an action that appeared almost hopeless. There seemed no way out of the predicament unless the command could gain the Warrenton pike, now so near at hand. Suddenly a dark column appeared on the pike directly across the Regiment's path! But *they* were moving toward the ford; and, sure enough, they were opposing the same force that the Tenth were—"What regiment is that?" sang out one of the flankers. "First Jersey," always a welcome name, never was so welcome as at that moment. The cheer that followed the announcement must have surprised the Jerseymen, who could hardly have expected Union troops from that direction. The Regiment was hastily moved to the pike, which it reached just as the gallant young Colonel Janeway led a squadron of the First New Jersey in a charge down the road. Here was Colonel Taylor's brigade. The Tenth took the position assigned it, and as the regiments broke by fours into the road toward Warrenton, it followed in its turn, taking the gallop as soon as the command

had all gained the road. About midway between Sulphur Springs and Warrenton a road led from the Warrenton pike to Fayetteville. Turning upon this road, the march was continued until Fayetteville was reached, about 3 A. M. on the 13th, where the balance of the Regiment and brigade was found in a pretty exhausted condition.

At the time that Major Avery proceeded up the river with the main body of the Regiment, as already narrated, another portion, consisting of about thirty men, was sent down the river some three miles to Fox's Ford, where they were attacked, but stubbornly held their position and kept possession of the ford until a portion of the First Massachusetts Cavalry relieved them, when the detachment from the Tenth retired to Fayetteville.

Still another portion, which had lost their horses and had served as dismounted carbineers after the Regiment fell back across the river in the early part of the day, had accompanied the small force under General Gregg, which were forced back from the river to Fayetteville in the final charge of the rebel hosts. These detachments were reunited at Fayetteville on the morning of the 13th of October, where the bronzed and bruised veterans gathered around the camp-fires and recounted the incidents of the previous day's operations and the heroic deeds of fallen comrades.

Of the engagement on the west side of the river early in the day, Sergeant W. N. Harrison, of Company H, writes :

I have no knowledge how others made their escape, but I remember that when I started to leave the place I had occupied I found I was alone and not more than five rods from me was a platoon of rebel infantry coming straight toward me. As I turned my horse I saw them raise their muskets, and bending forward, I plied the spurs vigorously and my horse fairly flew over the space. Upon reaching the river, the horse plunged in and bore me in safety to the opposite shore amid a shower of bullets.

Company II suffered severely in the Sulphur Springs engagement, losing Sergeants Benjamin Bonnell, Guy Wynkoop, and Gideon Dudley, and Bugler Perry Cows captured.*

Captain Bliss by his coolness and admirable conduct in this engagement won the admiration and respect of the men in his own company as well as of all who saw him. Company D lost here Corporal Richard Oliver killed, Corporal E. S. White wounded and captured, and Corporal Joseph F. Ashtenaw severely and several others slightly

* See Appendix, for B. W. Bonnell's Prison and Escape Experiences.

wounded. Elias Evans was struck by a bullet which felled him to the ground and rendered him insensible for a short time. The bullet, coming in contact with his handkerchief and a number of letters in his pocket, failed to penetrate them all, but left a black contusion on his left breast the size of a man's hand.

The horse ridden by Robert Evans, of Company D, in the Sulphur Springs fight, was shot in one of its legs, throwing Evans some distance. Regaining his feet, the horse went to his master, who remounted and spurred for the river, closely followed by the enemy. The horse was urged into the river and carried his rider safely across. Halting in the edge of the stream, Evans fired twenty-one shots, all the ammunition he had, at his would-be captors. He afterward found the Regiment after a long and tedious march.

In General Gregg's report, dated October 13, 1863, 3.15 p. m., while at Fayetteville, he says :

One of my men came in this morning, he having remained. Scouted all night near Sulphur Springs. He reports that the enemy were moving all night on the road from the Springs toward Warrenton. He reports positively that the force moving during the night was infantry. At daylight this morning he saw more of the enemy at the Springs.*

The unnamed hero mentioned in General Gregg's report was Gus Eldridge, of Company D. His experience is given herewith. After recounting the crossing of the river and engaging the rebels in the woods, he says :

About this time a bullet struck me on the left breast; it was flattened out and lodged on my arm. Lieutenant Edson was by my side, and I called his attention to it. He has since the war reminded me of a remark I made at the time, to the effect that the rebels were shooting twenty-five-cent pieces at us. In our falling back my horse was shot, the bullet severing an artery, and he fell before reaching the river. Just then the saddle on Major Avery's horse turned, and Sergeant Lennox, of Company D, was assisting him in readjusting it. I was about to start on foot, when my horse got up again, and I mounted and crossed the river. There were several men there without horses, whom I joined. We were ordered into some light breastworks near the ford. Soon after this the rebels opened on us with ten or fifteen pieces of artillery, silencing our battery, which retired, and we were left to hold the ford alone. The first force we drove back, waiting until they had reached the river, and then we opened on them a brisk fire with our repeaters, and they retreated lively. Then they returned in greater force, in column of fours. There appeared to be no end to the column. We reserved our fire again until they entered the river, and then repeated the tactics which had proved successful before, pouring a rapid fire into them. Twice we drove them back

* Official Records, Series I, vol. xxix, Part I, p. 355.

to the river's bank whence they came. Then they made a determined advance in overwhelming force and effected a crossing; but we remained in our little breastworks and kept up a rapid fire until they came swarming up the bank, then we started on the run and a terrible fire was opened on us. I think there were only two besides myself who reached the ditch across the road, which was from eight to ten feet wide and some five or six feet deep, which was full of rank weeds. These two were captured at this ditch. I have never heard of either of them since then. I remained concealed in the ditch within one hundred feet of the road, on which the cavalry, infantry, and artillery of the rebel army passed long into the night. They continued on the road to Warrenton. The night was very dark, and I determined to try and make my escape. I quietly arose from my wet hiding-place and started in the direction our troops had taken when they fell back. I had proceeded but a short distance when some one in front cried "Halt!" and I halted, for I dropped flat on the ground. The bushes concealed me, and I must have remained there fully fifteen minutes before I moved a muscle. I then crawled on my hands and knees to a safe distance and remained till daylight, when I arose, and, passing through a piece of woods, came to a house occupied by a family named Shuinake. While the girls, who were mulattoes, were making me a hoe-cake, one of them said, "There comes two rebs." I looked out and saw two rebel cavalymen approaching, one of them leading one of our horses, with an overcoat strapped on the back of the saddle. Then I felt the need of the carbine I had left in the ditch the night before. They rode up to the door and asked if their troops had passed that way. The girls replied no. Then they inquired whether the Yankees had, to which the girls replied yes. Asked if they had seen any straggling Yankees that morning, and were told that they had not, when they rode away. I ate the hoe-cake and gave the girls all the money I had, fifty cents, and resumed my journey. I had proceeded but a short distance when I reached the picket, and was again inside our lines and soon joined the Regiment at Fayetteville. After hearing my story, Captain Bliss took me to Major Avery, and he in turn, took me to Generals Gregg and Kilpatrick and an infantry general whom I did not know. They all questioned me pretty closely. After I left them we broke camp and commenced marching northward.

No doubt the important information communicated by Eldridge caused a change in General Warren's plans. The Second Corps was started northward again, preceded by Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, the Second Division guarding the rear. The Tenth was formed for battle several times during the march to Auburn on the 13th, where they arrived about 9 p. m. The trains of the Second Corps were struggling all night in a ravine below the hillside, where the Second Cavalry Division went into camp.

As soon as the division came to a halt Captain Vanderbilt was instructed to take his squadron, composed of Companies L and H, out upon the road leading to Warrenton and picket the country. A guide was furnished, and Commissary Preston was sent with the detachment with instructions to return as soon as the Captain had estab-

lished his reserve, to acquaint himself with the route traveled in case Major Avery should desire to communicate with the Captain. The guide led the party through the darkness into a ravine, the first part of the march being made amid the wagon train of the Second Corps. The jaded horses and worn-out riders were marched a distance of three or four miles, making a partial circuit of the camp of the Second Cavalry Division, and, trusting to the guide, Captain Vanderbilt supposed he was a long distance from camp; but while establishing his reserve the hum of many voices and driving of stakes was plainly heard, showing the presence of the division encamped, as it proved early next morning, quite near by. After establishing his reserve, Captain Vanderbilt proceeded out upon the road, through the dense wood, to locate a picket post. Lieutenant Preston accompanied the party. While instructing the picket, the unmistakable presence of a large force of troops in his front was made known by the noise of the men and the commands of the officers. The situation was not a pleasant one for the Captain to contemplate. Lieutenant Preston left to report to Major Avery the condition of affairs, but, getting mixed up in the confused wagon-trains *en route*, he did not reach the regiment until an early hour in the morning, just before the attack was made in force on Captain Vanderbilt's little command.

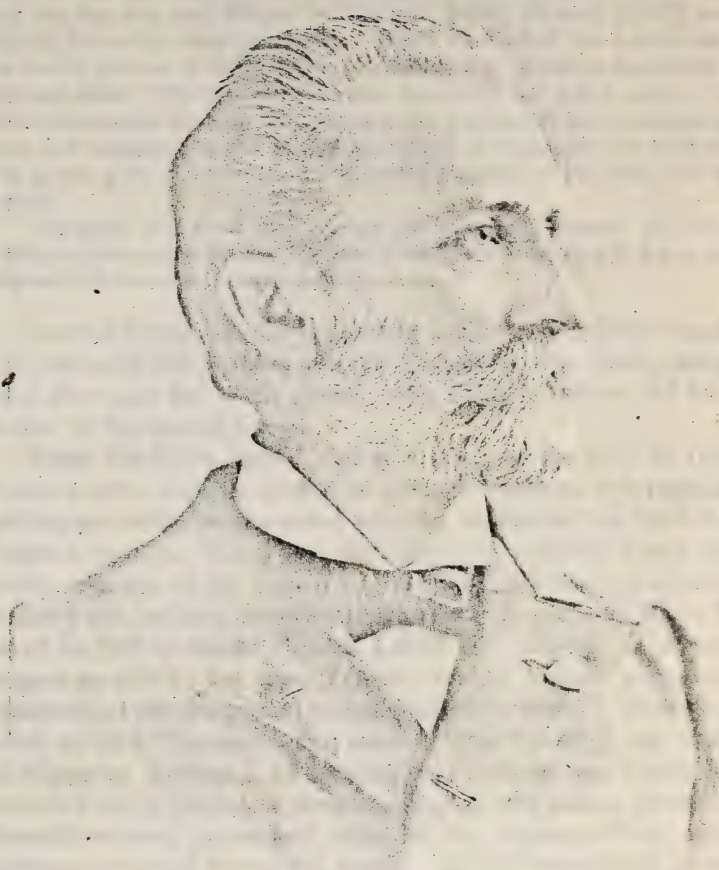
In a letter to the historian, several years ago, Captain Vanderbilt says, in making mention of this engagement:

Just before dawn (I need not tell you I did not sleep a wink that night after you left me) I posted my reserves, dismounted, behind the barricade, with Lieutenant Charley Pratt's and Lieutenant Woodruff's assistance, and gave Charley orders to have all the men ready. I started for the outpost, and waited for light. Just at gray dawn I could distinguish the road and fields full of men, a column of mounted men coming down the road. I formed my men obliquely by the side of the road in the woods, so that each man could fire up the road. I then sang out: "Halt! who comes there!" No reply, but the advance seemed to be mixing up. I suppose the ones ahead wanted to change places with those in the rear. I waited but a moment, and then I shouted, "Fire!" Eight carbines rang out on the still morning air. After a moment of preparation they charged down upon us, mounted, and we took position behind the barricade. On they came right up to the barricade. Then brave Charley Pratt's voice rang out as he gave the orders to his men to "stand firm and give it to 'em!" Our boys just warmed them up in good style, and the rebels disappeared from our front. Then I received an order from Major Avery, through you, "For God's sake, Van, hold them for ten minutes longer, if possible!" He wanted time to get the Regiment together, to come to my help. Then I called for twelve volunteers to charge into the woods. I wanted to break them up before getting formed for another charge. Lieutenant Marsh Woodruff and a dozen men came into line quicker than I am recording

it, and, wasting no time in words, I gave the direction and command to charge, and down the road they went, yelling like demons. The rebels broke, and we chased them down the road, through the woods, until we ran up against a barricade, which they had erected with the same benevolent purpose I had built mine. Here we lost nine horses killed out of the twelve, and, strange to relate, not a man hit! Then, as we fell back, we found the Regiment advancing to our assistance. Major Avery exhibited his sterling qualities as a commander that morning in getting the Regiment, worn out and sleepy as the men were, in line and ready for action in so short a time.

It was unfortunate that the reserve under Captain Vanderbilt was so near the command, as it gave the division but little time for preparation before the rebels, in overwhelming numbers, came down upon him and required the most desperate fighting by his few men to hold them in check. As soon as the Regiment came upon the ground, Major Avery ordered Lieutenant Thomas W. Johnson to charge, mounted, with his squadron. It was necessary that bold, determined action should be taken at once, as the division was not yet prepared for action, nor the batteries in position. Lieutenant Johnson went forward with something of the feeling which must have impelled the gallant Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, as he charged Jackson's victorious corps at Chancellorsville. Johnson well knew the character of the undertaking. He knew, as Captain Vanderbilt had already demonstrated, that the force he was about to charge was infantry, and that their numbers were sufficiently great to give no hope of permanent success. But time was necessary, and it must be had, even at a sacrifice. Drawing his saber, Johnson rose in his stirrups, gave the command to charge, and, plunging the spurs into his horse's flanks, sped onward, closely followed by his gallant command. Men and horses went down before the terrible fire that met them, Johnson being one of the first to fall. Over his prostrate form went the charging column, until its object was attained, when it fell back, leaving its gallant leader in the enemy's hands. Sergeants William Lennox and Jay Crocker, of Company D, were killed in this charge. Lieutenant H. E. Hayes, one of the foremost in this brilliant encounter, was left in command of the squadron when Lieutenant Johnson fell, and he brought the command out in good order. Here is what he has to say of the fight:

The rebels were dogging our heels, and we had learned ere this that it was not a mere reconnoitring force that was harassing our rear, but that a part of Lee's whole army was bulging out against us. When we bivouacked that night on the wooded slope at Little Auburn, with only a picket-line between our squadron and the enemy, not a saddle was loosened nor a blanket unstrapped. The little



LIEUTENANT HENRY E. HAYES,
Co. I.

sleep we obtained was with bridles in hand, ready to mount at a word, well knowing that a hot and bloody reveillé was awaiting us at the coming dawn. With the first shimmer of the morning light came the expected signal. It was the crack of carbines from Captain Vanderbilt's pickets. In an instant every man was upon his horse and instinctively came into line at the edge of the grove, ready for the command. "Forward!" shouted the gallant Johnson. "Charge!" Sabers were drawn and the line dashed forward. By this time the rebel infantry were pouring out of the woods across the field, and bullets were singing through the air. The ground in our front was covered with stumps and scrub-oaks, and the line was soon broken, but the men pressed forward, driving back the rapidly advancing rebel skirmishers. When we reached the top of the slope we were in the face of a strong line of infantry that poured a murderous volley into our ranks. We returned their fire vigorously, but could advance no further. Lieutenant Johnson fell here, and was supposed to have been killed. We were now compelled to fall back with as much promptness as we went forward, and it was some hours before the shattered remnant of our squadron was reformed.

This quick and fierce dash against the advancing columns of Lee's army served a good purpose by holding them in check until Gregg and Avery could so dispose their forces as to make our column safe.

General Gregg, always apparently coolest in exciting times, had his command well in hand in a few moments. The enemy were held until the trains had safely passed, when Gregg withdrew and followed in rear of the Second Corps.

Major McClellan states * that at 4 P. M., on the 13th of October, Stuart arrived with his cavalry at Auburn, where he left Lomax with his brigade, while he proceeded with the balance of his force toward Catlett's Station. When near the station he suddenly found himself in the presence of the Union wagon-trains and moving columns of infantry and artillery hurrying northward. Stuart sent Major Venable of his staff to inform General Lee of the situation of affairs and suggest an attack; but when Venable reached Auburn he found it in possession of our troops and was compelled to make a *détour* to the north to reach Warrenton, first sending Stuart word of the condition of things at Auburn. As evening was coming on, Stuart moved toward Auburn, hoping to force a passage at that point; but he found himself hemmed in on both sides by the columns of our infantry moving northward by parallel routes. He was compelled, therefore, to remain quiet in the fields with but the hills and darkness to conceal his presence from our troops. Posting his guns on the crest of the hill in his front, Stuart with his troopers remained during the

* The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, pp. 387-392.

night within three hundred rods of the road along which our troops were marching.

Major McClellan says :

So close were we to the marching columns of the enemy that we could distinctly hear the orders of the officers as they closed up the column. We could even hear the voices of the men in conversation, etc.

He further states that as daylight came on our infantry stacked arms near by and began straggling in search of water, when, knowing their discovery was inevitable, their batteries were put in readiness, and as "a few shots on the side of the enemy next to Warrenton informed us that some one was about to commence work there, in an instant our seven guns were raining shell and canister upon the enemy."* Our infantry moved to the attack, and after a brief engagement Stuart uncovered himself by moving to the rear, thus extricating his command from its perilous position.

When the Tenth left the hillside at Auburn skirmishing was briskly going on, our skirmishers being under command of Captain Bliss; but the enemy exhibited no disposition to push further fighting seriously, and Gregg's regiments left with as much order as if going on parade. After passing Cedar Run the men were compelled to leave the road, which was in possession of the enemy, and march Indian file through the underbrush and timber to its right for some distance.

Just before dark the Regiment issued from the woods south of Bristoe Station, and the men beheld a long column of infantry drawn up on the opposite side of the railroad cut, which in the fading light of day were mistaken for Union troops, but, a moment later, a volley directed against the Regiment changed not only their opinion, but the direction of march as well. The First New Jersey, under the gallant Colonel Janeway, were deployed mounted to meet the rebel infantry; but the intervening railway cut prevented their doing effective service, and the whole force finally retired through the woods toward Brentsville and took position on the left of the Second Corps, then in process of retirement by the right flank after the brilliant fight at Bristoe Station, in which they punished the rebels severely and captured several cannon. In the early evening, when attacked by the rebel infantry, the horse of Harry Freeman, of Company A, was shot, and Sergeant Mitchell bravely returned under fire and assisted Freeman to join his company.

* Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 392.

At 1 A. M. the Regiment left its position in line near Brentsville, and moving by the right flank followed the rest of the brigade, passing over the battle-field in the woods, where the pitiful cries of the wounded rose on the still night air pleading for water and assistance. The march was continued all day in a hard rain, crossing Broad Run at night and going into camp soon after.

The next day two squadrons were sent to picket along Bull Run, and on the 17th the Regiment marched with the army-trains, going into camp about four miles from Fairfax Court-House. Rations and forage were obtained from Fairfax Court-House on the 18th, and that afternoon the Regiment marched to Union Mills. On the 19th Company H was ordered to accompany the One Hundred and Seventieth New York Volunteers on picket, returning to the Regiment next day.

The march southward was commenced again on the 21st, General Lee having begun a retrograde move, and the cavalry encamped near Gainesville. From this point a detail from the Tenth was sent to Washington with condemned horses.

On the 22d the Regiment marched with the brigade to Fayetteville, where it continued on picket and scouting duty until the 7th of November, when it was ordered to Morrisville and next day to Kelly's Ford. Here it went on picket. Returning to Morrisville on the 10th, it was ordered to report to Colonel Huey, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, at Grove Church, for picket duty. On the 18th a part of the picket reserve had a slight skirmish with guerrillas.

On the 19th of November, Lieutenant M. R. Woodruff with a small force was attacked by largely superior numbers near Grove Church and lost five men taken prisoners, and he himself was wounded very severely and left on the field for dead. Warren Irish, of Company D, gives an account of this affair as follows:

While on picket near Grove Church, a woman who lived outside our lines made a request for eight or ten safeguards. Lieutenant Woodruff, of Company L, was sent out to post them. They had gone but a short distance beyond our picket-line when they were attacked by about twenty-five bushwhackers, who were lying in ambush for them. The Lieutenant was shot in the back, and his horse becoming unmanageable, the rebels supposed he was trying to escape and shot him again. He fell from his horse, and feigning death, barely escaped with his life. The rebels proposed to shoot him again, but finally decided that he was dead. All the men were taken prisoners, including W. Brooks, B. Bowman, N. Dimon, S. Leach, J. E. Derrand, and J. Hummel, of Company E. After the rebels had gone, Lieutenant Woodruff crawled near enough to a small house to have his cries for help heard, and a small boy went to his assistance and aided him to the house, where he remained until an ambulance arrived and took him away.

An unfortunate affair occurred on the morning of the 20th. The Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, returning from a reconnaissance, came upon the pickets of the Tenth, and each supposing the other to be rebels, attacked with vigor. Before serious consequences occurred, however, the mistake was discovered.

Pickets were called in and the Regiment marched to Morrisville and joined the brigade on the 23d of November. Several men were taken from the Tenth this day to serve in Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, among the number being Robert Trotter and Eli Baird, of Company D.

Leaving Morrisville at 6 A. M. on the 24th, the Regiment marched to Ellis Ford, on the Rappahannock, where it crossed and went into camp at Union Church. The day was raw, cold, and rainy. Then on Thursday, the 26th, it marched to Ely's Ford and crossed, the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry leading. After crossing, the Tenth took the advance in the Second Brigade, which was ahead, and bivouacked late in the night at White Hall. The march was taken up again at day-break on the 27th, and about noon the plank road running from Germanna Ford to Fredericksburg was struck, when the First Brigade took the advance, and after reaching New Hope Church the latter brigade came upon the rebels in force and suffered considerably before assistance could reach them. The Fifth Corps had come upon the road between the two brigades, making it necessary for the cavalry boys to march in single file part of the time in passing them to go to the help of their hard-pressed comrades of the First Brigade, so that by the time the scene of the conflict was reached it had degenerated into a brisk skirmish. There were abundant evidences of the hard struggle as the Regiment came upon the ground. The dead and wounded in great numbers were lying in the shade of the trees surrounding the little church, while near by the surgeons were busy plying knife and saw upon the unfortunate wounded. The Tenth was at once dismounted and advanced as skirmishers in a dense undergrowth to the left of the road upon which it had advanced. It was next to impossible to preserve alignment or to keep within sight of each other in the rank jungle. Toward evening the infantry took the places of the cavalry, and the latter encamped in the woods in their rear.

The Tenth was assigned to picket duty on the cold, stormy 28th of November. The Second and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and the Tenth were the only regiments of the division present, Colonel Taylor's brigade having been sent for the supply-trains. The weather remained cold and disagreeable on the 29th. While a feather-weight

issue of rations was being made to the Regiment on this day, there suddenly appeared a bareheaded horseman coming into the open from the direction of Parker's store—in our rear—shouting wildly, "Rebs! rebs!" at the top of his voice. In an instant all was commotion. The men scattered for their quarters, the bugles resounded on every side, and for a few moments all was confusion; but General Gregg soon had his command in good condition for receiving visitors. The Tenth was moved down the road whence the alarm came, and a portion of the Regiment dismounted and advanced a strong line of skirmishers on the right of the road in the woods. The enemy were found in force, and a brisk skirmish ensued. A section of the battery came flying down, and taking position in the road, began shelling the enemy vigorously. General Gregg had taken the precaution to have a company of sharpshooters from the Sixth corps in reserve. The officer commanding the section of artillery complained that sharpshooters were picking off his men and horses.

The captain of the sharpshooters detailed a man to discover the rebel marksman and snap his brittle thread of life. A tall, stooping, ungainly-looking specimen of humanity responded to the Captain's call, and swinging an immense rifle (with a long telescope-sight running the entire length of the barrel) over his shoulder, he shambléd along under cover of the trees until he passed just beyond the skirmish-line. Stationed behind a large tree, he watched intently a tree near the bridge which crossed the little stream in our front, along which the rebel line extended. Presently he brought the immense rifle to his shoulder, the report of its discharge was blended with those of the carbines on either flank, and those who had been watching the proceedings saw a man fall from the tree on which his attention had been fixed. A few moments later the rebels fell back, and as a part of the Regiment passed the spot in pursuit, the lifeless form of the rebel sharpshooter was seen lying as he had fallen, a victim of the barbarous mode of warfare which he had himself chosen. Major Weed, Assistant Adjutant-General Maitland, Adjutant Kennedy, and Commissary Preston, galloped over the road to Parker's Store, following close upon the retreating rebels. The latter officer captured a soldier belonging to the First North Carolina Cavalry.

A small force under Sergeant W. R. Perry, of Company A, also followed for some distance in pursuit. With this latter party was a sergeant of one of the Pennsylvania cavalry regiments, who discovered his brother lying dead by the roadside. Bending over the inanimate form for a moment, as if to assure himself that life had departed,

he removed the boot and took from the stocking of one of the feet of the dead man a twenty-dollar treasury note.

After re-establishing the picket-line the Regiment again returned to its vacant camp. Captain Snyder was detailed with his squadron to open communication with Colonel Taylor's brigade, for whose safety General Gregg appeared to be somewhat concerned. The route to be taken by the Captain led directly over the ground occupied by the Confederate Cavalry in the engagement of the afternoon, beyond which much of the way was through narrow paths and dense jungle, so canopied in places as to shut out the view of the skies. The night was dark and gloomy and it was very cold, but the duty was performed well and satisfactorily, the detachment returning to camp next day.

Few of the troopers of Gregg's division were aware, perhaps, how near they came to opposing a heavy movement of infantry at this point, intended for the destruction of the left of the Union army. Major McClellan says: *

Hampton occupied the extreme right of the Confederate line. A personal reconnaissance on the 30th brought him into a position where he was in rear of the Federal left wing, which was fully commanded by his post of observation. Hampton was looking down on the rear of the Federal guns as they stood pointed against the Confederate lines. There seemed to be no reason why a heavy force could not be concentrated at this point, which might attack the Federal lines in reverse, and perhaps re-enact some of the scenes of Chancellorsville. This information was quickly communicated to Stuart, who, after himself examining the ground, conducted General R. E. Lee to the same place. A council of war was held at night. The talk among the staff was that General Lee and General Stuart favored an immediate attack, but that Generals Ewell and Hill did not deem it best. General Lee made another personal reconnaissance on the 1st of December. In his report he says: "Anderson's and Wileox's divisions were withdrawn from the trenches at 3 A. M. on the 2d and moved to our right, with a view to make an attack in that quarter. As soon as it became light enough to distinguish objects it was discovered that the enemy's pickets along our entire line had retired, and our skirmishers were sent forward to ascertain his position: . . . preparations were made to attack him on Wednesday morning. This was prevented by his retreat."

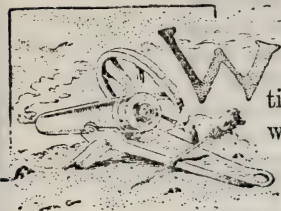
The Army of the Potomac commenced falling back from Mine Run on the 1st of December, and Gregg's division was assigned the duty of covering the retreat. It was a bitter cold night, the men becoming thoroughly chilled through while standing to horse, awaiting for the trains and columns of infantry and artillery to pass.

* Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 398.

Finally, falling in, the cavalry followed in rear of the last of our troops, urging and aiding stragglers along, and crossed the river on the morning of the 2d, the rebels following to the river and throwing a few shells. (See Appendix for Major Weed's report of operations of the Tenth New York Cavalry in Mine Run campaign.)

Then came a resumption of picket duty along the Rapidan until the 7th, when the Regiment rejoined the brigade near Stevensburg; and back to the Rappahannock, crossing at Kelly's Ford on the 12th, and thence to Bealton. On the 15th it marched through Warrenton Junction and relieved the Sixth Ohio, guarding the railroad, and at 3 P. M. Company H, the advance of the Regiment, settled down at Turkey Run, near Warrenton.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1864—FROM TURKEY RUN TO RETURN FROM
SHERIDAN'S RAID TO RICHMOND.

WHEN the Tenth encamped in the oak woods between Warrenton and Warrenton Junction, in the middle of December, 1863, there was little thought that the command was to go into winter quarters there. But when it was announced that the Second Cavalry Division would remain on the line of the Warrenton Branch Railroad during the winter, the boys began chopping down the trees and erecting cabins. The hill was soon shorn of its beard, and the Regiment was comfortably housed in its new location. It was on high ground, with plenty of wood and water near by. In the erection of quarters and the interior furnishings, levies were made on abandoned buildings from the surrounding country. The camp was never christened, but was generally referred to as the "camp near Turkey Run." It was about equidistant between Warrenton and Warrenton Junction. To the east of the camp was an open field used by the Regiment as a parade and drill ground.

Here, in this camp, the Tenth passed a very comfortable and agreeable winter, with enough of picket and scouting duty to make life enjoyable. Commodious quarters were erected for the commandant of the regiment, where the officers usually assembled in large numbers to pass the evenings—and other things.

School-boy pranks were sometimes indulged in by the officers to take off the dull edge of camp-life. Surgeon Clarke relates the following:

While in camp near Warrenton, in the winter of 1863-'64, we were pleasantly situated. One evening there were gathered in the large headquarters building quite a number of staff and line officers, in the full enjoyment of social intercourse. The night was cold. A rousing fire in the broad, open fireplace added to the cheerfulness of the scene. I quietly dropped out, and taking an empty

grain-sack, put it over the top of the chimney, and secreted myself near by to watch the result. With good draught, green pine would burn pretty freely, but when the draught was shut off it would make a most abominable smoke. Soon from out the room burst the occupants, rubbing their eyes, coughing, and saying some bad things. They had been so deeply engrossed in their game of cards that they paid no attention to the smoke until it had become unendurable, and then, after "poking up the fire," which but added to their misery, they finally made a break for fresh air, the Major meantime shouting for his orderly, Archie, and his colored servant, "Lije." What a jargon of disconnected sentences I heard from those officers as I lay near by, concealed and almost convulsed with laughter! Finally, some one discovered the bag, and it was removed, the Major ejaculating meantime, "That's some of Dock Clarke's doings." Toward morning I had a dose of the same medicine, but without bad results, as the trick was discovered in good season by Donnelly.

By the way, who that ever met Donnelly, the Irishman from Company F, serving in the hospital department, that did not remember him?—he who made a pack-animal of his horse, carrying everything that others abandoned, together with extra camp pails, pans, etc. When the Regiment would start out on a march, Donnelly would have such a load of blankets, bedding, and camp and garrison equipage, that little more than his head would show above the "fortification" when he got into the saddle. But on top of all would invariably be found the evidence of a taste for music—his bugle and fiddle.

What a rollicking, happy, genial fellow Major Avery was! I can almost hear him now break into his favorite song:

"Come, all you jolly good fellows,
And stand up in a row,"

and ending with the refrain,

"I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
And the son of a gambolier."

Small-pox broke out in the Regiment during its stay at Turkey Run. The patients were all removed to a camp prepared for them on the north side of the railroad. Under the skillful treatment of Surgeon Clarke every case recovered, and but one retained the marks of the dreadful disease.

An occasional relief from the *ennui* of camp-life was afforded by an attack on the pickets, or the stampeding of some horses by the enterprising partisans who peopled the surrounding country. Sometimes the men were unceremoniously hustled into line, fresh from sweet slumbers or an all-absorbing game of cards.

On one occasion, soon after Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine had rejoined the Regiment, there were several shots fired in rapid succession at the outskirts of the camp. It was quite late, and nearly every man had retired. The ground was covered with a light blanket of snow,

and it was very cold. Hardly had the reports of the shots died away before Colonel Irvine's voice could be heard: "Fall in here, men, quick! Be lively, now!" There was rattling of sabers, and hurried voices of officers and non-commissioned officers, as they all hastened to the point where Colonel Irvine's voice was urging haste. In a few seconds the Colonel had marshaled a force of which he must have felt proud—some with pants, shirt, and boots; some with only the shirt, drawers, and stockings—nearly all in undress uniform. But they were prepared for business. All were armed; some had revolvers, some carbines, and some small-pox. Colonel Irvine made a sorry attempt to get his force into line. While he was thus engaged, word was received that the firing was done by a drunken soldier just returned from Warrenton, who wished to satisfy himself that his revolver would shoot if he should want to use it; and the men scampered back to their quarters, muttering imprecations on the head of the disturber of their slumbers.

Great preparations had been made for a sumptuous dinner at regimental headquarters one day about the beginning of the new year. A fine roast of beef had been provided, and Riddle—"Bob Ridley" he was called—an all-around player at headquarters, had arranged with some lady friends out a little way from camp to roast it. The meat was consigned to Bob's care, with the injunction to have it back at a specified time, when old John, the colored cook, was to have the rest of the material for the empty stomachs to wrestle with in readiness. Time passed, the hour for Bob's coming went by, and no Bob, no meat. Finally, the rebellious stomachs called for action. Bob was evidently having a good time and had forgotten the meat. A courier was dispatched to bring him and the roast in. The ground was covered with snow. The courier started on his errand, but after passing through a light piece of wood between the camp and house he saw evidences of a struggle that convinced him that Bob and the beef had been gobbled, and hastening back to camp he gave the alarm. In a few moments Adjutant Kennedy and Commissary Preston were galloping at the head of a small detachment of braves in the endeavor to rescue poor old Bob. Arriving at the point indicated by the guide, the fence was found thrown down as if to provide for the passage of a number of horses, the snow was trampled and muddy from many hoofs, and there in the snow lay the roast of beef just as Bob had received it before leaving camp. It was evident that his captors had a good long start, but the pursuit was taken up and continued for several miles, but to no purpose. The detachment re-

turned to camp in the evening minus Bob and dinner. The old man died in a rebel prison.

The Tenth possessed two flags, both of which were received while the Regiment was stationed in Gettysburg, in February, 1862. One was the regular cavalry standard issued by the Government; the other, much the same in size and general appearance, was presented by Miss Elizabeth Porter, of Niagara Falls. One of these flags, reduced to shreds, was forwarded in December to Colonel Lockwood L. Doty, Chief of the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany, N. Y., for deposit in the military archives of the State. The receipt of the flag was duly acknowledged by Colonel Doty, but in his official reports no mention was made of it in the list of regimental flags in the archives. The other standard, also worn to tatters, was so far dissipated at this time that but a single star of the former constellation was left. This flag remained in possession of Colonel Irvine. Adjutant Kennedy plucked the single remaining star, still left clinging tenaciously to the field of blue, and sent it to a lady in New York State, accompanied with some appropriate verses by the poet-surgeon of the Regiment, Dr. Clarke. The poem was published in various newspapers in the State, while the star of gold was carefully preserved in a beautiful case especially made for it.

During December efforts were made to secure the re-enlistment of three fourths of the Regiment for another three years. Lieutenant H. E. Hayes was appointed recruiting officer. He entered vigorously upon the work, and assisted by the commissioned officers, whose moral support was vouchsafed by the hopes of accompanying the Regiment on its vacation, he soon secured the requisite number of names to entitle the organization to return to its native State.

Captain Bliss rejoined the Regiment from leave of absence on the 3d of January, 1864. The paymaster arrived and paid the men on the 14th; and on the 15th, in compliance with special order No. 11, Army of the Potomac, of which the following is an extract, the Regiment left camp at Turkey Run, Va., for Elmira, N. Y., the designated rendezvous. Only the old companies were eligible for re-enlistment:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

January 13, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 11:

Extract.

2. Three fourths of the following organization having re-enlisted as veteran volunteers, under the provisions of general orders of the War Department governing the subject, the men so re-enlisted, as well as those who have less than fif-

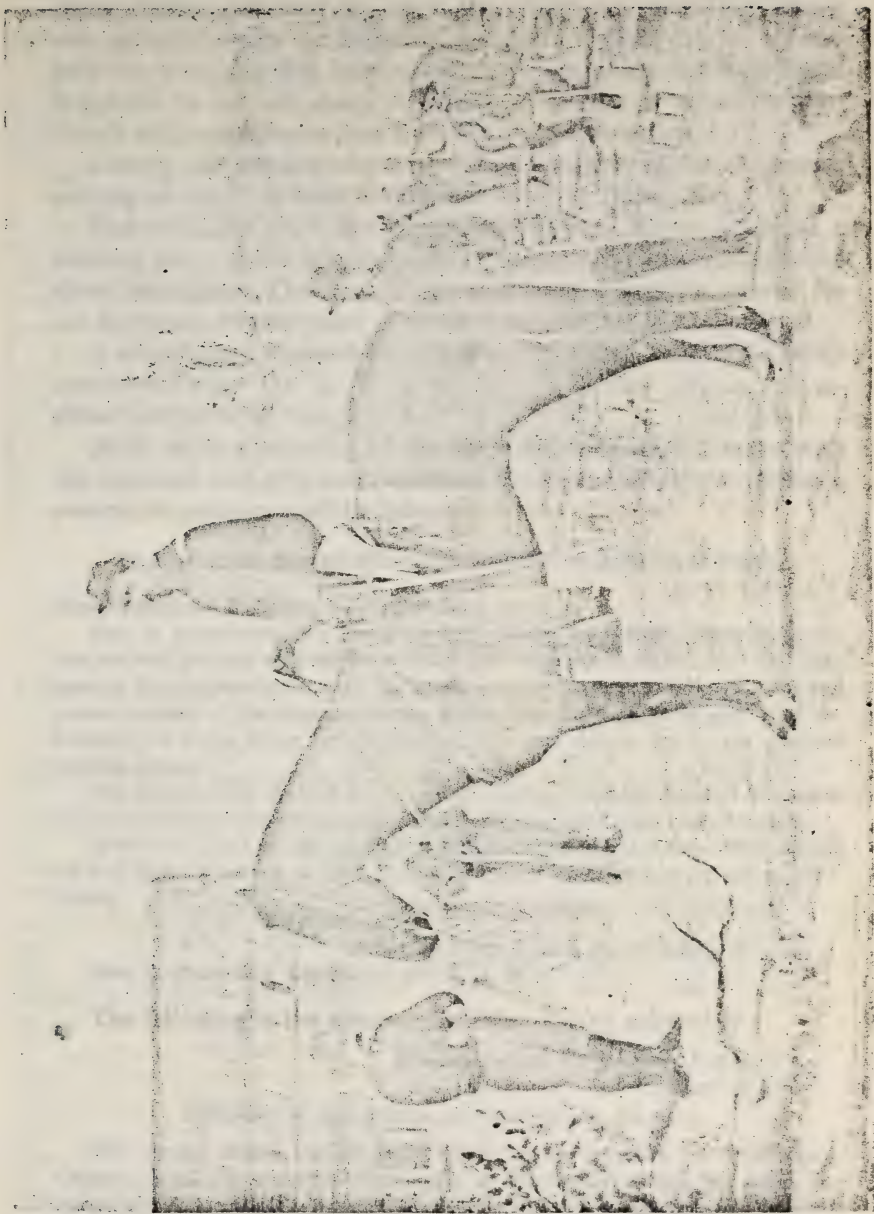
teen months to serve, who have signed the required agreement, will proceed in a body with their officers to their respective States, and on arriving therein the commanding officer will report through the Governor of the State to the superintendent of the recruiting service for further instructions. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation. . . . Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and non-commissioned staff, Tenth New York Cavalry, . . . three fourths of the enlisted men. The Lieutenant-Colonel, one major, surgeon, adjutant quartermaster, and commissary of the Regiment, will accompany the battalion.

By command of Major-General SEDGWICK.

S. WILLIAMS, *Assistant Adjutant-General*.

Captain Vanderbilt, of Company L, was left in command of camp and that portion of the Regiment which did not re-enlist. The detachment arrived in Washington in the evening, and remained in the Soldiers' Rest till 8 p. m. of the 16th, when it left for Baltimore, where it arrived at 5 a. m. next day, and, going *via* Northern Central Railroad, arrived in Sunbury at 9 p. m. of the 18th. Here the train was side-tracked for a long time. Some of the citizens, who had assembled to see the soldiers, told the boys that a rebel sympathizing newspaper was printed just around the corner. Several of the enlisted men, led by the loyal citizens, went to the printing-office and requested the proprietor to make a showing of the Stars and Stripes. On his refusal to do so the boys commenced the demolition of his office. The presses were broken and the type pied and thrown into the street. A diary of one of the men succinctly states it thus: "Arrived in Sunbury at 9 p. m. and busted a printing-office." After the destruction of this place, an elegant saloon, which dispensed large quantities of whisky and abuse of loyal people, claimed the attention of the "purifiers." With the battle-cry of "*Sic semper alpaca*," the boys banged in the bungs of the whisky-barrels and turned the liquid into the streets and gave a large quantity of beer its freedom. There was something of a crowd assembled, but neither resistance nor protest was made to the righteous acts of the soldiers, and yet the affair has been emblazoned on the pages of history as a "riot." Not a commissioned officer of the Regiment was aware of what was being done, nor did they learn of it until the train was about to start. This may, perhaps, account for so much whisky being wasted.

Late in the evening the journey was resumed, and Elmira was reached on the evening of the 19th. From here the men were furloughed and departed for various points in the State, and the officers were assigned to recruiting service by General A. S. Diven, superintendent of recruiting for western New York. By special order No.



CAPTAIN GEORGE VANDERBILT,
("OLD VAN," AND "BLACK DAN.")

195, headquarters superintendent of volunteer recruiting service, dated Elmira, February 21, 1864, the officers on recruiting service were ordered to join the Regiment at Elmira without delay. On the 29th the command left Elmira for the front, going *via* New York. It arrived in the old camp at Turkey Run at 1 P. M. on Sunday, March 6th, marching on foot from Warrenton Junction.

During the absence of the re-enlisted portion of the Regiment, nothing of special interest occurred in camp at Turkey Run.

The next day after the regimental reunion, Major Weed led a scouting party of one hundred men to Sulphur Springs, leaving camp about midnight. The same night eighty-eight recruits arrived for the Regiment, twenty-three of whom were assigned to Company D.

A detachment was sent on picket on the 8th of March in a heavy thunder-shower. On the same day Captain Ordner arrived and assumed command of Company A.

Early on the morning of the 18th Major Weed left camp with one hundred and fifty men, destined for Grove Church to arrest a woman, in pursuance of the following order:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS,
March 17, 1864.

Major THEODORE H. WEED, *Tenth New York Cavalry.*

SIR: In accordance with directions from cavalry corps and division headquarters you will proceed with the force under your command (one hundred and fifty men) to the places referred to in the accompanying statement of Miss Patton, and possess yourself of the men and horses, arrest Mrs. Sarah Monroe, and, after destroying her house, bring her within our lines and deliver her to the provost-marshal-general.

You are specially charged not to permit your command to maraud or commit any depredations upon the property of any citizens along your line of march.

A written report of the extent to which these instructions have been carried out will be made by you to these headquarters as soon after your return as practicable.

By command of

Colonel J. IRVIN GREGG, *Commanding Brigade.*

JOHN B. MATTLAND, *Lieutenant and A. A. A. C.*

The following is the statement of Miss Patton referred to:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS,
March 15, 1864.

Statement of Miss Patton, Stafford County, Virginia.

Miss Patton, living four (4) miles below Grove Church, in Stafford County, Virginia, states that a woman by the name of Sarah Monroe, who has taken the oath of allegiance, while coming within our lines for subsistence stores brought with her citizens' clothing and gave them to three (3) members of the Eighty-

third Pennsylvania Regiment to enable them to desert; that on Monday of last week these men passed out of our lines as citizens and went to her home with her. While there two (2) of them were arrested by rebel scouts, for whom she sent for the purpose. They were carried over the river as prisoners, they first being robbed of all their money, about three hundred (300) dollars, which money and their watch she now has. These rebel scouts harbor at her house; and that this is not the first time that Mrs. Monroe has decoyed our men to her house for the purpose of robbing them; that she has done so on several occasions before.

One of these men is still at her house, or was, on Saturday night last, who, it is reported, has promised to act as a spy and to conduct marauding bands of horse-thieves within our lines. She thinks one of the men's name is "Williams." Her informant is Mr. Monroe (William), who lives a close neighbor to Mrs. Sarah Monroe. Mrs. Monroe lives on the road leading from Richards' Ford to Hartwood Church, three (3) miles from the church and two (2) miles from the ford.

Miss Patton also states that twenty-one (21) scouts came over on Saturday night, and that Shadman's band of twenty (20) men were yesterday near our lines; that on Thursday night of last week they captured nine (9) horses and six (6) men of the — Corps in Culpeper County. The sergeant they captured was badly wounded; the horses are at Mr. John Hunt's house, near the Eagle Gold Mines. Mr. Hunt has taken the oath of allegiance, but the horses are in charge of his brother, who is in the rebel service.

Official:

(Signed) H. C. WEIR, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Official:

JOHN B. MAITLAND, *Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.*

Here is Major Weed's account of the march to Mrs. Monroe's house and her arrest:

It was about 2 A. M., on the 18th of April, 1864, that Colonel Irvine, Major Avery, Captain Snyder, and myself, were sitting in my tent in the camp near Warrenton, having a social chat, which was broken in upon by an orderly from Colonel Gregg, commanding the brigade, who presented Colonel Irvine with an order for a field-officer to report to headquarters immediately. The Colonel looked at Avery and then at me, read the order, and then said, "Which one goes?" Neither of us spoke. The Colonel picked up a pack of cards which happened to be lying on the table and said as he dealt them out, "The first Jack goes." Well, I won. I started for headquarters. It was one of those terrible dark nights, but I reached headquarters after riding into the small-pox camp by mistake in making inquiries of the way. I received the order to proceed to Grove Church and arrest Mrs. Monroe and burn her house.

I returned to camp, had my detail made, and was outside our lines before daylight. When we reached Deep Run, near Grove Church, we met quite a squad of the enemy, who objected to our crossing the run; but we were too many for them and they gave way. We met more or less opposition all the way to Hartwood Church, which was about a mile from the house of Miss Patton, where the Monroe girl was. I left Captain Bliss in charge, and taking twelve men went down to the house. Mrs. Monroe met us at the door. "Oh," she said, "how do you'n's all do? Get right off and come in." I told her I had an order for her arrest.

Then there was a change came over her; she called us all kinds of hard names. I told her that if she had anything in the house she wanted to save to get it out, as I was going to burn the ranch. The only way I could bring matters to a close was to have one of the boys change the fire from the fireplace to the straw bed; then Mrs. Monroe thought of her trunk, which was in the loft. This I had removed to the garden, where the lady made her toilet. Then she insisted on walking. If I remember correctly, Dick Tuke settled the matter by lifting her gently up in front of him, and I have no doubt Mrs. Monroe retained a vivid recollection of the ride from her late home to Hartwood Church. It was a lively one. On joining the rest of the command we went into camp at Grove Church for the night. The next day we returned to camp and delivered the prisoner to the provost marshal, by whom she was sent to Washington, where she was incarcerated in the old Capitol Prison.

The same day the detachment returned to camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine left for his home on leave of absence, sick.

On the 20th, Captain Vanderbilt and Lieutenant Graves arrived in camp from leave of absence just in time to enjoy the generous dispensation of snow, which fell to the depth of six inches the night following.

General Grant, who had been made lieutenant-general, assumed command of the armies of the United States on the 12th of March, and on the 19th left Nashville for the Army of the Potomac, where headquarters were announced to be. On the 24th orders were issued from the adjutant-general's office consolidating the Infantry Corps of the Army of the Potomac into three, to be known as the Second, Fifth, and Sixth, and numerous changes in commanders of corps, divisions, and brigades were announced. General Pleasanton was relieved from the command of the Cavalry Corps, and was succeeded by Major-General P. H. Sheridan, who had commanded a division of infantry in the West. General Kilpatrick was transferred to General Sherman's army, Brigadier-General A. T. A. Torbert was assigned to the command of the First Division, Brigadier-General D. McM. Gregg remained in command of the Second, and Brigadier-General J. H. Wilson took command of the Third. The following was the composition of the Cavalry Corps: *

CAVALRY CORPS.

Major-General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

ESCORT.

Sixth United States, Captain Ira W. Claffin.

* Advance Print of Official Records, vol. xxxvi, Part I, p. 207-209.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-General ALFRED T. A. TORBERT.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General GEORGE A. CUSTER.

First Michigan, Lieutenant-Colonel
Peter Stagg.Fifth Michigan, Colonel Russell A. Al-
ger.

Sixth Michigan, Major James H. Kidd.

Seventh Michigan, Major Henry W.
Granger.*Second Brigade.*

Colonel THOMAS C. DEVIN.

Fourth New York,* Lieutenant-Colonel
William R. Parnell.Sixth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel
William H. Crocker.Ninth New York, Colonel William Sack-
ett.Seventeenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-
Colonel James Q. Anderson.*Reserve Brigade.*

Brigadier-General WESLEY MERRITT.

Nineteenth New York (First Dragoons), Colonel Alfred Gibbs.

Sixth Pennsylvania, Major James Starr.

First United States, Captain Nelson B. Sweitzer.

Second United States, Captain Theophilus F. Rodenbough.

Fifth United States,† Captain Abraham K. Arnold.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-General DAVID McM. GREGG.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr.

First Massachusetts, Major Lucius M.
Sargent.First New Jersey, Lieutenant-Colonel
John W. Kester.

Sixth Ohio, Colonel William Stedman.

First Pennsylvania, Colonel John P.
Taylor.*Second Brigade.*

Colonel J. IRVIN GREGG.

First Maine, Colonel Charles H. Smith.
Tenth New York, Major M. Henry
Avery.Second Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colo-
nel Joseph P. Brinton.Fourth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colo-
nel George H. Covode.Eighth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colo-
nel Samuel Wilson.Sixteenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-
Colonel John K. Robison.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brigadier-General JAMES H. WILSON.

Escort.

Eighth Illinois (detachment), Lieutenant William W. Long.

* Detached guarding trains.

† Companies B, F, and K, under Captain Julius W. Mason, detached as escort
to Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant.

First Brigade.

Colonel TIMOTHY M. BRYAN, Jr.

Colonel JOHN B. McINTOSH.*

First Connecticut, Major Erastus Blakeslee.

Second New York, Colonel Otto Harhaus.

Fifth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel John Hammond.

Eighteenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel William P. Brinton.

Second Brigade.

Colonel GEORGE H. CHAPMAN.

Third Indiana, Major William Patton.

Eighth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Benjamin.

First Vermont, Lieutenant-Colonel Addison W. Preston.

The following batteries, constituting the First Brigade of the artillery of the army, were assigned to the Cavalry Corps, all under the command of Captain James M. Robertson :

New York Light, Sixth Battery,

Captain Joseph W. Martin.

Second United States, Batteries B and L, Lieutenant Edward Heaton.

Second United States, Battery D,

Lieutenant Edward B. Williston.

Second United States, Battery M,

Lieutenant Alexander C. M. Pennington.

Fourth United States, Battery A,

Lieutenant Rufus King, Jr.

Fourth United States, Batteries C and E, Lieutenant Charles L. Fitzhugh.

The Confederate Cavalry Corps, as reorganized about a month later, was made up as follows : †

CAVALRY CORPS.

Major-General JAMES E. B. STUART.

HAMPTON'S DIVISION.

Major-General WADE HAMPTON.

Young's Brigade.

Brigadier-General PIERCE M. B. YOUNG.

Seventh Georgia, Colonel William P. White.

Cobb's (Georgia) Legion, Colonel G. J. Wright.

Phillips (Georgia) Legion, ———.

Twentieth Georgia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Millen.

Jeff Davis (Mississippi) Legion, ———.

Rosser's Brigade.

Brigadier-General THOMAS L. ROSSER.

Seventh Virginia, Colonel Richard H. Dulany.

Eleventh Virginia, ———.

Twelfth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas B. Massie.

Thirty-fifth Virginia Battalion, ———.

* Assigned May 5th.

† Advance print of Official Records, vol. xxxvi, Part I, p. 1027.

Butler's Brigade.

Brigadier-General MATTHEW C. BUTLER.

Fourth South Carolina, Colonel B. Huger Rutledge.

Fifth South Carolina, Colonel John Dunovant.

Sixth South Carolina, Colonel Hugh K. Aiken.

FITZHUGH LEE'S DIVISION.

Major-General FITZHUGH LEE.

*Lomax's Brigade.**Wickham's Brigade.*Brigadier-General LUNSFORD L. LO-
MAX.Brigadier-General WILLIAMS C. WICK-
HAM.

Fifth Virginia, Colonel Henry C. Pate.

First Virginia, — — —.

Sixth Virginia, Colonel John S. Green.

Second Virginia, Colonel Thomas T.

Fifteenth Virginia, Colonel Charles R.
Collins.

Munford.

Third Virginia, Colonel Thomas H.
Owen.

Fourth Virginia, — — —.

WILLIAM H. F. LEE'S DIVISION.

Major-General WILLIAM H. F. LEE.

*Chambliss's Brigade.**Gordon's Brigade.*Brigadier-General JOHN R. CHAM-
BLISS, Jr.

Brigadier-General JAMES B. GORDON.

Ninth Virginia, — — —.

First North Carolina, — — —.

Tenth Virginia, — — —.

Second North Carolina, Colonel Clinton
M. Andrews.

Thirteenth Virginia, — — —.

Fifth North Carolina, Colonel Stephen
B. Evans.

HORSE ARTILLERY.

Major R. PRESTON CHEW.

Breathed's Battalion.

Major JAMES BREATHED.

Hart's (South Carolina) battery.

Shoemaker's (Virginia) battery.

Johnston's (Virginia) battery.

Thomson's (Virginia) battery.

McGregor's (Virginia) battery.

By the tri-monthly return of the Army of the Potomac, April 30, 1864, there were shown to be "present for duty" in the Cavalry Corps, 616 officers and 15,209 enlisted men.*

By the abstract from field-return of the Army of Northern Virginia, April 20, 1864, there were reported "present for duty"

* Advance print of Official Records, vol. xxxvi, Part I, p. 193.

625 officers and 7,932 enlisted men in the Confederate Cavalry Corps.*

Major McClellan, Stuart's assistant adjutant-general, says, in mentioning the attack made by Wickham on Sheridan's moving column on the 9th of May, 1864, that Wickham, Lomax, and Gordon's brigades numbered between three and four thousand men.† These three brigades contained ten regiments, leaving fifteen regiments in the remaining brigades of the corps. The same ratio for the entire corps would give Stuart about ten thousand under his command, the number of men, approximately, under Sheridan on the raid to Richmond.

On the 25th, Hospital Steward John E. Cowles left for Washington in charge of all the sick of the Second Division. Among the number who left the Tenth was Lieutenant H. E. Hayes, of Company I. This proved to be the termination of this gallant officer's service with the Regiment. He had remained with it constantly from its organization. His zeal, ability, and efficiency were recognized by all. No hand was more serviceable, no pen more gifted, and no heart more responsive to the demands or requirements of the men than his. Of a genial and kind disposition he had made many friends, who regretted his departure, the more as it was felt that his talents and disposition would be certain of deserved reward in promotion in the active service upon which the Regiment was about to enter.

Lieutenant Van Tuyl arrived on the 26th, bringing ninety-five more recruits. Drills, reviews, inspections, and parades were continued from day to day preparatory to the hard service which was near at hand.

Companies K and M, which had been on orderly duty in the Second Corps since the 23d of August, 1863, were ordered to rejoin the Regiment on the 31st of March. On the same day Romanzo Phillips, a popular *attaché* of the quartermaster's department, died of malignant scarlet fever in the hospital at Warrenton.

A detachment went on picket near Bealton on the 1st of April, and were relieved by the First Maine on the 3d.

Ten more recruits came to camp, fully armed and equipped, on the 10th. On the same day the Regiment moved out at 2 P. M. and marched to Morrisville, where it arrived at 9 P. M., and established a

* Advance print of Official Records, vol. xxx, p. 1298.

† Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 410.

line of pickets. The regimental camp at Turkey Run was changed to an adjacent knoll by order of General Gregg on the 11th.

Lieutenant T. C. White and Private William Buton were fired upon on the 14th near the camp, and Buton was slightly wounded.

A scouting party, consisting of six men under command of Sergeant Reynolds, of Company A, went to Tockett's Mills on the 14th, returning to camp with a prisoner named Wheatley, of Company II, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

Private Henry Jordan, of Company D, was killed, and privates Lawrence and Enos, of the same company, and private Ayers, of Company B, were wounded, in a skirmish near Morrisville, on Sunday, April 17th.

A skirmish occurred near Tockett's Mills on the same day, in which two men belonging to Company B were wounded and taken prisoners, one of whom afterward escaped and arrived in camp on the 19th. One rebel was killed in this skirmish. Scouting parties were sent in every direction for guerrillas. The feeling against the citizens of the surrounding country was very bitter. It was generally believed that they were privy to the frequent murders of Union soldiers, if they were not the actual perpetrators of the crimes. None of the scouting parties succeeded in finding any of the supposed guerrillas.

Monday, April 18th, was the day set apart for a review of Gregg's division by the new corps commander, General Sheridan. The stirring bugle-blasts brought the men into line, and the march was taken up to the broad fields to the west of Warrenton, where the Second Division was fast assembling. After all preparations had been perfected, the troops were marched past the little General who was to lead them in the campaign now near at hand. All eyes were turned on the Major-General commanding, who was evidently well pleased with the troopers of the Second Cavalry Division. After passing the reviewing stand, instead of marching back to the camps at Turkey Run, the First Maine, Sixteenth Pennsylvania, and the Tenth, were marched rapidly to Sulphur Springs, where it was reported a considerable force of rebel cavalry were assembled. No enemy was found there, and the regiments all returned to their camps, tired and hungry, about 8 p. m.

Three prisoners were brought in by a scouting party from the Regiment on the 22d.

Major Weed, commanding a detachment of one hundred and fifty men at Morrisville, received instructions from General Sheridan on the

Showing the movements of the
TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY



WITH PEN. BY N. D. PRESTON.

Showing the movements of the
TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY
 In the Campaigns of
 1864.

SCALE OF 1 IN. = 1 MI.

Wm. F. & H. D. Rogers

23d to proceed with his command to Grove Church to strengthen the force there, as it was thought a concentration of rebel cavalry was going on at Fredericksburg for the purpose of capturing the force of two hundred Union troops at Grove Church. Major Weed reported with his detachment to Colonel Harhaus, Second New York Cavalry, in command at Grove Church, the next day.

Captain Snyder with fifty men made a reconnaissance to United States Ford on the morning of the 25th, and returned in the evening with four prisoners.

The detachment under Major Weed, numbering three hundred and four men, was relieved by the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry on the 26th and returned to Morrisville, and thence to camp at Turkey Run the following day. Lieutenant Brinkerhoff was assigned to duty with Company B on the 26th.

Friday, April 29th, the Second Division broke camp at Turkey Run and marched out, never to return. At 4 P. M. the Tenth crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and a little later encamped at Paoli Mills, near Brandy Station.

An inspection of the Regiment, numbering five hundred and twenty-four men, took place on the last day of April. The division was encamped in the midst of the army, the white tents covering the territory as far as the eye could reach to the south.

The 1st of May brought dismay to the officers of the cavalry in the form of order No. 177, which required all officers using Government horses to turn them over to the quartermaster. Some of the officers made applications for leaves of absence to visit Pennsylvania for the purpose of purchasing horses; but General Gregg considerately returned the applications and called the attention of the officers to recently issued orders to the effect that any officer making application for leave of absence, unless accompanied with a surgeon's certificate of disability, would be liable to dismissal from service. It looked rather serious for the officers, who were thus suddenly deprived of their horses, with no opportunity for obtaining a remount; but on the evening of the following day the welcome order came permitting them to retain the Government horses until further orders, and they continued to use them to the end of the war.

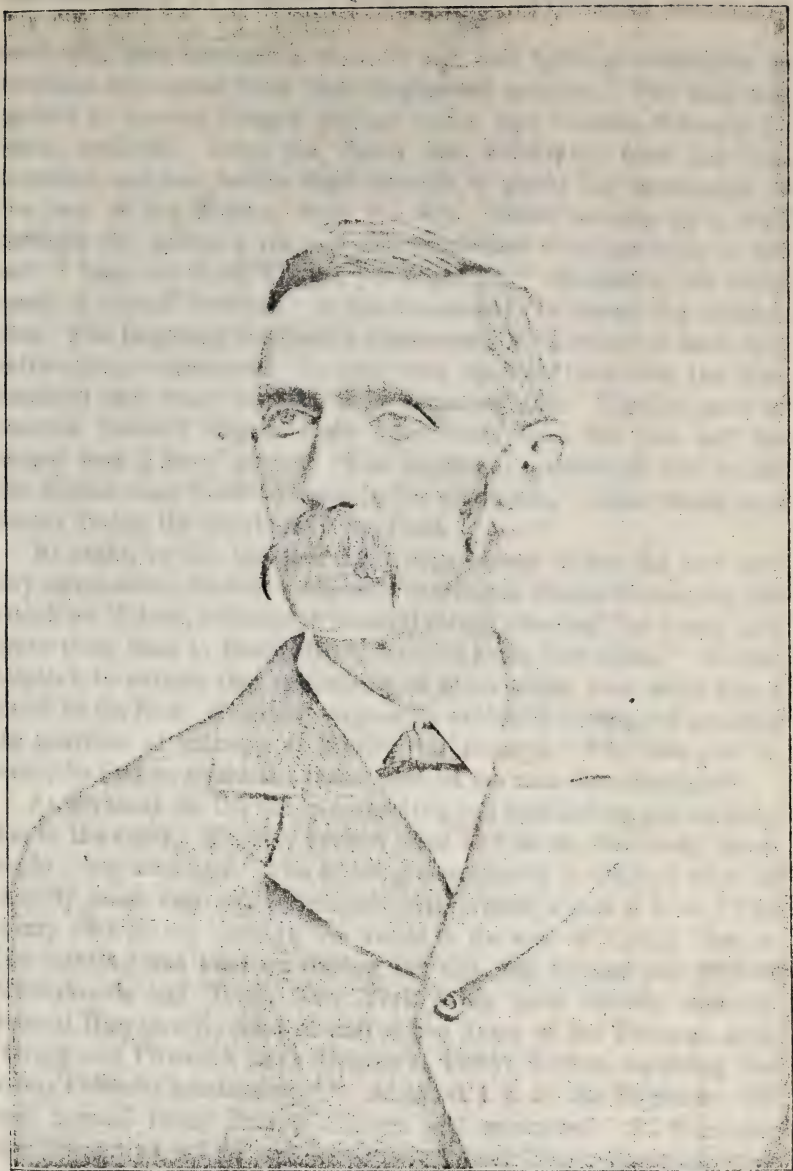
While encamped at Paoli Mills on the 2d of May, the sacred soil rose in apparent rebellion at the Yankee soldiers' visit. The day had been quiet, with very little air stirring, up to about 6 P. M., at which time the attention of the men in camp was directed to the southward. Something was moving toward the camps, hiding from view

the entire landscape in its passage. It was an awful spectacle. Men viewed the approaching curtain with blanched cheeks and palsied tongues. Presently its near approach revealed its true character. It was a cloud of dust—Virginia real estate on the rampage. As the hurricane struck the camps it leveled tents and trees, filling the hearts of the men with consternation and their eyes with dust. Rain followed in generous supply, and the dust was again transformed into its native element—mud.

“Boots and saddles” resounded through the camps on the morning of the 3d, and at 9 A. M. the march was taken up and Richardsville reached a little after noon. It was a chilly night, but no fires were permitted; the men were compelled to shiver, with only hard-tack to appease their hunger. A copy of General Meade’s address to the army was placed in Major Avery’s hands just as his folding-bed had been prepared for service. The address set at rest all doubts as to why the boys were shivering near the Rapidan that night—the Union army had its baggage checked for Richmond.

Leaving Richardsville at 2 A. M., the Second Brigade moved in the following order: Second Pennsylvania, Tenth New York, Battery, First Maine, Fourth, Sixteenth and Eighth Pennsylvania. The First Brigade had the advance. The Second Brigade crossed at Ely’s Ford at 7 A. M. and moved out on the road to Chancellorsville, where it arrived at 8 A. M. A further march of three or four miles brought the command to Aldrich’s Cross-roads. Here the advance had some skirmishing and preparations were made for action, but beyond a few picket shots nothing of a warlike nature occurred, and the Regiment remained all night in readiness for action.

“To horse!” at 4 A. M. of the 5th, was caused by a few picket shots. At early dawn the cannonading commenced on the infantry line. About noon General Sheridan passed along the front of the Regiment on his way to army headquarters, and a little later the Third Cavalry Division, under General Wilson, became heavily engaged on the Catharpin road, beyond Todd’s Tavern. General Gregg hastened with the Second Division to Wilson’s relief at 1 P. M. Although the day was warm, the horses were urged to the gallop, and as the command neared the scene of conflict it became evident that General Wilson’s command was having a hard struggle. A regiment was immediately sent down the road through the woods beyond Todd’s Tavern on a mounted charge; while others, including the Tenth, were hastily dismounted and sent into the woods on either side of the road. The arrival of Gregg’s division was most opportune, as Wil-



CAPTAIN NORMAN W. TORREY,
Co. D.

son's men were hemmed in on every side, and fighting desperately to extricate themselves from their unpleasant position. The road was opened by General Gregg's prompt action and General Wilson's division relieved. Later the Tenth was withdrawn from the line, mounted, and sent back a short distance to guard the approaches to the rear of the division from the left. While moving up a road through the woods, a voice in the immediate front suddenly called out: "Look out there, Yanks; you'll get hit!" followed by the sharp crack of several carbines. It was unnecessary to repeat the admonition. The Regiment was hastily dismounted, the horses sent back, and skirmishing commenced. So near were the two lines that the men bantered each other between shots for some time. Finally, some of General Custer's brigade came upon them from the rear and the enemy beat a hasty retreat. The Regiment remounted and joined the brigade near Todd's Tavern in the afternoon. Picket firing continued during the night along the front.

At night, on this the first day's engagement under the new cavalry commander, he sent a dispatch to General Meade recounting the attack on Wilson, and says, "General Gregg attacked the enemy and drove them back to Beech Grove, distance about four miles." In this dispatch he evinces that restlessness of spirit which soon made him a terror to his foes. Guarding wagons he evidently considered as much the province of infantry as cavalry, for he says, "Why can not infantry be sent to guard the trains, and let me take the offensive?"

At daybreak on the 6th cannonading was resumed on the infantry line to the right. The day opened clear and warm, the woods burning in every direction. The fighting commenced in Gregg's front at an early hour, and was continued briskly until about 9 A. M. The enemy were driven through the woods to the east of Todd's Tavern. The fighting was kept up during the day, the Second and Eighth Pennsylvania and Tenth New York being most actively engaged. General Humphreys, chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac, says, "Gregg met Fitzhugh Lee's division at Todd's Tavern, repulsing the enemy's attacks handsomely."* At about 4 P. M. the Regiment fell back beyond Piney Branch Church and encamped. At the same time the trains, which had been parked near Chancellorsville, were moved back to Ely's Ford. Rations were issued to the Regiment after dark, and the men sought rest for the night in a field of mud.

As soon as the fog had risen on the morning of the 7th, the Tenth

* Campaigns of the Civil War, vol. xii, p. 51.

advanced a line of skirmishers and encountered the enemy at Todd's Tavern behind barricades, from which they were driven after a brief resistance. Continuing, they yielded the ground of the preceding day's conflict and retired into the second piece of wood east of Todd's Tavern. Here a heavy force was encountered, and the fighting became very severe. Finally, as our line began to waver, Colonel Gregg appeared, urging the men to remain firm, and by his words and example succeeded in holding the line. About 3 P. M. the brigade fell back to Todd's Tavern, and the Tenth dismounted and took position behind light breastworks. The rebels in heavy force charged on the line at five o'clock and were handsomely repulsed. As they came on with the familiar yell, filling a deep cut where the road entered the opposite woods from Gregg's position, a section of our battery opened on them at short range, and the concentrated fire of the carbines of the brigade added to the discomfiture of the enemy, who halted, and being pressed in the narrow defile by their comrades in the rear, presented more the appearance of a mob than a body of soldiers. Their officers, however, displayed great heroism as they vainly urged the men forward. The charging force retired to the cover of the wood as soon as they could extricate themselves from the gorge in the road, and the opposing lines settled down to the use of the carbine, the firing across the open space being continued late into the night. The Tenth bivouacked on the battle-field with the rest of the brigade.

Then on the 8th the brigade again assumed the offensive, advancing to the opposite wood in the morning and driving the enemy gradually back until a place was reached where the road forked. Here General Gregg, after taking a careful survey of the ground, proceeded with the Tenth New York and the Eighth Pennsylvania up the left-hand or what appeared to be the main road, leaving Colonel Gregg with the balance of the Second Brigade at the junction of the two roads. The Tenth led the way on the road through the wood, which was hedged in by dense underbrush part of the way. As the advance-guard rounded a turn in the road, a little cannon loaded with grape and canister was discharged, point-blank, in their faces, the missiles whistling through the trees like hail, and although the discharge was made within five or six rods of them, strangely enough neither man nor horse was injured. The little gun went whirling up the road and out of sight instantly. On reaching the open, a few rods farther on, a beautiful panorama was spread out before the troops. In front was a valley, and on the opposite slope a few soldiers and

some baggage-wagons, looking much like a bait for drawing the Union troops on. A little break in the woods away off on the right disclosed a column of mounted men moving toward our rear. General Gregg directed the skirmishers to be called in, and the command was hastily marched back to the junction of the roads, which was reached just in time to assist in repulsing the rebel force already mentioned. In the severe engagement which ensued, Private Coleman, of Company G, was killed, Lieutenant Gait slightly, and Sergeant Stebbins and Private Main, of the same company, severely wounded, the latter being taken prisoner. Private Drown, of Company E, was also severely wounded.

Lieutenant (afterward Captain) Van Tuyl writes as follows regarding this day's operations:

At Todd's Tavern, on the 8th of May, 1864, Lieutenant Charley Pratt with one battalion was on the left of the road, and I had charge of the one on the right. We advanced through the woods for a mile, driving the rebel skirmishers before us, but finally came to an open space, and a few rods from the woods was a steep descent. As we came out of the woods a whole brigade rose up and gave us a volley. They fired high and but few men were hit. I remember that but two of mine were shot—both tall men. One was a fellow named Coleman, who was six feet six inches in height; the other one's name I do not recall. We returned somewhat faster than we went. Charley Pratt said afterward there were ten rebels reaching for his coat-tail for more than a mile.

During a lull in the fighting of this day, Elias Evans, of Company D, who had been watching for something on which to display his marksmanship, saw three or four of the enemy emerge from cover. Evans called out, "Now, boys, just see me scatter those fellows!" He raised his carbine, took aim, and pressed the trigger; but he didn't observe the scattering, for just at that instant a Confederate sharpshooter who had drawn a bead on him fired, the bullet grazing Evans's neck and causing it to swell and burn as if a red-hot bar of iron had seared it.

The brigade fell back, contesting the ground to the position from which the advance was made in the morning, the rebels following and occupying the edge of the timber across the open space. The commands of the Confederate officers could be plainly heard in making dispositions of their troops. The Tenth occupied a position on the left or south side of the road. The boys began a hasty collection of such material as would answer for breastworks, while a band on the rebel line struck up, playing the Bonnie Blue Flag and other Southern airs. When the band ceased playing our boys cheered.

Presently one of the bands on the Union line, away to the left, began playing. About eight o'clock an aide came along the line with orders for the officers to move their commands back to Todd's Tavern. A few rods in rear of the position the men had just vacated a heavy line of earthworks had been thrown up by the infantry. Passing through these the Regiment soon reached Todd's Tavern, the men were mounted, and commenced a movement to the rear. The roads were blocked with the ambulance trains bearing the wounded from the front and the woods were on fire, so that the march was attended with some inconveniences, marching sometimes single file through the tangled underbrush by the roadside; but the boys had got used to all these things and took them quite philosophically. Finally, Aldrich's was reached and the command bivouacked late at night.

During the day Quartermaster Graves went to the front from near Ely's Ford with twenty wagons to assist in removing the wounded to Fredericksburg.

The hope of a short respite as the Regiment settled down at Aldrich's was dispelled by orders issued to the proper officers to draw and issue rations and forage the same night.

Monday, May 9th, came all too soon to the tired troopers of the Cavalry Corps. The rising sun looked like a ball of fire through the smoky atmosphere. The drowsy veterans were aroused from their slumbers by the bugles' blare; staff-officers were early astir, galloping hither and yon; the troopers were busily engaged in preparation to respond to the next call of the bugle—"Boots and saddles!" When the Tenth moved out into the broad, open field, an inspiring sight was presented. Many of the regiments had already arrived and taken position, while others were fast assembling. Ten thousand horsemen in solid columns were marshaled on the plain, their tattered and torn battle-flags hanging lazily from the staffs in the quiet morning air, telling the silent story of long and hard service by those who marched beneath their folds. Supply trains and ambulances had been reduced to the least possible number for the requirements of the movement about to take place; a rigid inspection had relegated to the rear all men and horses of questionable physical ability. Every regiment of the Cavalry Corps was numbered in the solid mass; every individual was looking anxiously toward the Fredericksburg road, where a knot of officers and orderlies were assembled. These were General Sheridan with his staff and escort. Speculation as to the destination and purpose of the corps was freely indulged in, but few indeed judged either correctly.

Presently a movement of the troops on the right begins; the great mass of cavalry begins to spin out in column of fours on the road to Fredericksburg, and gradually the grand pageant dissolves into a long line of moving horsemen, enveloped in the tale-bearing dust, by which the enemy later in the day are apprised of the movement.

The First Division, under General Merritt, had the advance, followed by the Third, commanded by General Wilson; the Second, under General Gregg, being last in the order of march.

Marching toward Fredericksburg a few miles, the column changed direction to the south, crossing the river, and moved on the old Telegraph road across the flank of the rebel army.

As the sound of the cannonading between the opposing armies grew more and more to the right and rear, the inspiration suddenly seized the men that they were on a raid. Then the Confederate cavalry, guided by the clouds of rising dust, sped to the attack. Wickham's brigade, being nearest, was precipitated upon the moving column, striking the Sixth Ohio Cavalry in flank near Jarrold's Mills. The attack was gallantly made, but was as gallantly met by the Buck-eye boys.

Major McClellan says: *

The Sixth Ohio was now re-enforced by the First New Jersey, and the rear-guard, thus strengthened, made a determined stand near Mitchell's shop. Wickham attacked promptly, but made no impression.

Reaching Jarrold's Mills, the grain and flour stored in the mill were destroyed. At 9 p. m. the Regiment bivouacked at Hamilton's Crossing, on the North Anna River. Custer's brigade, of the First Division, was sent to Beaver Dam during the afternoon. There they captured two trains of cars with locomotives, and recaptured two hundred and seventy-eight Union soldiers *en route* to Richmond as prisoners of war.† A million and a half rations also fell into the

* The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, pp. 409, 410.

† The names of the officers recaptured here, as published in the New York Herald of May 17, 1864, are as follows:

Colonel Charles E. Phelps, Seventh Maryland; Colonel Talley, First Pennsylvania Reserves; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Tay, Tenth New Jersey; Captain Henry A. Wiley, One Hundred and Fourth New York; Captain William H. Franklin, Tenth New Jersey; Captain Bradford R. Wood, Forty-fourth New York; Lieutenant Charles Davis, Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves; Lieutenant G. F. Michaels, Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania; Captain Bennett, Forty-fourth New York; Lieutenant and Adjutant Jackland, Sixteenth Michigan; Lieutenant Benjamin

hands of General Custer, which were burned, the flames lighting up the country for miles around.

The morning of the 10th the men were rudely awakened by the sharp report of artillery near by and the screeching and bursting of shells in their midst. The enterprising enemy had brought a battery close upon the bivouac during the night, and taking position in the timber on the hills to the rear, opened a brisk fire on the camp at daybreak. The boys mounted and resumed the "on to Richmond" without breakfast or even waiting to perform their toilets. Forging the North Anna at Hamilton's Crossing, the Regiment took its place in the line of march and commenced the second day's tramp through the stifling dust. Skirmishing was kept up on the flanks during the greater part of the day. About three o'clock the Tenth was ordered out upon the right flank to do picket duty until the column had passed, with instructions to join the brigade at Ground Squirrel Bridge. After posting the pickets, Major Avery went to a house near by to learn the nearest way to Ground Squirrel Bridge. Two pretty girls responded to the knock at the door.

"Will you please inform me of the nearest route to Ground Squirrel Bridge, ladies?" said the Major, raising his hat.

"No, sir, we will not!" said the foremost one. "If we tell you, you will go and burn it; and I should hardly think you'd have the assurance to ask Southern people to guide you to the destruction of their own property." Before the Major could recover from this cold-water bath, the bright miss opened on a lecture about subjugation,

A. Pine, Tenth New Jersey; Lieutenant Horn, Thirteenth Massachusetts, wounded and right arm amputated, left with the enemy; Captain E. F. Anderson, Seventh Maryland, wounded in three places, left with the enemy; Lieutenant William Patten, Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves; Lieutenant Taggart, First Pennsylvania Reserves; Lieutenant Briggs, Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves; Lieutenant L. K. Plummer, Sixteenth Maine; Lieutenant Sylvester Crossley, One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Reserves. The last-named officer, Lieutenant Sylvester Crossley, of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Reserves, had been captured in a night charge on what was known as Laurel Hill. This officer had formerly been confined in the Columbia (S. C.) prison, and while there was a mess-mate of Captain David Getman, Jr., of Company I, of the Tenth New York Cavalry, with whom he made his escape. On his recapture by Custer at Beaver Dam, he accompanied the cavalry to Haxall's Landing, from whence he was sent to Washington, rejoining his regiment in about two weeks. He was again taken prisoner on the picket-line at Bethesda Church early in June, 1864, escaped February 14, 1865, and returned to his regiment just after Lee's surrender, about the time of President Lincoln's assassination.

etc. "You Yankees mistake the character of the people you are trying to subjugate. Why, sir, we never knew what it was to work until the exhausted condition of our country by reason of this war made it necessary for us to do so. The gown I now wear was made by my own hands from the raw material; that's the way we ladies of the South will aid in the defense of our homes by working while the men are fighting," and she cast an admiring look upon her home made garment.

"Well," said the Major, "if the war has been the means of teaching your people to work and to take a pride in it, as you appear to, it has been productive of some good."

After some further conversation the young lady softened in her demeanor and gave the desired information. A little later the Regiment left, and after they had reached and crossed the bridge it was burned. No doubt this bright little miss reproached herself for having given the information that she undoubtedly felt had resulted in the burning of the bridge, although the Tenth had no hand in it.

After crossing the South Anna at Ground Squirrel Bridge the men cooked supper, groomed their horses, and enjoyed a good night's rest. The reliable First Maine was picketing along the river, and a feeling of perfect security pervaded the command.

The boys were astir early on the morning of the 11th. Horses were groomed, breakfast hastily prepared and eaten, and the march was about to be resumed, when rapid firing and the familiar yell from the rear was followed by a sudden breaking in upon our camp and regiment of a torrent of wild horsemen. In an instant the Tenth, too, was thrown into confusion and carried along with the bewildered mass. It was so sudden, so unexpected, that no one was prepared for resistance. The Tenth had been ordered to the support of the First Maine, and was just preparing to move forward when the cyclone came. None of the boys appear to have retained a very clear recollection of just how the thing occurred or where the Regiment was "when last seen"; but all are agreed that the Regiment as a unit did not remain there long. They stood not "upon the order of going." In point of fact there was not much order to stand upon. Some went *via* the wood-road, while others sought the freedom of the broad fields to the right. For a few moments it was every man for himself and the rebels take the hindermost. The wood-road became blocked; but a few of the men still remained cool in this bewildering rush and were doing good service with their carbines. In the midst of the surging mass the tall form of the gallant Colonel Gregg

towered like a spire above a city as he vainly sought to stop the panic-stricken crowd. The men of the different regiments were blended in the rush. It was one of those unaccountable panics which sometimes seize bodies of men without cause. These were all excellent men, needing but a show of resistance to bring them to their senses and duty. A small clearing by the roadside gave opportunity for the formation of troops, and reining out his horse, Commissary Preston called for volunteers for a charge. A handful of men had responded to the call, and among others, Captain Charles Treichel, the division mustering officer, swung into line.* Declining the command, which his rank entitled him to, he urged prompt action, and away went the party down the road with sabers drawn, meeting the rebels in a hand-to-hand fight. It was a brilliant and determined little charge, and caused a halt in the rebel advance that gave sufficient opportunity for the return of reason to the bewildered troops.

Sergeant (afterward Captain) John P. White, writing of this affair, says :

Our squadron, A and L, were, I think, about in the center of the Regiment, and preserved their formation quite well until the companies in the rear rushed through it. It soon got very hot, and about a dozen of us were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. John R. Maybury, of Company L, was one of our number. A rebel thrust his saber through Maybury, puncturing his belt and clothing and striking his spine. Another reb was sabering one of our boys, when Ed Stark rode up, and placing his carbine against his back, pressed the trigger and reduced the effective fighting force of the enemy one. While we were riding about and banging away at every rebel we could see, I noticed Joel Frey, of Company L, take deliberate aim at me and fire. I was so close to him the powder almost burned my face. After the fight I asked him, in no very pleasant mood, what he shot at me for, and he replied that he shot a reb just behind me who had his saber ready to strike. Of course, I knew nothing of it at the time. Well, our battery came down the road and fired a blank cartridge as a warning for our men to clear the road, and we gave way to the right and left and fell back while the guns sent the grape and canister into the rebs. As the enemy came up we gave them all the

* In answer to a letter from the historian, recounting the incident as here given and asking if they were in accordance with his recollections of the affair, Colonel Treichel answered from the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, Cal., of which he is governor, under date of April 9, 1890, as follows :

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: I have delayed answering your letter because it seemed to me I ought to be able to think of something to add to your vivid description of that gallant little affair at Ground Squirrel Bridge, if only as an evidence that it happened along there at about that time and saw you sail in with that handful of brave fellows; but it is no use: you have brought it all back as if it had happened only yesterday. But you have left nothing for me to suggest.

lead we could from our carbines and revolvers. It was about this time that a charge was made and came up to where we were. I didn't notice who led it, but we retired with them. Sergeant Brown, of Company L, was knocked from his horse, and caught the tail of a passing horse and was dragged out of the *mêlée*. Sergeant L. P. Norton, of the same company, received a severe saber-cut on the back of the head. The horse of Henry Bodfish, of Company A, was shot, and Bodfish deliberately commenced taking off the saddle and bridle under fire. He was told to get out quick (with the usual emphasis in such cases), which he did.

Lieutenant Preston was slightly wounded in the charge which he led. Joe McCreary, of Company H, was taken prisoner, and his comrades believed it was he who told his captors the Munchausen stories of the vast numbers that were approaching their capital, an account of which was published in the Richmond papers the next day. It was good fighting all around on the 11th. While Gregg's brigade was contending with Gordon's force at Ground Squirrel Bridge, the First brigade, under General Davies, was having a like interesting time at Ashland, where it had gone early in the morning; and Custer's brigade, of the First division, was doing a smashing business at Yellow Tavern, nearer Richmond. Here General Stuart met his death, while rallying his men in a final stand against the impetuous Custer. The first information received in the Tenth of the wounding of General Stuart was from an old negro woman, who informed Sergeant Joyner, of Company A, that "General Stuart had been shot frew de bowels" that evening. This, if true, meant that he was mortally wounded, which was found to be the case next day, he having died in Richmond, whither he was conveyed in an ambulance.

General Stuart, by his knightly valor, his intrepid dash, and bold adventures, had won and maintained the respect of the Union cavalymen as no other Confederate cavalry leader had. Various accounts as to how this gallant *sabreur* met his death have been given. The particular manner in which he received his death-wound is not of so much consequence; it was the lofty spirit of heroism which found him valiantly defending the passage to the Confederate capital, even to the sacrificing of his own life in the personal endeavor to stay the victorious march of our cavalry that challenged the admiration of all.

Major McClellan, of his staff, who would be quite as likely to know the truth of the circumstances of General Stuart's death as any one, says that about eighty men had collected on the Telegraph Road, where Captain Dorsey, of the First Virginia Cavalry, had been stationed, and "among these the General threw himself, and by his personal example held them steady, while the enemy charged entirely past

their position. With these men he fired into their flank and rear as they passed him, in advancing and retreating, for they were met by a mounted charge of the First Virginia Cavalry and driven back some distance. As they retired, one man, who had been dismounted in the charge, and was running out on foot, turned as he passed the General, and, discharging his pistol, inflicted the fatal wound." *

The dying chief was removed in an ambulance to Richmond, being compelled to go by a circuitous route, as our cavalry were in possession of the Brooke road between him and the city. After reaching the city Major McClellan paid a hurried visit to his bedside. The spirit of chivalry, always prominent, was manifested in the dying moments of the General, in the following messages, which he delivered to his devoted aide. †

"You will find in my hat a small Confederate flag, which a lady of Columbia, South Carolina, sent me, with a request that I would wear it upon my horse in a battle and return it to her. Send it to her."

And also :

"My spurs which I have always worn in battle I promised to give to Mrs. Lilly Lee, of Shepherdstown, Virginia. My sword I leave to my son."

Stuart's loss was greatly mourned by General Lee, who prized him highly, both as a skillful soldier of splendid courage and energy, and a hearty, joyous, loving friend. ‡

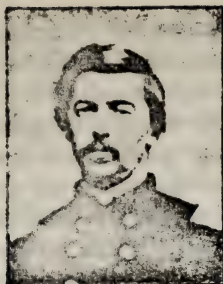
The force with which Gregg's brigade had fought in the morning was Gordon's brigade, of Fitzhugh Lee's division, numbering about four thousand men. The commander of the brigade, General James B. Gordon, was killed in this fight.

After the establishment of a line in rear, Gregg's brigade resumed the march toward Richmond in clouds of dust. It was oppressively warm, and before reaching the railroad at Glen Allen a thunder-storm came up. The destruction of the railroad was commenced late in the afternoon, and while engaged in this work Gordon's brigade again assumed the offensive and the Tenth retired to a ridge south of the railroad. On another ridge back of the one occupied by the Regiment the battery went into position, with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania

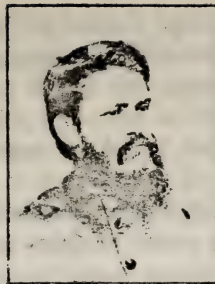
* The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 413.

† *Ibid.*, p. 416.

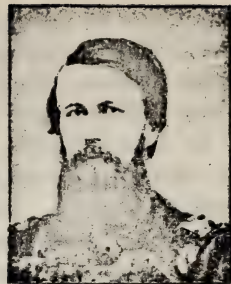
‡ Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Venable, of General Lee's staff, in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. iv, p. 243.



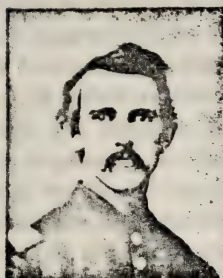
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A. VAN D. WATERS.



Lieut. Colonel
BENJ. F. SCEVA.



Major
MARTIN H. BLYNN.



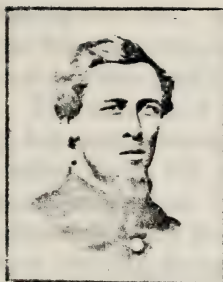
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Company H.



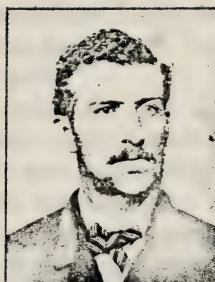
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Company D.



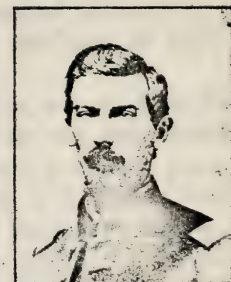
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Company F.



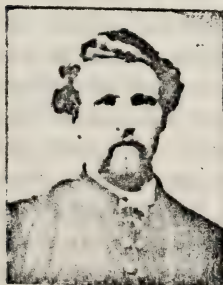
CAPT. MEARNS H. BOYD,
Company I.



LIEUT. J. T. MCKEIVITT,
Company G.



CAPT. THOS. W. JOHNSON,
Company M.



CAPT. E. A. FANNING,
Company C.



LIEUT. JAMES F. FATTS,
Battalion Adjutant.



LIEUT. GEO. H. STEVENS,
Adjutant.

as support, the balance of the brigade being disposed on either flank. While in this position darkness and rain settled down upon the troops. Vivid flashes of lightning lit up the gloom, while peals of thunder rolled away in the distance, to be lost in fresh reverberations near by, each one seeming to increase the fall of rain. Mingled with all this was the continued crack of the carbine, for we were too near the rebel capital to permit its defenders to remain passive. Along the ridge the boys lay with their rubber blankets drawn about them, banging away at the enemy as the lightning's flash would reveal their position. The horses were in charge of the mounted portion of the Regiment in a slight depression between the two ridges. Word was passed along the line near midnight that Custer had met and vanquished the enemy in front, and the cheers that followed the announcement were taken up by other regiments of the brigade on either flank, and, united with the firing of the carbines and the deep-toned thunder, made an impression on the mind that was not readily effaced. The cheering, no doubt, conveyed impressions to the Confederates that the Yankees were meeting with success in front, and hence the necessity of their creating a diversion. For a time the firing was quite rapid along the line; but finally it languished, the storm abated, the clouds rolled by, and the line was quietly withdrawn, and the march toward the city resumed. A part of the Tenth was moved dismounted until the Brooke turnpike was reached, to be in readiness to repel any charge which might be made.

The morning of Thursday, the 12th of May, was all that Nature in her most generous mood could bestow. The rain had opened the curling leaves, the fields were resplendent with luxuriant grass, and beautiful gardens by the roadside gave forth a fragrance that was refreshing to the tired and exhausted men of Sheridan's cavalry, who were pressing forward to seize the prize for which the armies had contended so long—the capital of the Confederacy.

The march over the broad and beautiful Brooke road was more like moving out for review than what it proved to be—a day of hard and at times seemingly hopeless fighting. Passing within a line of earthworks that constituted Richmond's outer defenses, a few mounted and dismounted rebel troops appeared on the ridge which hid the city from view. Near a small church the column forsook the main road, making a sharp turn to the left, and passed through the wood over a narrow road. A half-mile brought Sheridan's entire force into the open, where a halt of some time was made. Presently there was rapid firing in front: the Second Division was attacked in rear; while

the Third Division, occupying the center, was fiercely assailed in flank. Soon after the dismounted line had been sent into the woods on the right—after facing to the rear—the enemy brought a battery from the woods through which the division had just passed and opened fire; but they found Lieutenant King prepared for them with his battery in position. The Tenth was ordered up to the guns as support. One battalion was on the dismounted line in the wood; the other two battalions sat their horses for moments that seemed like hours, the shot and shell from the rebel guns playing havoc in the ranks. Never did men exhibit more patience or nerve. One of the most trying positions in which troops can be placed—one that demonstrates their steadfastness and reliability—is inaction while under an enemy's fire. This was grandly illustrated by the Regiment here. Although shot and shell from the enemy's battery went crashing through its ranks or plowed the ground beneath the horses' feet, shells burst over and around it in a terrorizing manner, not the least disposition to unsteadiness was manifested. Solid shot striking the ground in front of the Regiment would ricochet over the heads of the men, causing the horses to fairly squat—to use an expressive term—and with extended nostrils tremblingly crowd together awaiting the next visitation.

A solid shot shattered a fore-leg of Sergeant Binkley's horse close to the body, and the poor beast continued to move the shoulder to which the leg dangled in the endeavor to place the foot. One of the artillerymen was holding four horses belonging to the battery when a shot passed through them all.

Twice did Lieutenant King silence the rebel guns, when the men pluckily returned to the place with other pieces. Finally, after exchanging a section of his rifled pieces with Captain Martin for a section of Napoleons, he put the rebel battery to sleep for good. In the mean time, Gracie's and Bartlett's brigades of infantry had been brought from the city and united with their cavalry against the Second Division. Not an inch of ground was yielded on Gregg's line. The rapid discharge of the seven-shooters in the woods to the right gave evidence of hot work there, while the booming of cannon on every side and the ceaseless rattle of small-arms told plainly the desperate nature of the conflict. It was indeed a gloomy outlook; hemmed in on all sides—an impassable stream in front, a heavy line of earthworks on our right, and a force of cavalry and infantry superior in numbers but not in valor to our own on the left flank and rear. None of the troops under Sheridan's command that day behaved better than the Second

Division. Their steadiness and gallantry were largely due to the assurance and confident bearing, of their commander, whose presence at different points along the line was productive of good cheer and a firm determination to succeed.

As the gallant men yielded up their lives on the line, their forms were taken back to the open space some distance to the right of the battery and interred with much care, the graves being made on a line, with rude head-boards put up to each. About 3 P. M. the dismounted line repulsed the last attempt made by the rebels to force the position, and Merritt's men having repaired the bridge over the Chickahominy and drawn off the force on the opposite side, the begrimed and tired troopers retired and, mounting their horses, followed the First and Third Divisions across the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge. The citizens of Richmond and the government officials were no doubt much alarmed by Sheridan's near approach, notwithstanding there were about four thousand troops inside the works in addition to those actively engaged with the Union cavalry outside. The Richmond Enquirer of that date said :

It is unknown how long the enemy may be around the city, or at what part they may attempt to enter. Their cavalry, yesterday defeated by Stuart, may to-day rally, and re-enforced, turn the tide of victory, and seek to gallop into the city, and through it to their army at Bermuda Hundred.

Upon reaching the north side of the river it commenced raining. The Tenth was assigned to picket duty, a most unwelcome order, for the men were worn out and hungry. But the line was established in the gloom and rain two or three miles north of Mechanicsville.

Moving out at 8 A. M., on the 13th, the Tenth became the rear-guard of the entire command. About noon it passed the other troops of the corps and resumed its place with the Second Brigade, and encamped near Bottom Bridge at 5 P. M.

Camp was broken at 7.30 A. M., on the 14th, and the line of march taken up again for the James River; Haxall's Landing was reached at 4 P. M., and the entire command went into camp on the hills back from the river. When passing over Malvern Hill the officers on the gunboats mistook the column for rebels, and sent some shells of immense size at it. The signal officers attempted communication, but the tars evidently did not understand the code, for they turned their guns on the station and caused them to vacate their position. The signals had been seen, however, by General Butler's officers, and word was sent the enterprising naval commander to cease firing. Then the

begrimed and battered knights went into camp near the river, laundried their long-neglected bodies, drew full-weight rations and forage, and made general preparations for a resumption of hostilities at an early day.

While here on the 16th, some of the men of the Regiment who were serving in Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, including Robert Trotter and Eli Baird, were transferred to Battery M, Second United States Artillery. Several recruits and officers for the Regiment arrived at Fredericksburg this day, including the newly appointed chaplain, Rev. Joseph Bradley. These remained with the wagon-train until the cavalry returned to the army.

The Tenth was transferred to the First Brigade, General Davies's, on the 17th of May, and about 11 P. M. the entire command was put in motion on the return march to the army. Crossing the Chickahominy at Jones's Bridge early on the morning of the 18th, a halt was made, the horses groomed, fed, and watered, and breakfast prepared and eaten. Then on again to Baltimore Cross-roads, which was reached at 6 P. M., when it commenced raining. The 19th was devoted to foraging. While here, Lieutenant Preston, taking his orderly, Kelly, and Elias Evans, of Company D, went out in the direction of Richmond, for forage and fun. On emerging from the woods, when some three or four miles from camp, a log-house near the center of the opening came into view. After a few moments, Kelly exclaimed, "There's somebody running from that house, Lieutenant!"

Sure enough, keeping in the line of the house, two men were going with all possible speed for the opposite woods. Putting spurs to their horses the trio overhauled them just before reaching their goal—the fence running along the edge of the woods. They proved to be Confederate soldiers visiting home on a short furlough. The only weapons they possessed, small revolvers and pocket-knives, were taken from them and the return march to camp was begun. In passing the house one of the prisoners asked to be permitted to go inside and get his overcoat. Kelly was instructed to get it for him, which he did. Something which the little orderly saw while in the house excited his suspicions, but he said nothing for some time. Finally, after about a mile had been traversed, he asked for permission to return to the house. His request was reluctantly granted, with admonitions to keep a sharp lookout against surprise and capture. He came into camp in the early evening, with eighteen hundred dollars in Confederate money. When he entered the house to

obtain the overcoat, he said his suspicions were aroused by the uneasy manner in which an aged lady kept changing her position in a large arm-chair. He felt that she was "brooding" something for protection, and his suspicions were verified when he returned and found the money beneath the chair cushion. Kelly gave Lieutenant Preston five hundred dollars of the worthless stuff. A few days afterward the Lieutenant concluded a contract with an old colored woman near camp, whereby she was to furnish one dozen good, merchantable eggs for fifteen dollars. A rigid inspection of the nests failed to reveal but eleven eggs, some of which were overripe; but the Lieutenant waived a strict compliance with the terms of the contract on the woman's part, and, as the eleven eggs were produced, he tendered three of the five-dollar Confederate bills in payment.

The ebonized countenance of the female egg merchant assumed a disappointed and disgusted look as her eyes fell upon the evidently familiar face of Jeff Davis on the bills.

In a disdainful manner she withdrew her hands behind her, and delivered herself of the following insult to the financial integrity of the Southern Confederacy: "I don' wan' dat stuff! I want you'ns money."

Fifteen dollars in "you'ns money" for eleven eggs in nearly as bad a state of decay as the Confederacy itself was more than the Lieutenant was prepared to pay, and the trade and eggs were both declared off.

The uncertainty as to the location of the Army of the Potomac at this time caused General Sheridan some uneasiness. Custer's brigade was sent to Hanover Court-House, while the balance of the corps went on a reconnaissance to Cold Harbor. Breaking camp at 5 A. M. on the 20th, the Second Division, with the Second Brigade leading and the Sixteenth Pennsylvania in advance, moved to Cold Harbor, where it arrived at 2 P. M., driving a small force of the enemy and posting pickets beyond Gaines's Mills. Rations and forage were becoming very scarce, and foraging parties were sent out on the 21st. These met with but indifferent success and a few rebels. A party under Commissary Preston went in the direction of Richmond and secured an abundant supply of flour, sugar, tea, coffee, sweet potatoes, etc., from the residence of one of the F. F.'s. and escaped with the plunder, reaching camp early in the morning on the 22d, most of the men walking, the horses being loaded down with tribute.

Captain Paige, who had been reinstated in the Regiment, arrived at

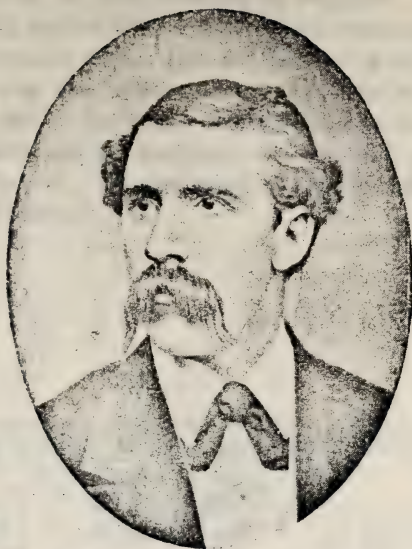
the cavalry wagon-trains near Fredericksburg with a thousand recruits for various regiments, about noon, on this date.

Marching at daybreak on the 22d, the Tenth, first in order of march, arrived at White House about noon. Gunboats and transports had come up from Fortress Monroe, bringing rations and forage. The First Division, under General Merritt, had rebuilt the bridge over the Pamunkey, and were already crossing when the Second Division arrived.

The Tenth crossed at sunrise on the 23d, and with the rest of the command marched to King William Court-House, where it arrived at 1 P. M.; thence to Aylettsville, where the corps went into camp four hours later. From there the Tenth was sent to picket the Hanover road. While posting pickets the men were fired on by the pickets of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry by mistake, but no harm resulted.

Marching at 8 A. M., on the 24th, the Regiment bivouacked near White Chimneys at 5 P. M., making a hot, dusty march of about fifteen miles. After going into camp a heavy thunder-shower came up. The rain fell in torrents, and the angry bursts of lightning carried terror to many brave hearts. Corporal Bolles and private Ireland, of Company K, serving in the Pioneer Corps, were both struck, the former being instantly killed. Several men and horses were prostrated. D. T. Fields and Stephen Smith were driving tent-stakes, and both were thrown to the ground by a shock. Jumping to his feet, Smith staggered about and exclaimed in a bewildered way, "Where did that shell come from?" One of the bolts twisted a saber, that was leaning against a tree, into the symbolic pruning-hook. The heavy cannonading and musketry-fire in front during the day indicated hard fighting between the two armies.

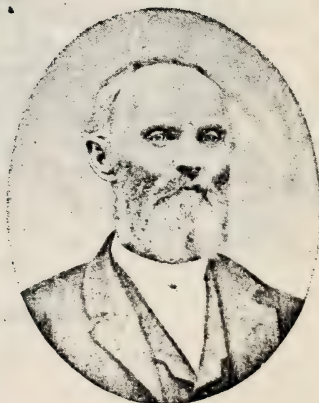
After the heavy rainfall of the night before, the sun rose bright and warm on the 25th. At 6 A. M. the Regiment led out, and at 1.30 P. M. passed through Chesterfield Station, and a half-hour later came up with the infantry, and were greeted by "The boys we left behind us," besides some of the new acquisitions, among the latter being Chaplain Bradley, who wore a sedate expression and a pair of knee-boots as he approached Major Avery and introduced himself. His manner and appearance created a favorable impression on the men, which increased with closer acquaintance. Here Captain Paige reported with forty recruits. An immense mail was in waiting for the boys, which was at once distributed to their great satisfaction. The trains came up, but remained but a short time, Quarter-



SERGEANT W. W. CAMERON.



MAJOR JOHN H. KEMPER.



CAPTAIN HERBERT E. FARNSWORTH.

master Graves having received orders to proceed to Port Royal with his wagons, on the 26th, to bring up supplies.

The raid, replete with incident and excitement, had been severe on the horses and men. But the Yankee cavalry had maintained its supremacy over the Southern horsemen, even when aided by infantry, as was the case in the works of Richmond on the 12th of May. That more property was not destroyed was the fault of the Confederacy in not providing it. We destroyed all we found, and, like Alexander, "sighed for more."



Around the Camp-Fires.

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMER CAMPAIGN, 1864—FROM HAWES'S SHOP TO CROSSING JAMES RIVER.



ON the return to the Army of the Potomac the cavalrymen naturally looked for a short respite, for the purpose of recuperation and reorganization; but the vigor with which General Grant was conducting the war did not permit much time to go to waste. He was going to "fight it out on this line if it took all summer," and all the horses in the army to do it. And the cavalrymen gave a hearty amen to the sentiment, as they gave hearty support to the man. "Boots and saddles" at 11 A. M., on Thursday, May 26th, gave notice that the services of the cavalry were wanted in front. Marching back on nearly the same route on which they had advanced from White House, the tramp was continued in a drizzling rain until 9 P. M., when a short halt was made; then on, on, through the long, weary night, until the Pamunkey was crossed at Hanover at sunrise on the 28th.

Going into bivouac in the open field on the south side, the men cooked breakfasts and fed and watered the animals. At 8 A. M. the Tenth, with Gregg's division, moved out on the Richmond road. Rations had been issued for four hundred and forty men prior to leaving Chesterfield Station, but the issue included dismounted and train men, sick, etc., so that the probable strength of the Regiment at this time did not exceed three hundred and eighty men present for duty. At ten o'clock the Regiment halted at Hawes's shop, and formed on the right of the road. In its front was a large white house surrounded by trees, under which General Davies established temporary headquarters. Captain Blynn, who had been sent forward with his squadron on a reconnaissance, had halted and sent Lieutenant T. C. White, about half a mile farther on, with Company D. White passed beyond the woods with his detachment, and

Sergeant Edson had barely posted pickets, when they were driven in and the reserve was viciously attacked by a large force of mounted and dismounted Confederate cavalry. White formed his few men across the road and gave them a warm reception, checking their advance by well-directed and rapid volleys; but the largely superior numbers were too much for continued resistance, and White fell back, closely followed by the mounted force. The stroke of lightning which killed Corporal Bolles, of the Pioneer Corps, on the 24th, deprived his horse of its eyesight. This horse was being ridden by Warren Irish in the race for liberty which Blynn's squadron were making on this occasion. The horse becoming wedged in between a tree and the fence, Irish was forced to take to the fields to escape capture. He made good time, however, and reached the reserve, after passing through a storm of bullets, though pretty badly winded. As the little squad came flying up the road, closely pursued by a force which filled the road and extended a considerable distance back, the First Pennsylvania, with Colonel Taylor at its head, arrived in front of General Davies's headquarters. The rebel yell found an echo in Colonel Taylor's prompt command to "draw saber!" followed by the "charge!" The rebels suddenly found themselves in a dilemma. Hemmed in on either side by a high rail fence and pressed from the rear by their own comrades, they were mercilessly sabered by the Pennsylvania boys. The First Pennsylvania never wielded the saber with better effect. The Confederates finally extricated themselves, and, falling back, their dismounted troopers began a rapid fire from the woods. The brigade was ordered forward, the Tenth taking position, mounted, at the edge of the wood, the left resting on the road, near a little church. The battery had taken position a few rods in rear of the Regiment, and were dispensing shot and shell in generous quantities, firing over the Regiment into the woods. A little lull in the action soon after the arrival of the Regiment was followed by a most terrific outburst from the Confederate line, denoting heavy re-enforcements. General Davies, who chanced to be near the Tenth at the moment, directed Major Avery to dismount the Regiment and move it into the woods immediately, and connect with the Fourth Pennsylvania on the right and the First Pennsylvania on the left. This was done in perfect order, although it was extremely hot, with no chance of replying until the line was formed in the wood. No sooner had the Tenth taken position, as directed, than they encountered and returned a most galling fire. It was clearly an unequal contest, so far as numbers were concerned, but never did the Regiment display better

staying qualities or exhibit more gallantry than on this occasion. While repeated attempts to drive the enemy from their position proved futile, the determined resistance offered rendered the efforts of the enemy to do the same thing with our line ineffectual. As the fight progressed the Confederates appeared to throw in fresh troops, but none came to our assistance. It was the hardest fight the Regiment was ever engaged in. An aide from General Gregg came to the line, urging an advance. It was only necessary for the men to know that it was General Gregg's desire that the line should be advanced, for them to *attempt* it. But that was all they could do, and that they did do with great determination and spirit on several occasions. But it was of no avail. Against such a fire as was brought against them it was impossible to move forward. Much of the ground occupied by the Regiment was covered with underbrush, while in its front between the two lines was a ravine, across which the murderous missiles flew so thick and fast that it did not appear possible for any one to survive. Unceasingly the desperate conflict continued until about 4 P. M., when a cheer was heard away to the right. Yes, it was a cheer; a real Yankee cheer! Then the line in our front began to give way; and the cheer was re-echoed as the Tenth went forward, down through the ravine and up the opposite hillside, in close pursuit of the fleeing rebels. Over the open beyond, and clear up to the wood on the opposite side, the pursuit was continued. The ground was strewn with the enemy's dead, but their wounded had been removed. The line was recalled, and then it was learned that Custer had charged on our right with his brigade, dismounted, and turned the enemy's left, and our brigade pressing forward at the same time, the entire Confederate line gave way. The Union victory was complete. It was fairly earned by superior endurance, bravery, and determination. The battle of Hawes's shop has been very properly recorded as the hardest cavalry fight of the war. There was at no time during the engagement the slightest evidence of weakness or disposition to yield an inch of ground on the Union side. The losses in the Tenth were heavy, the number of killed being nearly double that of any other regiment engaged, while the number of wounded was exceeded only by the First New Jersey and Sixteenth Pennsylvania.

The Confederate force greatly outnumbered the Union troops in this engagement. General Humphreys says: *

* Campaigns of the Civil War, vol. xii, p. 164.

On the morning of the 28th General Sheridan was directed to make a demonstration on the road from Hanover Town to Richmond to ascertain where the enemy was posted, and about a mile beyond Hawes's shop Gregg's division encountered the enemy's cavalry dismounted and occupying temporary breastworks of rails. This force, General Sheridan says, appeared to be the Confederate Cavalry Corps and a brigade of South Carolina troops armed with long-range rifles, reported to be four thousand strong and commanded by Colonel Butler.*

But I learn from Fitzhugh Lee that the Confederate cavalry force there on the 28th consisted of his own division, of two brigades, Hampton's division, of two brigades, and a brigade under command of Colonel (afterward General) Butler, which had recently arrived from South Carolina. Fitzhugh Lee was on the right of their line, Hampton on the left.

A long, hard contest ensued and continued until late in the evening, when Custer's brigade (of Torbert's division) and Gregg's division carried the intrenchments and drove back the enemy.

The Richmond Enquirer of May 30th had the following:

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

May 29, 1864.

About twelve o'clock yesterday a severe cavalry fight occurred near Hawes's shop between detachments of several brigades of Fitzhugh Lee and Hampton's divisions and a corps of Yankee cavalry, supported by a large body of infantry, estimated at two corps. The enemy were guarding the road leading from that point to the Peninsula. Their cavalry were dismounted during the fight and commenced firing on us at a distance. Both parties advanced, and the enemy repeatedly charged our line and were handsomely repulsed in every effort. Their center was driven in or fell back, and, being in imminent danger of being surrounded on both flanks by the largely superior and combined forces of both cavalry and infantry, we were compelled to retire a short distance to avoid it, the enemy's artillery playing on our ranks continually. The musketry-fire was very heavy and as incessant for a time as the volleys between infantry in regular line of battle. The loss on both sides was heavy and a few prisoners were taken, but it is impossible now to give even an approximate estimate of our own or that of the enemy. Among the casualties were Colonel Millen, of Georgia, killed, and Colonel Dunnoy, of South Carolina, wounded by a pistol-shot through the left hand. Most of our loss is attributed to the fact that nearly all the force engaged on our part were new men, whose only idea was to go in and fight, which they did do most gallantly and creditably. The fight continued at intervals until nearly 5 P. M. without decisive result save the ascertaining of the enemy's position and strength of that part of his line.

Major Avery's wish, frequently expressed, that he might receive a slight wound, came near being gratified in the early part of this engagement. A bullet penetrated the right stirrup, opposite the side of his foot, and was deflected, passing through the bottom of the stir-

* Colonel Butler lost his right leg at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.

rup, directly beneath the hollow of his foot, without touching the boot.

Surgeon Clarke says of the Hawes's shop engagement :

Hawes's shop was one of the most fiercely contested battles of the war. The wounds of all that came under my observation were very severe. While I was engaged in amputating the leg of Sergeant Reynolds, of our regiment, in a log-house, a shell from the enemy's battery knocked the chimney off the house, another took off the leg of an officer standing in front of the building, and still another entered the open door of the house, struck a beam overhead, and rolled down under the operating table. Every face present was ghastly white, expecting the shell would explode, but no one deserted his post. To the fact that the fuse had gone out may be attributed my recording the incident.

Of the Hawes's shop fight General Gregg says :

In the shortest possible time both of my brigades were hotly engaged. Every available man was put into the fight, which had lasted some hours. Neither party would yield an inch. Through a staff-officer of General Sheridan I sent him word as to how we stood, and stated that with some additional force I could destroy the equilibrium and go forward. Soon General Custer reported with his brigade. This he dismounted and formed on a road leading to the front and through the center of my line. In columns of platoons, with band playing, he advanced. As arranged, when the head of his column reached my line, all went forward with a tremendous yell, and the contest was of short duration. We went right over the rebels, who resisted with courage and desperation unsurpassed. Our success cost the Second Division two hundred and fifty-six men and officers, killed and wounded. This fight has always been regarded by the Second Division as one of its severest.

The bias of commanders of troops during these eventful days is illustrated by General Lee's report of the Hawes's shop engagement, made at 6 p. m. on the day of the fight, in which he says :

General Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry engaged the enemy's cavalry near Hawes's shop about noon to-day and drove them back upon their infantry, etc.

Probably no one would doubt General Lee's sincerity or question his statement of facts, and yet every trooper in Gregg's division knows that not one foot of ground was yielded by them at Hawes's shop, but that, on the contrary, the Confederate cavalry was driven pell-mell for a considerable distance.

After driving the Confederates, as related, the line was recalled to Hawes's shop, where the advance of the army was found.

The Regiment remained in camp near the river on the 29th, and on the 30th moved to Old Church Tavern, and commenced skirmishing on the road leading to Cold Harbor. Toward evening the skir-



CAPTAIN LUTHER L. BARNEY,
Co. C.

mishing became very brisk. The command bivouacked near Old Church Tavern at 8 P. M.

The march was taken up again on the Cold Harbor road at 6 P. M. on the 31st, and after some standing to horse, and mounting and dismounting, the boys finally planted a few rheumatic seeds by courting a little sleep on the damp ground.

Up and moving again at daylight on the 1st of June, the Regiment commenced skirmishing. The Confederates were driven to Cold Harbor, the fighting at 9 A. M. being severe. General Sheridan dismounted in rear of the position held by the Tenth, and walking along the line, encouraged the men to hold the place for a few minutes, saying the infantry was close by and would soon relieve them. This was thought to be a *dernier ressort* to maintain the line. But a half-hour later, sure enough, there appeared over the brow of the hill the standards of the advancing army that was to contend for the possession of this apparently worthless place in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. The dismounted troopers of the Cavalry Corps did excellent service here in holding the rebel infantry until the army came up. General Meade had sent word to General Sheridan to hold the place at all hazards, and he held it, the Tenth contributing its full share in the necessary fighting.

General Humphreys says: *

On the morning of the 1st of June Hoke did not become engaged, but took position on the right. Kershaw, however, attacked Sheridan with two of his brigades, one of them his own, but was repulsed by the fire of repeating carbines and artillery. He repeated the attack, with the same result, Colonel Keitt's regiment, the Twentieth South Carolina,† giving way, and Colonel Keitt himself being mortally wounded in the effort to rally it. The attack was not renewed, and at nine o'clock General Wright arrived, the head of his column near at hand. As soon as it was up, the cavalry were relieved, and moved toward the Chickahominy, covering the left of the army.

The dancing banners of the Sixth Corps were seen by the boys over the hill-tops, before the infantry appeared in view, and the cheers that followed must have convinced the Confederate infantry that re-enforcements had arrived for the Yankees. The fire slackened and the infantry moved down and took the position held by the dismounted cavalymen, who at about 2 P. M., mounted and moved to the left, and two hours later a part of the Tenth was sent still farther to the

* Campaigns of the Civil War, vol. xii, p. 173.

† This is called a big regiment in the Official Diary, First (Confederate) Corps. It was apparently a newly raised regiment.

left on picket, while the Pioneer Corps was sent out on the road leading to Summer's Upper Bridge to fell trees and barricade the road. This duty kept the pioneers at work till next morning, when, just as they were about to return to camp, they received orders to clear the barricade away as soon as possible, to permit the cavalry to pass. The cannonading and musketry at Cold Harbor continued during the night, and increased with the approaching light of the 2d. At 9 A. M. the Tenth moved out with the brigade to Summer's Upper Bridge (or Barker's Mills). The clouds of dust which arose gave notice to the enemy on the opposite side of the wood of the movement, and the batteries in their works rained shot and shell into the open field through which the column was marching. The Regiment was brought into company fronts, and a skirmish-line advanced through the swamp, the men being compelled to jump from bog to log, and, sometimes missing their footing, went floundering into the mire, which would call for the use of a little imported language, kept in stock for such occasions. Reaching the opposite shore, a sandy field with the Confederate breastworks on the higher ground, a little further advanced, was in front of the skirmishers. After exchanging a few shots the Confederate skirmishers fell back behind the works, and our line was ordered to rejoin the Regiment, which remained in the field before mentioned, where they had been subjected to a brisk artillery-fire, the solid shot, shells, etc., plunging into the sand all around and in the very midst of the Regiment, throwing sand in showers over the boys. About 5 P. M. the infantry took the place of the cavalry, and the latter moved to Bottom's Bridge, the Tenth going into camp about a mile from the bridge, on the hill. On the afternoon of the 4th the Confederates shelled the camp of the First Brigade from the opposite side of the Chickahominy, distant about three miles. The Whitworth bolts tumbled around among the men and horses rather carelessly, but did no harm. This diversion was repeated on the 6th, with the same result.

The pickets of the Tenth were called in, and at 11 A. M. of the same day the entire command marched to Newcastle, where the Pamunkey was crossed at 5 P. M., and the command bivouacked. Torbert's and Gregg's divisions were present, Wilson's having taken Gregg's place in picketing along the Chickahominy. The march was resumed on the 7th, and at 2.30 P. M., the Tenth encamped two miles west of Aylett's. An early start was made on the 8th. It was warm and dusty, and the march was already beginning to tell on the horses. During the day Lieutenant-Colonel Seeva was sent with a detachment from the Tenth

to capture a Confederate mail, which was reported moving on a parallel road. There was a small escort with the mail, which Sceva promptly charged, losing his hat in the *mêlée*. The mail escaped, and Colonel Sceva returned to the Regiment, after foraging a little to get a hat. He finally secured an ancient specimen of a tall silk hat, which he donned as a protection from the sun's rays. In hastening after the Regiment with his little command, he passed General Davies, who seemed disgusted with his appearance. Sceva was surprised and mortified a little later at being placed in arrest for breach of discipline. He had never thought of the ridiculous appearance he made under the shade of the ancient head-gear. An explanation and apology from him were followed by release from arrest. The Tenth was sent on picket in the evening of this day.

General Sheridan evidently intended to get as much of the marching in the cool of the day as possible. The Regiment was on the move at 5 A. M. and encamped at 4 P. M., passing through Childsburg in the forenoon. The morning of the 10th was cool and pleasant. The march was continued at 8 A. M., and at 3 P. M. crossed the North Anna at Carpenter's Ford. Soon after reaching the south side of the river a halt was made, and Lieutenant Preston was directed to take a detachment and go into the country in search of food, with instructions to join the Regiment some miles in advance, where they were expected to go into camp. With about twenty men the Lieutenant started out upon the left flank and, after a march of two or three miles, an old colored man was met, from whom it was learned that there was a store two or three miles farther on, with plenty of bacon and grain. After proceeding a short distance farther a halt was made at a house by the roadside, and a full-blooded man was found, whether Anglo-Saxon or African could have been determined only by a vigorous application of soap and water. He claimed to be a Union man—he was no doubt a "Free-Soiler." An old rifle was found in his mansion, which he said he kept for use in defending himself from the conscription officers. One of the men struck the barrel over a rock, after which it looked well suited for shooting curved balls. After a march of about a mile from this house the store was found. It contained a fair aggregation of almost everything not needed by the men, such as old faded calicoes, a few shop-worn shoes too large or too small for ordinary people, hoop-skirts, beeswax, and shirt-buttons, etc. Some of the calicoes were distributed with a generous hand to the women along the route after leaving. King Richard would never have offered a warranty deed of his

kingdom for a horse had he been confronted with the quadruped of questionable genus which one of the men brought forth and called a horse at this place. It was too dilapidated an equine for even a Yankee forager to insist on trying to get away with, and that was proof that it was a pretty bad case.

Just as the shades of evening and the indignant protestations of the woman shopkeeper were falling, the return march was taken up. It was a little after dark when the command passed the abode of the "Union man" whose rifle had been given a "curved line of beauty" by one of the men. He had evidently got some more Union men to assist him in celebrating the return of the Yankee soldiers in a becoming manner. They fired a volley into the rear of the column from the wood by the roadside, wounding Sergeant Miller, of Company L. In the darkness which followed the road was lost, and the detachment marched into a dense jungle, where the road abruptly terminated, and a return became necessary. Finally, the main road was gained, and about ten o'clock the point where the detachment had left the Regiment was reached. Then, on the broad, well-trodden road the speed of the caravan was increased, in the belief that the command was near at hand. After a couple of miles' march the unsteady movement of the horses gave evidence that they were not "pursuing the straight and narrow path" that would lead them to the Cavalry Corps. An examination of the ground by dismounting and feeling with the hands failed to discover the beaten paths that were always left by a heavy column of cavalry moving by fours. No road had been observed leading off the one the detachment was on, and so the march was resumed, when suddenly "Halt! Who comes there?" rang out clear and distinct in front. The response of questionable veracity of "Friends" was followed by an expressed desire to interview one individual from our party, who was invited to advance. "One will advance to meet one from your party," was answered. "All right!" came back, and Lieutenant Preston rode forward with many misgivings and a cocked revolver, after giving instructions for a charge in case of a prearranged signal. The two individuals on whom such great responsibilities had suddenly fallen approached each other in the gloom very cautiously. Bringing their horses alongside, the riders bent forward and endeavored to discover the true character of each other, bobbing their heads from side to side like owls, but uttering not a word. Finally, the silence was broken with "Is that you, Preston?" and the voice was instantly recognized as that of Lieutenant Cutler, of the First Maine Cavalry.

He, too, had passed over the road with a foraging party, and reported having had a brush with some of the enemy a short distance ahead, who fired upon his party from houses. On returning to his command Lieutenant Preston was advised by one of the men that he had found the road taken by the corps some ways back, they having thrown down the fence and moved through the woods to the right. The command was countermarched to the place, and, following the trail through woods and fields, finally found the Regiment about midnight. It was learned then that every foraging party sent out that afternoon had been attacked, showing the presence of a Confederate force hovering on the flanks of Sheridan's command.

The next morning, the 11th of June, 1864, the Tenth moved out of camp with the brigade at 6.30 A. M., going in the direction of Louisa Court-House, the First Division in advance, Custer's brigade leading. The sound of artillery came from the direction of Trevillian Station about 8.30 A. M., and an hour later the Tenth was assigned to guard the trains. Hardly had the Regiment left the road for the purpose, when Major Avery was directed to hurry forward, and report with it to General Torbert. After passing through the wood where Torbert was expected to be found in the open field beyond, an aide galloped to the head of the Tenth with orders for the Major to take the Regiment to Colonel Gregg for special service. Leading the way, the command moved to the left through more woods and scrub-oaks. As the Tenth came into the open, Colonel Gregg approached, and, after giving Major Avery instructions as to the part he wanted the Regiment to take in a charge he was about to make, he returned to his brigade, which was in the wood in front. The Tenth was immediately dismounted, and advanced along a fence to the left of and at right angles with the road on which it had moved up. In front of the right of the Regiment and distant about twenty rods were the Confederates in a piece of wood, with plowed ground intervening. In front of the left was a more extended open country. Colonel Gregg's brigade was on the right, with the road intervening. When all was in readiness, the bugles in the Second Brigade sounded the charge. Then followed an incessant rattle of carbines and the cheers of the charging column. The men were hidden from view by the timber and scrub-oaks. After a moment the cheering and firing slackened somewhat. The force of the charge appeared to have been broken. In the mean time the Tenth did not leave its place behind the fence, but kept up a rapid fire on the enemy in its front. Major Avery did not appear to

understand that the Tenth was to unite in the charge. Finally, the order was given, however, and the fence was scaled in a gallant manner, and the Confederates driven rapidly from the timber and across the open to the railroad beyond, losing many prisoners. It was one of the most enterprising and gallant charges ever made by the Regiment, and called forth warm words of commendation from both the brigade and division commanders, as well as from General Sheridan.

Of this action Adjutant Kennedy writes:

When the Tenth was dismounted it was ordered to form on the left of the Second Brigade and to charge with it. In our front was a rail fence, behind which the regiment formed a line. This fence ran nearly the whole length of the brigade. On the other side of the fence was a level field about thirty rods across. After crossing this field we came to the railroad, which here ran through a cut from six to eight feet deep. In this cut the enemy were posted in heavy force. Just back of this cut, on a knoll, was the rebel battery. All this in our immediate front to our right, and in front of the Second Brigade was the station-house and several box-cars, and still farther on the right was a cut similar to the one in our front. The enemy was in force all along this line—they retreated down the railroad to our left, and after making the charge we changed front and followed them, moving to the left, and covering a part of the ground over which we had previously charged.

Major Avery was in command, and at this time was on the right of the Regiment. When the bugle sounded the charge, the Second Brigade started, but for some reason unknown to the writer, the old Tenth New York remained stationary. Captain Weir, of General Gregg's staff, came running out of the woods to the right, swinging his saber and shouting for us to charge. We jumped the fence and started. By the time that the Tenth started, the Second Brigade had reached the second fence and dropped down behind it, having drawn the enemy's fire from our front, as well as the fire of the artillery; and as they were now hidden from the enemy, we were receiving a most terrific fire, not only from our front, but from the cut which was filled with Johnnies. As our line reached the second fence, we were forced to take refuge behind it for a short time. While lying here several of our men were killed, and Lieutenant Van Tuyl called out to me, saying: "For God's sake, Adjutant, what are you going to do? We can't lie here much longer!" I ran down to the right of the line to see what Major Avery was going to do, and meeting Captain Blynn was informed that just as we got over the first fence Lieutenant Preston was either killed or wounded; and that Major Avery had remained with him where he had fallen, to have him carried off the field. Another charge was ordered, and away we went, this time with the Second Brigade. Although we were obliged to cross a plowed field in full view of the enemy, and subject to their murderous fire, the line never faltered, and in a very few moments the Tenth New York Cavalry jumped down in that railroad cut to find that the enemy, not thinking it possible for us to dislodge them, had remained too long to safely retreat, and we reaped a rich harvest in prisoners. The battery meanwhile had limbered up and galloped off the field, taking the road leading down the railroad to our left.

Captain Vanderbilt writes as follows of the Trevillian fight :

The battle of Trevillian Station was in many respects one of the severest cavalry combats of the war; but to the Tenth New York not so disastrous as Brandy Station, St. Mary's Church, or Little Auburn. Yet it was a hot fight, so hot indeed for our regiment as to deserve a place in the history of a long line of splendid achievements that made the name of the Tenth New York a synonym for good work on the field. The history of the Trevillian Station fight is not easily told; but here are my views of the engagement :

Shortly after noon, June 11, 1864, our regiment was drawn up behind a piece of wood, in column of squadrons, mounted; soon we were listening to a fight raging on our right front. We rather enjoyed hearing the rattle of carbines and the banging of our battery, being on the reserve out of harm's way. Our enjoyment was of short duration, however; for while our commander, Major Avery, Adjutant Kennedy, and myself were sitting on our horses whiling away our time in conversation, Colonel Gregg approached and ordered Major Avery to dismount his regiment and form it on the left of the line of battle preparatory to a general charge.

The enemy's line of breastworks was on the brow of a small hill in our front.

The Major, wheeling his horse, gave the order to dismount, for we were to go in on foot. The Regiment was speedily formed for a charge under cover of woods. The men were told by the Major what was expected of them in a very few choice words. An open plowed field lay before us, say, a distance of three hundred yards, in full view of the enemy's works, which were about five hundred distant. Soon an order came to charge, and we started. We did not attempt to fire a shot, but the way they peppered us was a caution. It was about as severe firing as I ever saw. From the second the charge started, we ran with all our might, stopping such bullets as we could not miss—no man anxious to stop more than one—until we came to the foot of the rise. There we struck a ditch and fence, along which grew a few bushes. This position was about two hundred yards from the enemy's works, which were situated on the crest of a small hill. We halted and reformed, while the fence was being torn down, preparatory to the final charge on the rebel breastworks. Brisk firing was kept up on both sides—they at the bushes, and we at anything that looked like a head above their works.

It was here that Captain John Ordner, of Company A, of my squadron, was killed, and Corporal Kimball Persons, of my company L, was shot through the body at my side. After he was stricken, he turned to me and said: "Captain, here is my diary: send it to my sister, and tell her that I am not sorry that I enlisted." It was all he said, as he sank down and died. *Noble boy.* Peter Rourke, also of my Company, was struck down by a ball that hit his belt-plate. In an instant he was up again and said he was all right. Although severely bruised, he went in with the rest of us.

Suddenly a cheer started along the line, announcing the renewal of the contest. Onward we pushed, with cheers and yells perfectly demoniacal, as we marched over into their works, which they fought desperately to hold. The tried veterans of Wade Hampton's gallant squadrons were not able to withstand the impetuous charge of the "Bloody Tenth New York." The combat became hand

to hand, and men were clubbed with the butts of carbines, and struck down within arm's length of each other. It was a hot place, and terrible fighting; but they finally gave way and such as could scampered to the rear in wild disorder. It was then "every man for himself," and the Tenth New York take the hindmost.

We captured a number of the enemy in their works, and many others while we were chasing them a mile or so, until we came on other works with artillery. Then we halted, and lay down against the face of a slight hill till dark, and afterward fell back. We picketed that night, and next day started on our return march to the White House.

During the charge over the plowed field, Lieutenant Preston was struck down by a bullet, causing a very dangerous wound. The Surgeon, believing him to be mortally hurt, decided to leave him behind, telling him he could not survive a day's march, but the Lieutenant responded:

"I had rather die with the boys than live with the rebels."

The striking manner in which our boys acquitted themselves was gracefully acknowledged by our brigade commander.

Major J. M. Reynolds, at the time lieutenant of Company G, furnishes the following beautiful word-painting descriptive of the engagement:

How distinctly I recall our starting out on that hot Southern morning for something of "the unknown" away from the main army! No doubt a jump from the frying-pan into the fire, but a free breath after the every-day hard marching and fighting we had had since breaking camp from winter quarters. All the novelty had departed, even patriotism was worn threadbare, our fighting appetites surfeited, and the end not yet. Two thoughts of that morning I shall always remember: First, the dread of being wounded on one of those detached expeditions and falling into the hands of the enemy; second, that if Horace Greeley and Jeff Davis could be forced to represent sides and fight the thing to a finish I should feel happier.

After two or three days of hot, dusty marching the inevitable was at hand; the sound of the "opening gun" struck the ear and the heart simultaneously, and our line of march was always unerringly in its direction. After a forenoon of momentary readiness, partly under artillery-fire, the order came: "Prepare to fight on foot!" Now for it! "Fall in in front! forward!" We go through a piece of timber. As we emerge into the clearing we are met by a volley that comes from the enemy behind yonder fence. We give them a return. A charge to the fence is ordered; it looms up to us like a refuge of defense even with an enemy behind it. The latter gives way as we near it—an easy victory, we say; but the fence gained only reveals the main line of the enemy behind the railroad, and ourselves in position to receive the fire from small-arms in front and artillery on the flank. The fence proved delusive, serving to even up our line, however. The bullets cut the rails with a death-dealing savagery that was terrorizing. "Forward! come on!" comes the order, the advance following quickly the brave, plucky little officer giving it as he scaled the fence defiantly, yes, eagerly. We felt a sense of pride and manliness in our leadership. It was our commissary, Lieutenant Preston, who would have been thought doing full duty if back with

the train, out of harm's way. Ye who set a price on liberty and the war, tell me why was he there? What have you to offer in payment for the voluntary offering of this human life? True heroism, thank God, is priceless! Over the fence 'twas sultry hot and deadly with lead and dust. A volley half checked our advance, when I heard that indescribable sound of bullet striking human flesh and bones! Our gallant leader had received a ball, swinging him around almost into my arms. Never shall I forget the look of mingled pain and disappointment his colorless face revealed. It was an inspiration to "go on!" which we did until the enemy broke again, uncovering in their stampede several regiments of led horses compactly formed. How intently we wished we were mounted! Nothing could have kept us from capturing and scattering their whole mount; but we dropped down at the railroad bank from complete exhaustion, like dead men. The enemy had reserves up and a battery playing upon us by the time we had reformed. I chanced to be on the extreme right, next the railroad. Four of us were "condensed" behind a small bush, when "bang!" came a solid shot, taking off the arm of the man on my right. I concluded that my "position was untenable," and undertook to cross the little plot, where I would be behind the hill with the Regiment. There was such a shower of lead I knew it was an impossibility, so dropped flat and feigned dead. The enemy's line was just on the edge of a piece of wood, about one hundred and fifty yards distant. They were climbing trees to get dead shots. I lay directly in line of one of their guns, the distance being such that I could hear the friction-primer, then the shell, but could not hear the report of the gun. I tried it faithfully all the afternoon. It's a fact I leave for science to determine. It is with no small sense of gratitude and thanksgiving that I contemplate at this date the cheapness with which any scientifically inclined gentleman could have bought me out during that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon; but, enough of personal experience, each had one, thrilling and vital to himself. I can not do the brave men of the gallant Tenth full justice for their valor on that day.

Commissary Preston gives his experience, after being wounded, in these words:

How the recollections of that glorious charge at Trevillian rekindles the fire of youth and sends the hot blood coursing through the veins! How the memory of the gallant action of the men who swept over the field of death that day comes vividly to mind! It was a grand exhibition of heroism. Here, as on other fields equally as bloody, the Tenth did nobly. The writer saw but little of the grand charge—only the first part; but the gallant manner in which the men went forward in that storm of lead has always caused him to feel proud of his association with the Tenth New York Cavalry. Just after clearing the fence, in the beginning of the action, I was struck in the right hip by a Minié ball, and was carried back to the shade of some trees. Here an examination of the wound was made. In the mean time the wounded men rapidly accumulated about me. As shells from a Confederate battery were falling in the midst of the wounded, they were removed to a safer place. In the transfer I was left in the wood, with no one near but my faithful colored boy, Aaron. Here I remained till evening. The great loss of blood had produced unconsciousness for a part of the time.

Just after dark I was carried into an old house and placed on a filthy bed of straw. In this place I was visited later by Adjutant Kennedy, from whom I received the first information of the glorious results of the charge. After the Adjutant's departure, Surgeon Pease came to see me. From him I learned that General Sheridan had determined to commence the return march in the morning, and as there were but eight ambulances and nearly five hundred wounded to be provided for, a number of the most serious cases of wounded were to be left behind. Assistant Surgeon Sickler, of the Tenth, was to be left in charge of them. My name was among the number to be left. I insisted that I would not voluntarily surrender myself to a lingering death in rebel prisons. If I was to die, I was determined it should be in an attempt to get away. Although expressing his belief that I could not withstand two hours' ride, Surgeon Pease promised to have me provided with transportation, and after dressing the wound left me.

When the Surgeon had gone, I was left alone, to contemplate what my future would be. There were a number of Union and Confederate wounded and dead soldiers lying about the room. A pine knot in the broad, open fireplace blazed up occasionally and then smoldered down. Its flickering light gave a weird appearance to the scene, which was rendered more dreary and impressive by the moanings of the poor sufferers, whose lives, like the burning fagot, were gradually going out. A handsome young Confederate major was brought in late at night and placed by my side. His name was Russell.* He was very weak and pale. A bullet had entered his right side and fractured the spine. He was a bright, intelligent appearing man, who bore his sufferings with soldierly fortitude. He made mention of his family, and also spoke of the disastrous result of the day's fighting to his regiment.

In an account of the Trevillian Station engagement written by me and published in the Philadelphia Weekly Times, in 1880, mention was made of Major Russell's death, etc. A few days after its publication I received the following beautiful tribute of a sister's love, from a far-off Tennessee home :

* OAKLAWN, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, *September 1, 1880.*

Captain N. D. PRESTON :

MY DEAR SIR: I received this morning a copy of the Times of the 23th of August, containing your account of the battle of Trevillian Station. You will know how full of deep and painful interest your communication is to me and to my family when I tell you that the Major Russell who died by your side "on a straw mattress in an old log-house" was my brother, Major Whiteford Doughty Russell, oldest son of Hon. H. F. Russell, of Augusta, Ga. He was wounded on the 11th of June, 1864, and died on the 14th. Your account creates a discrepancy which may be caused by a confusion of days in your mind.

You misunderstood my brother in reference to his marriage. He had been married five years, and was the father of two children, girls. He had returned

* General Hampton, in his report of the Trevillian engagement, says: "My loss in my own division was 59 killed, 258 wounded, and 295 missing; total, 612. Among the former I have to regret the loss of Lieutenant-Colonel McAllister, Seventh Georgia, who behaved with great gallantry, and Captain Russell, of the same regiment, who was acting as major."

from a visit to his family but a day or two before he was killed. The Times of the 28th was sent me by the gentleman who has recently married his elder daughter, Dr. Paul Fitzsimons, U. S. N., now stationed in Philadelphia. My brother's widow and younger daughter are visiting me at my summer home on Lookout Mountain. More than sixteen years have gone slowly and wearily by to us since the day you were carried into that log-hut and laid by the side of the dying man who had filled so many lives with happiness, so many hearts with pride. To-day your hand has lifted the tear-besprinkled veil which separated us from the terrible hour when the news of his death came.

We have often longed for more definite information of his last hours than we have heretofore been able to obtain; and are grateful that an appreciative soul was near him in that final struggle, which found him worthy of the name he bore, and still unchanged in the mastery of his great will. You speak of the evidences of a noble character which my brother gave in the few moments you knew him; I had lived face to face and heart to heart with him for eighteen years; the judgment of my maturer years confirms the impression made upon a youthful heart, that he was physically, mentally, and morally the noblest man I ever knew. Life has brought no greater blessing to me than to have known and loved him. Such being my feelings, you will, I am sure, pardon the trespass upon your time when I ask you to give me as faithful and detailed an account of the hours passed with my brother as the lapse of time will allow. What is to you merely one among many painful incidents is to me of the deepest and most reverential importance.

Very truly yours,

ANNA RUSSELL COLE.

At an early hour on the morning of the 12th I was suddenly seized by two men, taken to the door, and thrown into an ambulance; an officer, standing by, meantime urging the men to "hurry up; get these wounded out, quick!" As soon as I was landed inside the ambulance, the whip was applied to the horses, and away we went, at a fearful pace, over the rough roads. I was jolted from side to side, my wound starting to bleed afresh. Although weak and suffering, I experienced a feeling of positive cheerfulness in the knowledge that I was not to be abandoned to the enemy. It was a fair example of the triumph of mind over matter.

General Sheridan had given his private ambulance for the use of Lieutenant P. D. Mason, a young artillery officer, and myself. Every effort had been made to provide transportation for the wounded. The heavy supply-wagons were utilized, and the surrounding country made to contribute in the way of "private equipages."

The efforts of General Sheridan to take the wounded with him were appreciated. Men who were clinging to the sides of the grave gratefully accepted the chances of a place in the hard, uncomfortable government wagons in which they were in some cases packed in crosswise. The march was continued from day to day, through the oppressive heat and stifling dust, with scarcely a murmur from these noble fellows. On the completion of a day's march, after the train had parked, a detail passed along and removed those who had died during the day. But they met their fates bravely. In his report of the Trevillian Station affair General Sheridan says:

"On my return from Trevillian to this point (White House), we halted at intervals, during each day, to dress the wounded and refresh them as much as possible. Nothing could exceed the cheerfulness exhibited by them, hauled as they were in old buggies, carts, ammunition-wagons, etc.; no word of complaint was heard. I saw on the line of march men with wounded legs driving, while those with one disabled arm were using the other to whip up the animals."

On the evening of the 18th I learned that the wounded and contrabands, over four hundred of the former and about two thousand of the latter, were to be sent to West Point on the York River, in the morning, for shipment to Washington. The same evening Surgeon Pease took the bullet from my left side near the spine. It had entered the right hip just in front of the seam on the trousers.

After the Regiment had reached the railroad in the charge at Trevillian, and was under a severe fire from the enemy in front and flank, our battery, away to the rear, with the intent of shelling the enemy over the heads of our men, were firing short and sending the shells into our lines. Major Avery called for a volunteer to go back and advise General Gregg or the commander of the battery to cease firing or to elevate their pieces. It was a perilous undertaking, but Sergeant Farnsworth immediately offered to go. A ridge swept by the Confederate fire intervened; but Farnsworth walked rapidly across the open space to the wood beyond, where he found and mounted his horse and hastened on his errand, and delivered his message to General Gregg. The commander of the battery was notified, and ceased firing. It required great courage to perform such an act—an exposure to the concentrated fire from the enemy's line with none to divide the chances—and the Sergeant was complimented by Major Avery for it, and not long afterward was promoted to a lieutenantancy.

Robert Trotter, formerly of Company D, of the Tenth, serving at this time with Battery M, Second United States Artillery, gives the following version of the action of the artillery in the early part of the engagement:

The circumstances, as I remember them, are these: General Custer was ordered to join another brigade at the station at 8 A. M. I remember seeing the rebel videttes as we passed between them and their reserve-picket post. The Fifth Michigan Cavalry had the advance of the brigade. When near the station they charged the rebel reserve and captured two caissons and thirty-five wagons and ambulances and about seventy-five prisoners. We had been in position and fired a few shots in support of the charge, when an order came for us to limber to the front and advance, which we did, the road running through the woods until we came opposite the station—or, rather, where it had been, for only the side-tracks, etc., remained. We halted just opposite the station. In the mean time they had got one or two pieces of artillery in position to our right, and opened fire on us. We were ordered by General Custer to reply. While in the act of unlimbering the



CAPTAIN WALTER R. PERRY,
Co. A.

piece, Custer's aide, superintending it, happened to see on the other side of the track a regiment of rebel infantry lying quietly behind the fence. He gave instructions to the Lieutenant in charge to get that piece out of there as quickly as possible; but, instead of that, the Lieutenant, who had a stentorian voice, sang out: "Cannoneers, prepare to mount! Mount!" whereupon the rebels rose up and fired a volley, and with a yell made for the battery, the rest of which—three guns and six caissons—were standing limbered up in the road. It so happened that there were two gaps let down in the rail fence on the side opposite from the rebels. Lieutenant Pennington gave the command, "By the left flank," which took us through the fence. We went at a gallop for about two hundred yards, when he gave the command, "In battery—fire to the rear! Double-shot with canister!" which order was very quickly obeyed. That volley checked the rebels at this time; and from that time until 1.30 P. M. we were continually firing. I don't know just how many rounds my piece fired, but we had fired perhaps fifteen rounds when we received orders from General Custer to refill our limber-chest, as the enemy was pressing him so hard he feared they would capture his wagons and caissons; and, as on one part of the field no enemy had yet been seen, he directed that they be sent there for safety. They had scarcely reached the place before a regiment of rebel cavalry charged upon and took the whole lot. They were so hotly pursued, however, and one of the caissons becoming stuck in a ditch, that it and the battery-wagon were recaptured; but they got away with all the rest of the wagons and led-horses belonging to the battery, excepting one other caisson that had one of its drivers and one horse killed in the beginning, and consequently was not with the rest. As to the gun that was captured, it had no support, and when the drivers saw that capture was inevitable they ran away with the limber, and before it could be run off by hand some of our cavalry charged and took it back.

The loss of Battery M in this engagement was as follows: Four caissons, battery forge, forty-five men killed, wounded, and missing (mostly taken prisoners), and sixty-six horses. I was acting No. 5, first piece, Battery M, Second U. S. Artillery.

Lieutenant Edson, of Company D, relates the following incident:

There was a recruit in Company D, by the name of Pendall, only seventeen years old, who measured six feet in height. The boys had joked him considerably, and he told them the first fight that he participated in he would show them some "tall" fighting. Trevillian was his first opportunity, and he was one of the earliest ones to start in the charge. There was a small house a short distance in advance, and Pendall made direct for it. The first thing the boys saw was Pendall chasing a reb, even taller than himself, both bareheaded. It was as even a race as I ever saw. Pendall ran the reb around the house and into it, and, when the rest of the company came up, they found Pendall standing in the doorway, holding eight rebs prisoners, with an empty revolver! Pendall served with the Regiment to the close of the war, with credit to himself and his company.

In the Rev. Joseph H. Bradley the Tenth possessed a model chaplain. The Regiment hardly *needed* the services of a chaplain. It

was made up of good fellows. Before his assignment to it the Tenth had established a reputation for itself as a "preying" regiment. But the boys found in the new chaplain a man of a kind and sympathetic nature, practical and earnest in his endeavors to do good. He mingled with the men, learned their needs, and endeavored to supply them; sometimes went with them on their foraging expeditions, to see that the preying was properly done. He recognized the stern necessity which called for the taking of food from the people through whose country the soldiers passed, but he would have Christian forbearance in the execution of the duty, giving practical application to the scriptural injunction, "These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." That he was the right kind of a chap. may be learned from the following interesting incidents contributed by him:

Chaplain's Reminiscences.

The most interesting episode in the history of the Tenth New York Cavalry, during my connection with it, was the Trevillian raid. At least to my thinking I say it. The Cavalry Corps were then keeping company all by themselves (a fact of course highly appreciated), and were carrying on a little war of their own. The three weeks spent on this raid, when we visited the heart of the enemy's territory and had almost daily conflicts, began the very day, and within an hour, of the time I reported for duty. It was a sudden and thorough introduction to the true inwardness of cavalry life, in which I speedily took a just pride, and maintain it till this day.

Major H. K. Clark, surgeon, and myself were naturally thrown together, and I was deposited on his hands by Colonel Avery's direction, through the intermediary services of an orderly upon reporting my arrival in camp. I flatter myself that the Surgeon never regretted the fact, nor repented of his fatherly care, except it might have been once, and that quickly, when we bivouacked the first night. The dear and good Surgeon loved a good and soft thing as well as I, and during our first ride, having kindly inquired about my provision in the way of blankets for night covering, was (as I afterward heard him relate) much gratified and inwardly congratulated himself in having such a richly provided bedfellow, when I informed him I had three large blankets in my train. He expected fair play from me in their use, but at bedtime was dismayed when he saw me pulling those blankets over myself like a great bag; for they were doubled lengthwise, and were sewed up at one end and almost the full length of one side. It was a splendid arrangement for me (a trick learned in my previous campaigning), but affording small satisfaction to an outside party. I do not know that he ever got over his disappointment, for he never lost an opportunity to poke fun at me generally during the whole of our association till the close of the war.

One of his proddings, assailing my pure and innocent soul, was brought into play whenever he chanced to quote Longfellow's *Excelsior* (the Surgeon had a poetic soul—and I hope still has it, for I love him still—and often relieved his

heart with poetic bursts—not always original, however). When he came to this use of "Excelsior" he would stop at the close of one of the verses and solemnly inquire, "Chaplain, do you think the young man did right in that?" (I shall not identify the verse but leave that to the reader.) Or he would ask, "Chaplain, do you think you would have done anything so unfeeling as that?" I always assumed a proper show of propriety and dignity under these inquisitorial fires, and enjoyed them no less than did my would-be tormentor. He was a great tease, but found me an unprofitable subject. He had a great habit of scribbling on the margins and blank leaves of books, and I treasure (mainly for his sake) a little book of Psalms which he subjected to this treatment.

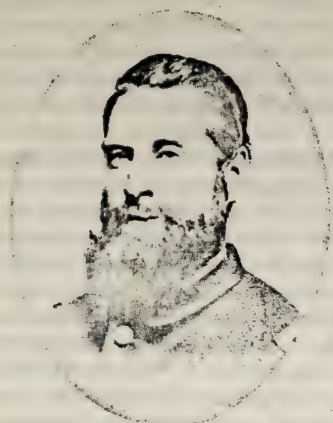
The severe engagement at Hawe's Shop occurred a few days before the Trevillian fight. There was a farm-house alongside where our battery was at work, and Dr. Clark had taken possession of a small out-building to operate on a wounded soldier. While performing the amputation of a leg (I believe), a rebel shell came through one wall and striking the other fell back upon the floor. There was a moment's spell-bound silence anticipating the bursting of the shell; then Surgeon Clark found strength to say, "Johnny (Cowles), take that shell out!" It was done. The surgical operation was at its most critical point, that of tying up an artery, and it would have been death to the wounded man to have run and left him, or have loosened the hold on that artery. This will evidence the kind of "stuff" our surgeon and hospital steward were made of.

On this Trevillian raid, when the column was halted at noon, Surgeon Clark and I started to visit a house in sight and about a mile distant. Those were days when provisions were scarce and the variety limited, hence the temptation great to pick up something and anything in the way of a new diet. We knew the country around was infested with bushwhackers, and bodies of the enemy were constantly on our flanks and ready to take in or hang up any stragglers or wanderers who might fall into their hands. Nevertheless the temptation was great to try our luck at the distant farm-house in sight of our column. We started "across lots," in the usual cavalryman way, and soon after jumping over a ditch found ourselves in a drained field and where the ground was very light and porous. The horses several times went down in holes to their bellies, and we found ourselves compelled to slow up our pace on account of this treacherous soil. But haste was imperative and we steered for the farther side of the field, the Surgeon leading the way, and the horses repeatedly struggling in these holes of spongy earth. The Surgeon reached the ditch on the farther side, which was about six feet deep and wide, but the soft soil failed to give his horse a good foothold for the jump, so that he came short, with only his fore-feet striking the opposite side. I was compelled quickly to rein in my horse, or I would have gone on top of the Surgeon, whose horse was scrambling up the opposite side of the ditch. Riding back a few feet to get headway for my own jump, I made again for the ditch, but the horse refused the leap. I tried him several times, but always with the same result. In the mean time the Surgeon had gone on and was out of sight; our column of troops was then also out of sight; and I was left alone, in a sense imprisoned in this drained quagmire, through the confirmed stupidity of my steed. The situation presented itself to my mind in most desperate and an alarming light in view of the probability that bushwhackers were around, and my solitary and defenseless plight would deliver me into their hands. The possibilities of

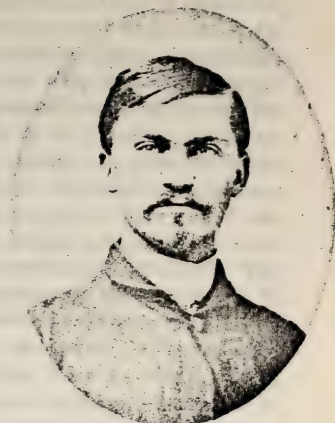
the situation filled me with dread, and a tumult of thought rushed through my mind, for I imagined every minute of delay was fraught with dangers, and visions of a "short shrift" or the back road to a Richmond prison confronted me. Wildly casting about for some means to extricate myself, I espied a pile of fence-rails on the opposite side of the ditch. My inventive faculty, which would have made the fortune of an engineer officer, I do not doubt, like a flash suggested my only means of escape. Quickly dismounting and leaving my horse standing (he calmly went to grazing), I clambered to the pile of rails and began with might and main to throw them down into the ditch, and with perspiration pouring out of me in streams and trembling with anxiety, after a little time had half filled the ditch with these rails. Then easily catching my horse I led him without difficulty across this substitute for the bridge or causeway. With nervous haste I mounted, and, finding myself on good ground, sped after the column whose whereabouts were unknown. The farm-house larder had lost all its charms, and a safe return to my place in column was the one devoutly desired attainment. How or when I got back I do not remember, but somehow I got there. The rear-guard welcomed me with some wonder as I reached them; and I bestowed afterward a due amount of reproaches on the Surgeon for leaving me alone in the midst of so many perils. I have an indefinite remembrance that he professed surprise that I had not followed closely after him.

Of course, on this raid we were compelled to live off the enemy, and daily foraging parties were sent out to scour the country for provisions. The thrilling tales told around our camp-fires of the adventures encountered stimulated my desire to see for myself the methods of these operations, which were not unaccompanied with dangers in going miles away from our line of march, and I requested permission to go with a foraging party. The experience was certainly interesting. At one quiet and neat little white frame house we found several middle-aged maiden ladies and one old man. All were very respectable in appearance, and as though dressed in expectation of company. They were much alarmed upon our appearance and demands for provisions, and assured us that they had nothing in the house. I took a chair in the sitting-room to listen to their denials and to quiet their fears of harm and convince them of our peaceable and orderly intentions. The others of the party had scattered over the house, some going up-stairs; and while the family were protesting to me that they were destitute of supplies even for themselves, an ominous noise was heard above, and immediately a barrel of flour began a hasty and unceremonious descent of the stairs into the room where I was. The family were speechless in the face of such a contradiction of their plea of barrenness. The head of the barrel came out by the time it reached the bottom of the stairs, scattering much of the contents on the floor. Our limited means of transportation necessitated the confiscation of several lace-edged (not imported lace though, but home-made) pillow-cases from the beds to carry the flour to camp.

We afterward the same afternoon went to quite a pretentious country mansion. A flock of sheep were seen feeding in a field close by. Instantly several of the detail were chasing those sheep, firing their revolvers at them from horse-back. It was great sport for the cavalymen, but not for the terrified sheep nor for the occupants of the mansion. A good many women were at this house, who came out on our appearance as we rode into the front yard and under the shade



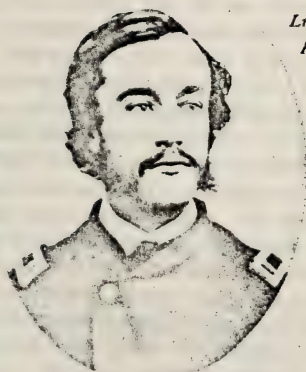
*Lieut. William F. Graves,
Reg'l. Quartermaster.*



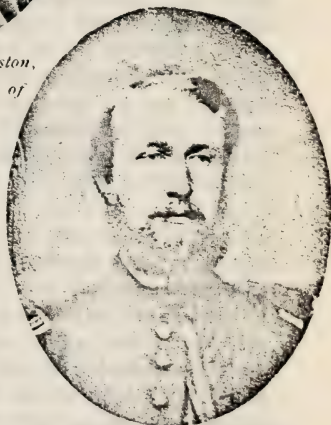
*Charles H. Spencer,
Reg'l. Quartermaster S'g'l.*



*Lieut. Noble D. Preston,
Reg'l. Commissary of
Subsistence.*



*Lieut. Henry K. Clarke,
Assistant Surgeon.*



*Captain Joseph H. Bradley,
Chaplain.*

of splendid trees. A troop of negroes also put in an appearance. The women naturally were excited and enraged, and most roundly abused us. I undertook my usual part of pacificator, but with poor success, as may well be imagined, for a number of the men had dismounted and without ceremony began skirmishing for provisions around and within the house. I surmise that they went through that house indiscriminately. The inhabitants were pale with rage, and poured out their vials principally upon me. I was able to bear it with much equanimity. Complaint was made of unnecessary pillage, and I requested a sergeant to examine the nature of the proceedings up-stairs and restrain any undue extravagance on the part of the men; but the virulence of the people shown (not that it was unnatural or unpardonable under the circumstances) greatly mitigated any sense of indignation the acts of any of our party might otherwise have awakened. The resources of this plantation were quite various, and speedily the men began to come back from their several directions with wonderful and strange supplies. I most distinctly remember one man came to me with the inquiry, "Chaplain, do you like preserves?" I was touched on a tender spot. Then he handed up to me as I still sat in the saddle a tall stone jar (such as we are accustomed to see in our own well-stocked homes). No spoons nor dishes came with the jar of preserves, and the exigencies of the service required the use of my fingers to extract its contents, which I accordingly did forthwith. It was very toothsome after the usual fare of such a campaign, but there was little dignity or style about the means of making that jar of preserves available while balancing it with one hand on the pommel of the saddle and rescuing its contents with the other without the aid of the usual adjuncts of civilized and polite living.

This one experience in foraging satisfied all my curiosity and finished my education as a cavalry raider.

What a dusty time we had of it on this Trevillian raid! Toward the close of it men and horses went into bivouac in one common coating and blending of yellow tint. The clouds of impalpable dust rose up as we marched, and on the last day of our outward course among the thick woods the slowly rising dust which enveloped us rose above the tree-tops and clearly exposed our progress to the enemy, who shelled the column from this indication of our position. As we neared the battle-field we passed a wounded Confederate lying on the edge of the road. The enemy's shells were flying about us, but compassion for this boy drew me aside for a moment to help him. Dismounting at his side I did what I could for his comfort. He seemed badly hurt, and I took his name and the address of his family and promised to write to his home for him. He lived in Norfolk, Va., if I rightly remember. I sent a letter to his relatives.

That June night after the fight at Trevillian I think I came nearer to freezing to death than ever in my life. The Regiment bivouacked on a slope of ground and the rain began falling. It seemed to enter to and chill the very marrow in the bones. We built fires and laid ourselves so close to them that the one side of the body almost roasted while the other froze. The enemy, seeing our fires, shelled the position, and in the black darkness and with considerable confusion we vacated that place. I imagine everybody felt altogether miserable and wretched. Somehow after a while I found myself with the Regiment in the neighborhood of a farm-house, but the darkness was so intense and the rain still falling that it was impossible to make out where we were or hardly to identify our

own selves. Take that whole night through and I would put it down as the worst spent one of my whole army life. About midnight I managed to find room in the partial shelter of what I believe was a half-full corn-crib along with a miscellaneous company of others, where rank and previous conditions seemed to count for little. The farm-house and barn, etc., constituted a sort of universal headquarters for all ranks and departments of the service, a large number of officers and men being mixed up in the same conditions of deplorable difficulties.

Toward morning it was reported that the Cavalry Corps would begin the return march, and it moved off in the night, leaving the Tenth New York as rear-guard, with orders to remain on the ground till daylight. The remaining hours were anxious ones while we were alone before the enemy. The rain had ceased and the sky cleared and our eyes watched for the coming day, expecting that the enemy would discover our situation; but the morning slowly—very, very slowly—drew on and everything was in readiness to move the moment our appointed time came. The day broke gloriously. Never was morning light more welcome or beautiful to my eyes! When the order came to move we went. A bridge near by was torn up after we crossed it, and, with a lightness of heart like a bird's, I took a cross-cut over the field to the head of column.

All my memories of the Tenth New York Cavalry are full of pleasantness. No dearer anticipation could gladden my heart than the possibility of sitting down in the midst of the whole Regiment once more gathered. For every man in it I cherish a tender regard. My service as chaplain was one of the brightest episodes of life, and which I would gladly live over again. Were that possible the dearest desire of my heart would be to serve the comrades as their chaplain far better than I did in the "lang syne," and which the added years and experience of life would enable me to do.

Colonel Theo. F. Rodenbough, brevet brigadier-general United States Volunteers, whose gallantry on the field of battle is attested by an empty sleeve, says in regard to the Trevillian Station engagement of the 11th:

The Tenth New York, of Davies's brigade, also distinguished itself in the assault.*

Of the relative strength of the opposing forces at Trevillian General Sheridan estimated his own effectives at eight thousand, while General Butler, temporarily in command of Hampton's division in that engagement, says:

The strength of Hampton's forces can not be given accurately, but is estimated at about five thousand all told.†

It would seem that General Hampton's force must have been greater, since he reports a loss in his division (General Butler in command) of 612, an excessive loss for one division.

* Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, vol. iv, p. 234.

† Ibid., p. 239.

General Sheridan commenced the return march on the night of the 12th of June. The Tenth was engaged in tearing up railroad track part of the night. Moving out it took its place in the column of march at 2 A. M. on the 13th, and, after crossing the North Anna, did some foraging. On one of these expeditions some of the members of the band had a skirmish, in which Burt Orser was captured and Thomas L. Townley barely escaped keeping him company. On the 15th the command passed through Spottsylvania Court-House, and over the scenes of the fierce struggles between the two armies the preceding month. The next day Sergeant Nelson Washburn, of Company L, was wounded while on a foraging expedition. Then on the 18th Sergeant Major Farnsworth, with eight men from the Regiment, went out to try and obtain forage, and was attacked by a superior force from the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, and lost five men, two of whom, Clarence Newmire and Orange Egbertson, were killed. Elias Evans, Julius Moak, and Silas Ostrander, were taken prisoners, the latter wounded and afterward recaptured.

Crossing the Mattaponi at 7 A. M. on the 20th, the Regiment settled down at White House at four o'clock. All was quiet at the time. In the morning the Confederate cavalry had attacked the immense wagon-train of the army parked there, but had been driven off and kept at bay by the gunboats.

Moving across the Pamunkey at an early hour, the boys expected to have a brush with the enemy, but finally recrossed the river about 8 A. M.; then, two hours later, passed over the pellucid waters of the Pamunkey again, and succeeded in stirring up a little quarrel with the enemy, but nothing serious resulted. The Regiment was relieved from the skirmish-line on the evening of the 22d, and retired to the bluffs, went into camp and drew rations. At two o'clock, again on the road. The Confederates were attacked and driven to Baltimore Cross-roads. They took the aggressive, however, on the morning of the 23d, which ended in slight skirmishing. The Regiment reached Jones Bridge, on the Chickahominy, and crossed at 11 A. M. Here the trains passed over in safety, the sharp crack of the carbines on the right, meantime, denoting the presence of the Confederates in force in the woods there. The men were standing to horse when the evening shades came on.

To the members of the Second Cavalry Division the 24th of June, 1864, will always stand out in bold relief. This was the day on which the battle of St. Mary's Church occurred. The enemy chivalrously allowed time for breakfast, and then the music began.

By ten o'clock the skirmishing became quite general and continued until afternoon. About four o'clock the enemy attacked in force with both cavalry and infantry. The Second Division, which had advanced on the Richmond road, to protect the moving trains, bore the shock of the onset alone and unsupported, the First Division having moved on the direct road as escort to the trains. The contest was so unequal—the Confederates outnumbering Gregg three to one—that our line was broken, and in the confusion which followed in the woods and undergrowth, regiments became mixed up and all semblance of



organization was lost. It was the first and only time the colors of the Second Division were lowered. But its action saved the trains, which were safely passing along while the engagement was in progress.

Captain George Vanderbilt, of Company L, furnishes the following account of the operations of the Regiment from the 20th to the 25th of June, including the actions at White House Landing, Chickahominy, and St. Mary's Church :

Sheridan, with his First and Second Divisions of Cavalry, returned from the Trevillian raid, reaching White House Landing Monday, June 20, 1864, at 4.30 p. m., where he found some transports and the gunboat *Iola*.

Some colored troops were across the Pamunkey, fighting rebel cavalry, assisted by the gunboat. Tuesday, June 21st, our brigade crossed over at 3 a. m., dismounted, and lay formed on the sand till 10 a. m., then returned across the river.

Here we had breakfast, mounted, crossed over again and took a hand in the free fight, and fought till darkness put a stop to it, our Regiment supporting J. I. Gregg's Second Brigade on the extreme right of the line. My squadron, Companies A and L, supported a battery. Stood to horse all night. Wednesday, June 23d, was a dark and cloudy day. We were relieved from the Second Brigade and reported back to our First Brigade, General H. E. Davies, on the left of the line, at 6 A. M. At 2 P. M. moved out to Baltimore Cross-roads three miles and camped. The Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Squadrons, under Major Weed, were ordered on picket half a mile out on the Bottom's Bridge road; they had a very unpleasant time, as there was continuous firing along the line. Thursday, June 23d, was clear and bright. In the early morning five men of Company K, who had been captured during the night, within twenty rods of Captain Snyder's picket reserve, came in, stripped of everything. We moved out at 8 A. M. to Jones's Bridge over the Chickahominy River, and saw there an immense wagon-train and realized that we were expected to guard it safely to the James River. Our brigade Band was drawn up beside the pontoon bridge and played inspiring airs as we crossed the famous river. We no sooner reached the opposite side than our brigade with the First Division and some colored troops got into a big fight. We, however, forced the rebs back some distance; by evening all became quiet and we went into camp and unsaddled. It was extremely hot, day and night. We had our frugal supper prepared and just commenced to eat it, when a volley on the line caused a big scramble. "Saddle up and stand to horse," and so we lost our much-needed meal. Some of the boys were guilty of saying disagreeable things about the Johnnies, for which I did not chide them.

Friday, June 24th, opened clear, hot, and dusty. It was to witness the most desperate fighting ever done by Gregg's gallant Second Division; the First Division and Sheridan himself had gone forward to the James River. We moved out about three miles to St. Mary's Church, halted about noon, dismounted, and ordered to get dinner; had just commenced preparations when the familiar "Boots and saddles" was blown. We marched forward say a half-mile, dismounted and formed line of battle; the Second Brigade was already fighting. Our Regiment was posted along the edge of a piece of woods and partly in it. I with my squadron, Company A, commanded by Lieutenant Perry, and my company, L, was on the left of the Regiment across an old wood-road leading through the strip of wood say three hundred yards wide, the rebs in plain view beyond the wood. They commenced to advance in earnest about 3 P. M., when Major Avery ordered me to take my squadron to support Captain Porter, who, with his squadron, Companies C and G (Company C commanded by Lieutenant Hinkley), on the right, was being hard pressed by greatly superior numbers. When I arrived he had been forced back out of the woods to the edge of the field, where he had hastily thrown up slight works of fence-rails, etc., about two feet high. I soon found this position untenable, and fell back in good order about four o'clock to a new position about one hundred and fifty yards to the rear behind a fence and ditch; the fence was placed on top of the earth thrown from the ditch, which formed a good breastwork. The rebs kept up a heavy fire from the woods for a few minutes, then out came a cloud of skirmishers, followed by a heavy line of battle; the skirmishers were soon absorbed by the main line; then with their peculiar yell they charged. We held our fire until they were within fifty feet, then gave them such a terrific

fire with carbines and revolvers they could not stand it; they broke and fled pell-mell for the cover of the woods, our men dropping many of them on the way. They opened fire from the woods again in short order, the shells from our battery in our rear bursting in among them. It was a hot spot for us, the shells from both our own and the reb battery screaming over our heads, and the bullets striking the fence-rails and now and again a man. After some little time they came out of the woods and charged again right up to the fence; but the withering fire our boys gave them compelled them to break for the rear again, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of their officers, who upbraided them with curses. It was of no avail; they kept on to the cover of the woods again. There must have been more dead and helplessly wounded lying on the ground in our front than there were in our whole battalion. Their charging line I calculated was at least fifteen hundred men. A continuous fire was kept up, they at our heads and we at the smoke in the edge of the woods. "Fire low!" was the order constantly given to our men. We were getting short of ammunition, so I sent back for more. None coming, it looked as if we could not hold our position much longer; in fact, it did not seem possible that any one could get up to us from the rear, as they would have to come over an open field a quarter of a mile down a slight incline, in full view of the enemy's lines. Sergeant L. P. Norton, of my Company L, came to me for more ammunition for his part of the line. I stated the case to him that I did not think any one could get to us alive. He said, "Captain, I know it's risky, but I'll chance it." He soon returned with a supply and distributed it along the line safely. He had a narrow escape; a bullet spoiled his hat (he has the same hat yet), one went through his coat-sleeve and coat between his side and arm; three or four other bullet-holes through his clothing, and one through his canteen. The rebels tried their best to kill him, for they could see him with the box, and knew just what he was bringing up.

Sergeant Harlan P. Thompson, of Company A, whom I had posted on my extreme left in an important and exposed position, being just at this time shot down severely wounded, I immediately rewarded Sergeant Norton for his gallantry by posting him in Sergeant Thompson's place. By the conformation of the ground it was necessary for a man to stand up behind a gate-post on the left, in order to see the rest of the regimental line. About six o'clock Sergeant Norton reported the Regiment falling back, exposing my left, and I noticed the Regiment on my right falling back closely pursued. At the same time the rebels were advancing with three lines to the charge again. We gave them a volley, as they reached the fence, right in their faces. I then ordered my men to get back as fast as they could, and I set the example (I will state that no one passed me the first three hundred yards or so to the top of the rise, where we came to another strip of wood and a log-house). Colonel Huey, Eighth Pennsylvania, was posted there with a few men behind some rails and logs. He ordered me to halt my men and form with him, saying, "we could hold the enemy." I called his attention to a column passing his right. He said they were our men. I told him they were rebs, and that he was flanked on his left, too. I took my men back. It was the last I saw of Colonel Huey. He and his men were captured in less than five minutes. The country was partly wooded and partly open. The rebs ran their battery right on their skirmish-line. As Lieutenant Perry, commanding Company A, and I were hurrying along together, still on foot (our led horses had been sent back out of

sight) a cannon-ball took off a man's head a few feet ahead of us. He jumped up about four feet and fell near us. I said to Lieutenant Perry, "Walt., go through his pockets." He replied, "I ain't got time." Some distance farther on we came to a line the staff-officers had formed. We passed through this, say half a mile or so, then formed another line. Soon the line we had passed came running through us; and so the retreat was kept up, running and fighting, till after dark, a distance of about six miles, when the Johnnies stopped chasing us. Our men were completely exhausted and lay down on the ground near the Charles City Court-House as fast as they came in. Some died from heat and over-exertion during the night. I myself was doctored nearly all night. We realized for the first time how it felt to get a good sound thrashing and then be chased for our lives, somewhat as we had served the rebs at Trevillian Station two weeks before. The division lost heavily in killed and wounded, among the number Colonel J. Irvin Gregg, commanding Second Brigade, wounded; Colonel Covode, Fourth Pennsylvania, killed; Captain Phillips, division staff, leg shot off (died); Colonel Huey, Eighth Pennsylvania, taken prisoner. In our regiment, Captain Page, Company M, killed; Captain Porter, Company G, captured; Hospital Steward John E. Cowles, wounded in hand; Sergeant Harlan P. Thompson, Company A, severely wounded; Corporal C. H. Horner, Company L, severely wounded and prisoner (died); Private James M. Bacon, Company L, wounded by grape-shot. Sheridan with the First Division came up during the night. The next morning we marched unmolested to Wilcox's Landing, on the James River. Captain B. B. Porter, of Company G, who commanded the First Squadron in the fight and was captured in the final charge, is with me while I am writing this, and says that the rebel officers told him that Sheridan had sent orders to Gregg to fall back at one o'clock, before the fight commenced, but that they had captured the bearer, thus finding out that Gregg was alone with his two brigades. The request forwarded by General Gregg to General Sheridan for orders was also captured, so they, having eight brigades, told Captain Porter they intended to capture General Gregg and his whole command. Instead of capturing us, they only succeeded in forcing us back after a terrific battle lasting about five hours and only captured eleven officers and one hundred and seven men besides our severely wounded. Their wounded, Captain Porter informs me, was greater in number than the whole of our two brigades opposed to them. He says one of our shells struck down eight men near him, killing four of them instantly.

Hon. E. M. Tuton, formerly of Company E, gives the following graphic description of this battle :

On the night of the 23d of June, 1864, our brigade camped at or near Baltimore Cross-roads, on the road from White House over to the James River, my squadron, Companies E and K, doing picket duty at or near the cross-roads and vicinity: some of the men of our picket reserve while coming from a house in the rear with water, in the dusk of the evening, being captured by the enemy, who were in our rear and inside of our pickets. Sergeant Morse, of Company K, while returning, and within a few rods of the reserve, was met by a Johnny, who poked a carbine within a foot of his face, demanding an unconditional surrender. Morse not being ready to comply with his request, leaned over on his horse's neck, out of

range of the Johnny's firelock, put spurs to his steed with a vicious dig, and soon landed in the reserve in a somewhat excited state of mind.

We soon had no reserve, as every man was pot-hunting for a Johnny in the brush, but without success. However, they were unable to take their prisoners with them, they coming in one by one in the bright light of the morning, minus arms, clothing, money, watches, etc., which they were forced to contribute to the promotion of the Confederate cause. Few of our pickets or reserves got any sleep that night.

About 8 A. M. on the morning of the 24th we pulled out, and after some three or four hours' marching in a southerly direction we turned to the right and marched west perhaps a couple of miles, some of the boys claiming we had flanked the Johnnies and were going right into Richmond by the side-door. The Regiment was here halted and turned to the left into an open field. The Johnnies had just left their fires, which were still burning, some of their cooking utensils being scattered about in dire confusion.

Companies F, M, G, and H were dismounted and sent down into the woods in our front as skirmishers, while our squadron did mounted skirmish duty in the open field. This field was flanked on the left by a dense strip of woods, while the left of our line of mounted skirmishers were close up to the woods, and we could distinctly hear the Johnnies knocking about in the brush, getting ready to make some of us fit subjects for a funeral. Lieutenant Van Tuyl rode down to our left to investigate and see how many there were of them, and while peering into the woods one of them fired at him at point-blank range, fortunately not hitting him. We then received peremptory orders to dismount and drive them out, which we did without any loss to us, and, so far as I could see, none to them.

After clearing this strip of woods we were ordered down to the front line, and on arriving at the edge of the wood at the lower end of the field were halted and ordered to tear down the rail fence and build temporary breastworks, which we did, they serving as a protection from the bullets of the enemy as they advanced on our front through the woods an hour later.

We were on the extreme left of our line, the fence spoken of extending into the woods on our left flank, and, to use a military expression, our left flank was in the air, my company being in the corner of the field, with woods to our front, left, and left rear. About 3 P. M. a spattering fire commenced down on the right and ran along up our line to our front, where could be seen the Johnnies dodging from tree to tree and advancing upon us. By this time the rattle of our carbines and the yells of the rebs as they came for us extended to our right for a quarter of a mile or more. But in our immediate front they did not get nearer than five or six rods of us, we driving them back by the fire of our revolvers after giving them all we had in our carbines.

After the demonstration on the part of the Johnnies they fell back out of the range of our fire, and there was a lull in the firing along our line, except now and then an occasional shot from them at some of our boys who ventured out in front to inventory the number of killed and wounded of the rebels. We spent about half an hour in this manner, adding to the strength of our line and discussing the situation, when on our right was heard the "Hi-yi-yi" of the rebs as they again advanced upon us, and it did seem as though we could not stop them, they coming up within twenty feet of where we lay behind the rails. But, the reception they

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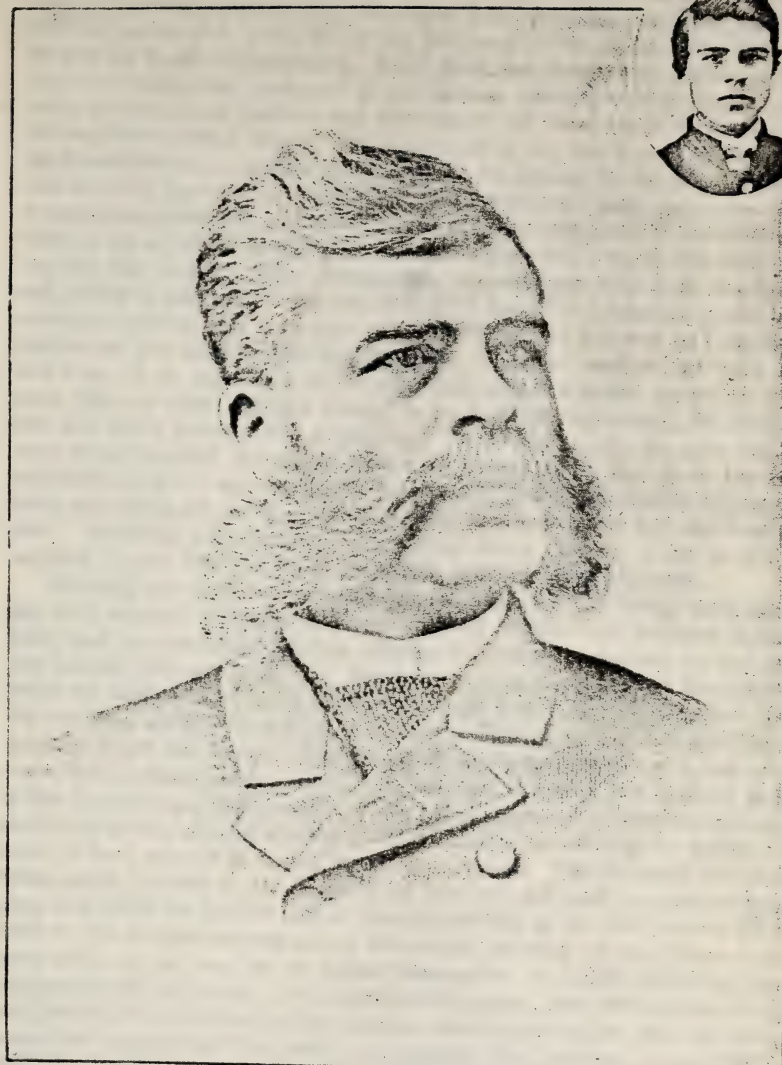
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HON. E. M. TUTON, 1890.

E. M. TUTON, RECRUIT, 1863.

met with being warmer than they anticipated (our boys being all at home), they left without as much as saying good-by. During that little fracas the writer of this was struck by a minié-ball in the left breast and knocked out of the fight for some five minutes, and the query was where it had gone, the hole where it entered being about one inch to the left of the buttons over the breast. But there was no time for further investigation. I still lived, and things were getting lively—the rebs were coming again, and to our surprise bayonets were in our front, and, while we worked our carbines and revolvers for all there was in them, we could not stop their onward course. My carbine got so hot that it went off as I drew the lever-block up to its place in the breech. On casting my eye along the fence that extended through the woods to our left, I was almost paralyzed to see about a dozen rebs on our left, and on our side of the fence, some four or five rods away, while as far as I could see along the fence to our left in the woods they were coming over like so many sheep. Discharging my carbine at random in the crowd, and yelling to our boys to “get out of this,” I started in a diagonal course back across the clearing at a pace none of our boys equaled, followed by a shower of bullets that just made my hair stand on end. I had got back to our right and rear some six or eight rods, in the open field, near to a second growth of pine-trees, when an officer galloped toward us as if intent on checking the break in our line, which was now fast giving way. As he came under the pine-tree, his horse being on a stiff run, a shell from a reb battery struck the top of the tree, exploded, and down went horse and rider, torn to pieces by that shell, killing the horse and taking off the leg of the officer, who died before they got him from the field. He proved to be Captain Phillips, First Maine Cavalry. I saw an orderly carrying Captain Phillips’s leg as we left the field some time afterward.

All along our front the line was crumbling away, soldiers falling back, assisting their wounded comrades to places of safety; officers and orderlies dashing hither and yon, swearing, cheering, striving to make the men stand up and face that terrible front and flank fire. But back we went to the brow of the ridge on which our artillery was posted—four or six pieces, I can not now tell which. But the way those artillery boys fed it to the rebs coming up on their left flank in the field and woods was terrific. The guns were discharged as fast as a man could count, double-shotted with canister, at a range not to exceed two hundred yards in the farthest place, the muzzles of the pieces depressed so that the case-shot struck the ground or trees in front of the advancing line, causing the timber and brush to bend and reel as though struck by a cyclone. The shrieks of the rebels when struck, followed by the cheers of our men who witnessed the work of those guns, rose above the din and roar of the artillery, and to us, who were striving so hard to live to fight another day, it was indeed cheering. I stood there a moment while the air was full of bullets, unconscious of danger, watching those artillerymen do their work. And they did it in grand style, while horses, riders, and gunners went down under that terrible concentration of fire that was turned upon that battery; but they could not maintain their position. Some forty or fifty of us, under the leadership of an officer I did not know, protected the left flank of the battery by lying down behind a garden fence and keeping the rebs back on the other side of the garden until the battery limbered up and dashed to the rear down the incline out of range. We also limbered to the rear; and had we not done so, the chances are we would have been there yet. So back we went—

troopers looking for their horses, pack-mules braying for water, shells dropping here and there, coming where from no one seemed to know—back to the field hospital, where it was a scramble to get such of our wounded as could be moved upon horses back out of danger. It was here that I assisted comrade Daniels, of Company G, to mount a horse, he having been severely wounded in the hip, and his brother succeeded in getting him safely from the field. Near here we overtook our horses making to the rear in charge of our No. 4's men, and, mounting my charger, I felt that Richard was himself again.

Still back we went. The sun had set and dusk was falling fast. About eight or nine o'clock that night some ten or fifteen of us went into an oat-field, and, tying my horse to a rail I had taken from a fence, I lay down, with the rail for a pillow, utterly exhausted, where I remained unconscious of the surroundings until early daybreak the next morning, when I was aroused by a perfect babel of shouts, calling to the members of various regiments who were just coming in: "Tenth New York, this way; Sixth Ohio, over there; First Maine, here; First Massachusetts, yonder; First Jersey, other side," and so on down until nearly every regiment in the division was named and its location pointed out.

After partaking of some hot coffee and hard-tack, supplemented with a smoke of some Old Virginia leaf, I began to feel the sense of demoralization passing away, and set about taking an account of stock. I still possessed my horse, arms, and accoutrements, and in addition I found the ball that struck me the day before. On entering the service I took with me two old-fashioned daguerreotypes in cases, the picture of one on glass, the other on sheet-iron. For safe keeping I had wrapped them in two folds of the cloth of an army overcoat, securely tied with strong twine, and carried them in the inside pocket of my cavalry jacket. The ball having struck just over them, going through cloth, cases, and glass, imbedded itself in the sheet-iron of the inside picture. At this day I consider it the best investment I ever made in life insurance, and am the proud possessor of that ball and the remains of those pictures. I have no record of the losses of our regiment, but they were heavy, among the killed being Captain Page, of Company M. As we fell back from our first line, which we did in confusion, I noticed an officer of the First Maine Cavalry cheering and encouraging his men, and right well did they respond. While only a private, and a young one at that, yet I knew a Buck-eye man from a Pine-tree fellow, also the difference between a P. V. and a Ny Yarker."

Lieutenant James Matthews, of Company M, writing of the St. Mary's fight, says:

I was detailed to take charge of the horses that day, as I had a boil on one of my eyes, which nearly made me blind. The men fought dismounted. We were attacked by a large force of cavalry and infantry, and were badly routed. The shells flew thick and fast, and so did the men. It was "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." One of General Gregg's aides told me to mount every man I saw, regardless of regiment "or previous condition." It was an extremely busy night. The tide set in for Charles City Court-House, without the least semblance of order. When we arrived at the Court-House it was burning, and a babel of voices were calling for this regiment and that. They stum-

bled and rode about, searching for lost comrades and companies. Notwithstanding the confusion, some little headway was made, so that early in the morning I had quite a squad of Tenth boys gathered together, but hardly a man was astride the horse that belonged to him. They appropriated everything found in the haversacks or overcoats. It was amusing to hear the expressions made by the real owners when they found their horses, later on, minus sundry personal articles.

We got pretty well straightened out the next day. Colonel Avery was out till late. It was thought that he was killed or captured, but he and Captain Weir finally came in together. I was greatly disheartened the night of the 24th, thinking the entire regiment was killed or captured. Captain Page and private Phillips, of my company, were killed in the early part of the fight.

Lieutenant (afterward Captain) David Pletcher describes the battle in these words:

On the return of General Sheridan with his command from Trevillian Station to White House Landing, he found that the rebel cavalry, which had been moving almost parallel with him on his right flank, had reached that point in advance of him, and from the hills, about a mile away on the Richmond road, were shelling the large wagon-train which was parked about the landing and the one regiment of infantry left there to guard the place. A gunboat, which was lying in the York River came to the rescue, and by a few well-directed shots from one of her guns—one of which played sad havoc with the enemy's artillery, blowing up a caisson and killing several horses—held the enemy back, while the frightened and almost panic-stricken train-men crossed the river on a dilapidated old bridge. Several mule-teams with their wagons became unmanageable on the bridge and went off into the river. General Sheridan, on learning of the situation at the landing, ordered Gregg's division forward. Reaching a point opposite the landing, after crossing, we camped for the day in the woods. When darkness came, Davies's brigade was taken across the river on the old bridge, the men breaking step on account of weakness of the bridge. On reaching the south side the command was formed in line of battle, a short distance out from the landing, where we hurriedly threw up breastworks in anticipation of a night attack; but none was made, and we rested quietly on our arms until morning. After resting at the landing for a day or two, General Sheridan started with the command and the large wagon-train for the James River. The First Division accompanied the train, while Gregg's division moved out on the Richmond road to guard the right flank. Reaching a point near St. Mary's Church, General Davies's brigade came upon the enemy on a road leading from Charles City Cross-roads toward Richmond. The fight was soon on, and the Tenth New York got the familiar order, "Prepare to fight on foot," and went into position on the left of the road, the right resting on the road in the woods with a small stream in its front. Colonel Avery detailed me as aide to him on this occasion, and instructed me to help form the line and then report the situation to him at once, saying he would send my horse down to the edge of the woods for me. While forming the line in the woods along the stream, Anthony Astil, of Company F, was hit by a minié-ball in his right knee, causing a wound which necessitated the amputation of his leg, and from which he died in a few days. I sent him back to the ambulance on my horse, which was at the skirts of the woods, and reported

to the Colonel on foot. There was a rail-fence near our line, and by direction of Colonel Avery I had the Pioneer Corps throw the fence into piles, so as to form a sort of breastwork on which the Regiment could rally in case they were forced to retreat. The battery went into position on a knoll a short distance in the rear of the line and to the right of the road. The First New Jersey Cavalry was just going into position on our left, when the rebels succeeded in pushing their line forward across the stream, and turned Captain Page's flank, he being the officer in command of the left, thus enabling them to sweep the left of our line, which they did with telling effect. Harris Daniels, of Company K, was shot through the groin at this point. The fighting was hard along the whole line, and, from the rebel yell that went up as they pressed our lines, it was plainly to be seen that we were not only outnumbered but outflanked on either side. The Regiment was forced back out of the woods as were the troops to the right of the road. Captain Sceva and myself rallied the squadrons of the left of the Regiment at the rail-piles, and fought the advancing rebels hand to hand, they coming over and into our temporary works with club muskets. The onslaught of the enemy was so heavy that we could hold out but a few minutes, and were forced to retreat, leaving five of Company F in the hands of the enemy and several of Company M. Captain Page was seen to fall a few rods from the rail-piles, and we never heard of him after. Just as the advancing rebels reached the edge of the woods at the road and to the right of it, the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, which was supporting the battery, made a splendid mounted charge against the rebel center to save the guns they were supporting. The charge was successful, but the Regiment suffered heavily. The enemy succeeded in advancing to the center of the plantation, but were again driven back into the woods, thus enabling the led horses, pack-train, and ambulances to get out of the way for *Gregg's infantry*, for that is what the most of us proved to be the remainder of that hot day. The road on which we retreated was mostly through woods, with now and then a small plantation, where a stand would be made and our pursuers given a warm reception. The cloud of dust that arose from our column served as a guide for the rebel artillerymen and enabled them to shell us effectually until darkness came upon the scene. Soon after, we arrived at Charles City Cross-roads, a distance of eight or ten miles from where the engagement began, very tired, and with our ranks thinned by the heavy losses. None of the men of Company F captured in this engagement ever returned to the company. They were starved to death in that horrible place, Andersonville Prison.

In regard to the death of Captain Page, Lieutenant J. A. Edson writes :

During the fight, some of the men of Company D had piled up some rails as a breastwork. I was lying behind the rails near Herman Phillips and John McQueen, and Captain Page was lying on my left. I was impressed with his recital of his troubles in the Regiment made at this time, as he had never spoken to me before. While he was still talking to me, the rebels charged and forced us from our place. Captain Dennison's battery was just in rear of us, doing splendid work. Some of our men made a stand in defense of the guns, and succeeded in checking the enemy, but it was only momentary. When the retreat was resumed, Captain Page had proceeded but a short distance, when he sprang into the air

and fell to the ground. Phillips stopped to help him, but said he was already dead, and he therefore hastened on, and, the enemy being close upon us, Page's body fell into their hands.

At 2 A. M., on the 26th, the trains commenced moving again, followed by the Second Division, the Tenth, forming the rear-guard, remaining in line by the roadside until 5 A. M., when it marched to Wilcox's Landing on the James River, where it arrived at twelve o'clock.

The trains were crossed to the south side of the James River during the 26th and 27th, the Tenth following with the Second Cavalry Division, on the 28th; and the cavalry was thus reunited to the Army of the Potomac, with which it was prepared to prosecute the fight to a finish.

CHAPTER X.

FALL CAMPAIGN, 1864—FROM PRINCE
GEORGE COURT-HOUSE TO RETURN FROM
RAID TO WELDON RAILROAD.

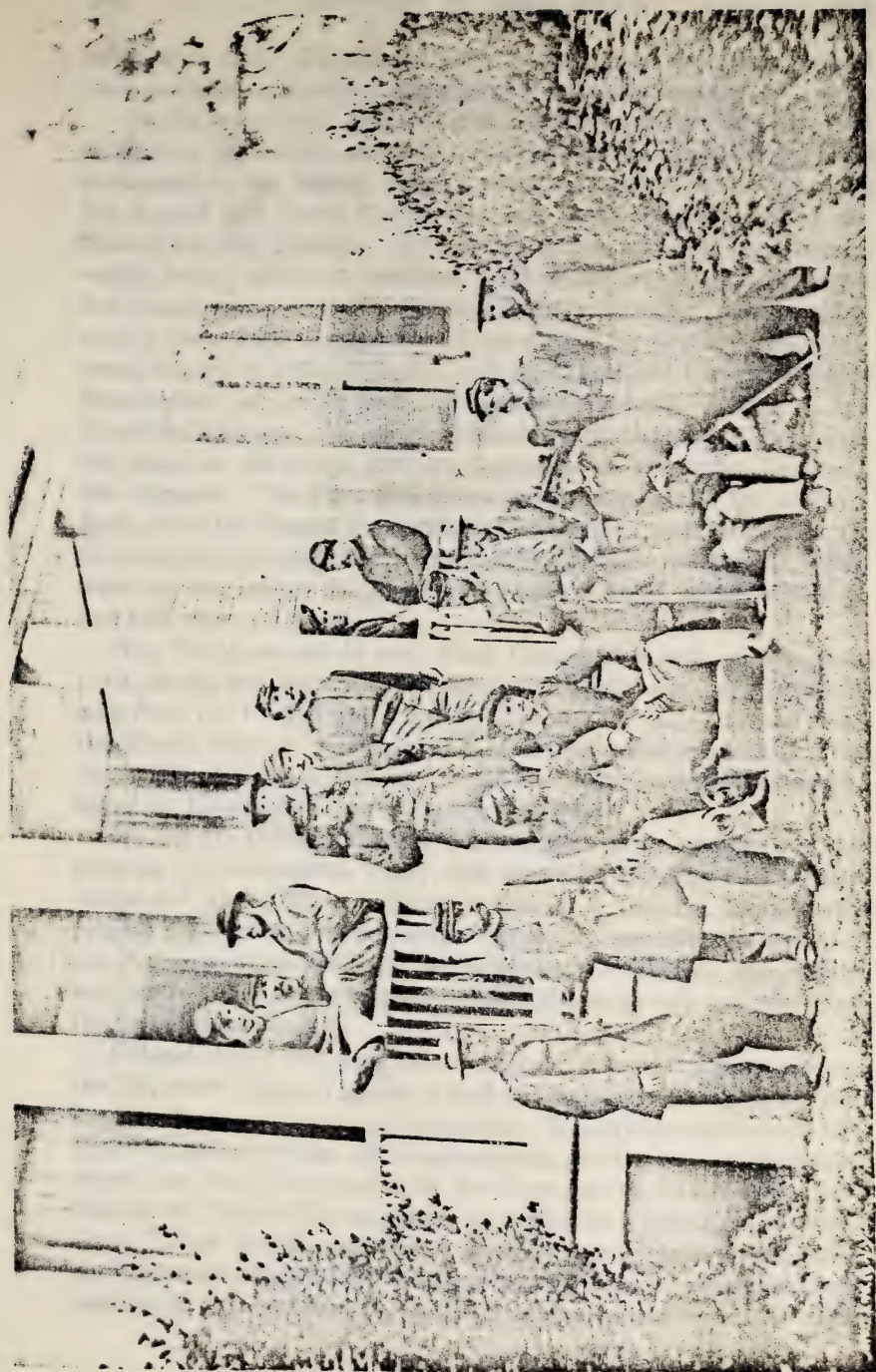


AFTER crossing the James River, the Tenth went into camp near Fort Powhatan, on the afternoon of June 28th, and later was sent to picket the country below Brandon Church. But the stay there was of short duration, the Second Cavalry Division moving down the Petersburg road next day and night, encamping at daylight on the 30th at Prince George Court-House.

Captain Kemper joined the Regiment here on the 2d of July. Little of importance transpired the first part of the month, so far as the Tenth was concerned. Some picketing, an occasional skirmish, and frequent changes of camp, were the varying features of this hot month. A skirmish of several hours' duration occurred at Lee's Mills, on the 12th, with no serious results. Dust on the march, flies in camp, and very warm weather prevailed, until the 19th, when the welcome rain brought joy and comfort to the hearts of all.

"Boots and Saddles" at 1.30 P. M., on the 26th, brought the Regiment out, and after standing to horse until six o'clock, the command started out on the City Point road. Crossing the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, it moved to Jones Neck, where it arrived, with the rest of the brigade, at daybreak on the 27th, and, crossing the James River at noon, went into bivouac.

Moving out at 9 A. M. the next morning, the Tenth came upon the enemy on the Charles City road at ten o'clock, and commenced skirmishing. The enemy presented a strong front, with infantry and cavalry. The fight soon became active and determined, and the brigade was compelled to abandon its position, losing one gun. Captain Blynn, with one squadron, was cut off, but rejoined the Regiment in



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN AND STAFF,
Jordan's House, "Lighthouse Point," Virginia, August, 1904.

safety after dark. The Second Corps came up, and the cavalry moved back to the place occupied the night before and encamped.

On the morning of July 29th, the Tenth dismounted and prepared to fight on foot; then, moving to the right of the line, took its place as support to the battery where it remained a short time. At noon the Second and Tenth Corps came into position on the left of the Second Cavalry Division. The Tenth threw up some light breastworks, behind which it remained until midnight, when it recrossed the James again, with the Second Cavalry Division, moving quite rapidly toward the Appomattox. At sunrise on the 30th the command crossed at Point of Rocks, and, marching past General Meade's headquarters, arrived at Lee's Mills, on the Blackwater, at 3 p. m., the Tenth in advance. Lieutenant Hinckley, of Company C, attacked the enemy at the bridge, and in a few moments the entire Regiment was engaged. The First Massachusetts Cavalry got on the enemy's flank, while the Second Pennsylvania, Sixth Ohio, and Tenth charged dismounted, capturing the bridge and taking some prisoners. After repairing the bridge the First New Jersey charged across, mounted, and took more prisoners.

The Tenth moved to near Sinai Church at 2 a. m. on the 31st, tired, sleepy, and worn out. Captain Vanderbilt, with one hundred men from the First New Jersey Cavalry, and the same number from the Tenth, went on picket on the Jerusalem plank-road at 5 p. m., on the 4th of August, and on the 6th the New Jersey men were relieved by Lieutenant Charley Pratt's squadron.

On the 7th General Sheridan was assigned to the command of the army in the Shenandoah Valley, and took with him the Sixth Army Corps and the First and Third divisions of Cavalry, leaving the reliable old Second Division, under General Gregg, with the Army of the Potomac, where it did its full share in the flanking movements and hard service in the interim between the departure and return of the two divisions named.

Colonel Avery was assigned to duty on general court-martial on the 7th, when Captain Vanderbilt took command of the Regiment, and Captain Preston of the Second Squadron. Kautz's cavalry relieved the Tenth on picket on the 12th, and next day, at 4 p. m., the Regiment moved out with the brigade to the Appomattox River again, and crossing at Point of Rocks, at 9 p. m., halted for a brief time at Jones Neck. Then crossing the James River before daylight on the 14th, the Regiment advanced on the Charles City road to nearly the same position it had occupied on the 28th of the previous month. The

skirmishing became very brisk by 10 A. M., the Second and Tenth Corps coming up on the left of the cavalry. The Regiment was sent on picket at night. It was dark and rainy, and the infantry was found after much floundering and marching about in the gloom, and the picket-line established to connect with them. In the march through the forest a pack-train from one of the regiments of the brigade cut into the column just in front of Captain Preston's squadron, unnoticed in the darkness. After a long, sleepy march the head of column—i. e., a dozen heavily laden mules—issued into an open field, where the camp-fires were blazing with a brightness betokening late attention. It was the enemy's camp, and had been but recently abandoned; perhaps occasioned by the advance of the mule brigade! Captain Preston at once called a halt, and realizing the awkward position he was in, hastily countermarched and started on the return. On the march the road was lost, and the mules, cavalry-men, cracker-boxes, and profanity became badly mixed in the underbrush; but the road and friends were found about the same time. When the front end of the Regiment halted the tail end didn't halt, because it wasn't there; so Major Avery sent out an exploring expedition, which met the still wagging tail, at the time it had just found the road, and together the united forces marched to the picket reserve of the Regiment.

Skirmishing commenced promptly with the advent of daylight on the 15th, and increased with the hours. It proved to be a bang-up day for the fighting business. After a time the Regiment was withdrawn to the right and rear of the infantry and a squadron was sent on a reconnaissance. Captain Vanderbilt was detailed, with his squadron, for duty with General Birney, commanding the Tenth Corps. While piloting some of the colored troops through the woods, they fired into troops from the Second Corps, mistaking them for the enemy; the Second Corps men in turn charged the colored boys. Many were killed and wounded on both sides, before the error was discovered. Again the fighting was on with the rising of the sun on the 16th. The Tenth supported a battery in the forenoon, and in the afternoon moved to the left to assist the Second Brigade, which had been heavily engaged, and whose commander, Colonel Gregg, had been wounded during the day.

An occasional picket-shot was the only reminder that the enemy was in front on the morning of the 17th. Later in the day a flag of truce appeared on the picket-line in front of the Tenth, and Major Avery and Captain Vanderbilt went out to meet the bearer, who pre-

sented a letter to General Gregg in regard to the remains of General Chambliss, killed in front of the Tenth while leading a charge the day before. The flag was displayed, and courtesies bearing upon the same subject extended three times during the day. The presence of General Gregg at the time of General Chambliss's death, and his recognition of an *ante-bellum* friend in the dead officer, gave rise to some discussion of the relations existing between them. It was said they were classmates at the Military Academy at West Point, but this is corrected in a letter from General Gregg, in which he says :

General J. R. Chambliss, who was killed in the engagement we had with the enemy's cavalry at Deep Bottom, in August, 1864, was not my classmate at West Point, he having graduated in 1853 and I in 1855. We served together as cadets at the Academy for two years, so that I knew him very well. He was rallying his rear-guard when he fell. When we reached his body I was present and recognized him. A Bible containing his name and a request that, should his body fall into the hands of a friend, certain dispositions were to be made, was found in his pocket. A silver cup and some articles of jewelry were recovered from his body and were sent to his widow. I sent the body to General Hancock's headquarters, and by him it was sent through the lines without any particular formalities that I remember. . . .

Captain Vanderbilt's diary for the 18th says :

Showery in morning and heavy rain at noon. Sent to support detachment of Sixth Ohio in the woods. Quiet until 5 P. M., when the rebs signalled our boys with a handkerchief from their battery in the road, on a hill, to look out, which was immediately followed by solid shot and shrapnel. Captain Blynn had just vacated a position behind a pine-tree when a solid shot penetrated it about waist-high. After about half an hour's shelling, the enemy advanced in force through the woods to scare us away. The boys remained behind the rails and light breast-works perfectly cool, while the officers ordered them to hold their fire until the command was given. When the enemy had got near enough the order to "fire!" was given, and such a banging, screeching, yelling, hurraing, and general hubbub I never heard; all joined in the familiar chorus of "Give 'em 'ell!" After they got back and found they were not all dead, they came up on a run and cheer again, and we let them get up a little nearer than before, and then we repeated the same tactics. They appeared to have forgotten something and went back for it in a hurry! They didn't come up again. We were re-enforced by the Sixth Ohio, and at dark the Fourth Pennsylvania relieved our Regiment.

Major Avery was rendered *hors de combat* by a boil on his neck, and retired to hospital on the 19th, leaving Captain Vanderbilt in command of the Regiment.

Recrossing the James River at sundown and the Appomattox at Point of Rocks about ten o'clock, the Regiment reached General Meade's headquarters, and the men received rations and remained

there all night in the mist and mud; then on the march again at daylight on the 20th to the Jerusalem plank-road, where it took position in rear of the Fifth Corps, near the Gurley house, in a heavy rain. At 3 A. M. next day the Regiment advanced on the Weldon Railroad toward Ream's Station, where it arrived with the rest of the Second Division.

The enemy striking our infantry on the left, the brigade, except one battalion of the Tenth, was dismounted and drove the Confederates back. At 2 P. M. the Tenth was ordered to report to Colonel Spear, commanding a brigade in Kautz's cavalry division, and moved with that brigade to Ream's Station and burned tanks and other railroad property, after which it returned to its proper command. The Regiment was paid during the night by Major Dyer, and then at noon on the 23d of August moved out to Ream's Station late in the afternoon, where the cavalry had been attacked. Under direction of Assistant Adjutant-General Weir, Captain Vanderbilt dismounted the Regiment and charged the Confederates in the woods, driving them out and from a strong position on a hill. Captain Vanderbilt led the charge, which called forth compliments from the division commander. Captain Blynn with fifty men went on a reconnaissance to the right on the 25th, and returned at 8 A. M. with one prisoner from Cobb's Legion. The boys were in line most of the night prepared for action. In the afternoon the Regiment moved out and commenced skirmishing. Companies H and L charged the Confederate line, but failed to dislodge them. A refugee named Barton Slaytor came into our lines with his young child on the 28th and remained with the boys during the day and night. Colonel Avery assumed command of the Regiment again on the 29th. Seventy more recruits for the Tenth arrived on the 30th. Captain Vanderbilt was tendered the position of Acting Assistant Inspector-General of the brigade on the 31st, but declined.

Companies B, C, D, and G left for General Warren's headquarters on the 3d of September for special service with the Fifth Corps, returning to the Regiment on the 11th.

Mr. Nilan, the newly elected sutler, arrived on the 15th, with a large stock of goods.

September 16th Hampton's division of Confederate cavalry gained the rear of the Army of the Potomac, and run off a large number of beeves. The Tenth was hurried out at 7 A. M., and went with the brigade down the the Jerusalem plank-road to the Nottoway River. Here Captain Blynn's squadron was assigned as support to the bat-

tery. The boys stood to horse nearly all night. While here Lieutenant Charley Pratt's squadron was attacked by flying artillery. A road upon which his detachment was doing picket duty ran through a wood. The outpost reported hearing the rumbling of artillery-wheels coming up the road in the darkness. The challenge was promptly given, but was unheeded. A second command to halt receiving no response, the man on picket discharged his carbine in the direction of the approaching artillery, and, putting spurs to his horse, shouted for the reserve to turn out, as the rebel artillery was coming. Lieutenant Pratt, while getting his men into position, sent word to Colonel Avery that the rebel artillery was approaching, and to prepare the Regiment for action! The Lieutenant then commenced a cautious investigation, which resulted in the discovery that the flying artillery consisted of an old cart, hauled by an emaciated team of mules, the ammunition being a load of happy contrabands bound for the land of freedom!

On Saturday, the 17th, the division marched back and encamped.

Assistant-Surgeon Sickler, who was left in charge of the wounded at Trevillian, was exchanged, and joined the Regiment on the 19th.

Special Order No. 254, Army of the Potomac, dated September 20, 1864, ordered Major M. H. Avery, Lieutenant James Matthews, and Sergeants Silas Metcalf, George H. Stevens, G. W. Davis, John P. White, N. W. Torrey, and John A. Freer to New York on recruiting service. This detachment departed on the 23d, leaving Captain Vanderbilt in command of the Regiment.

Rations were issued to the Tenth on the evening of the 28th, and every preparation made for a move. At 2 A. M. of the 29th the Second Division marched up the Vaughn road, halting at 3 A. M. near the Perkins house. When near Ream's Station, the Tenth was drawn up dismounted, on the left of the Weldon Railroad, and advanced about a mile, skirmishing, and then threw up light breastworks and made slashings in front. This was about 1 P. M. At 5 P. M. the line was advanced, driving the enemy. The Second Brigade, on the left of the line, had a sharp engagement. At ten o'clock the Regiment fell back to near the Wyatt house, where the horses had been left, and bivouacked. Captain Vanderbilt was taken very sick, and turned over the command of the Regiment to Captain Snyder.

A little skirmishing occurred on the 30th, in which the Tenth as usual bore its share, driving the enemy some distance, and at 11 P. M. bivouacked in the breastworks.

Saturday, October 1st, the Tenth moved to the right and made

connection with the infantry, then back to near the Davis house and formed in line. At ten o'clock the order to "prepare to fight on foot" came, and the Regiment advanced skirmishing, and drove the enemy some distance. From this till four o'clock the fight continued, with varying fortune. The attack of the enemy was at first repulsed and they were driven back to their works, in charging which our line was repulsed; then, massing on the right of the Regiment, they charged in heavy force, and compelled a retirement after a hot contest. Following up their success, they charged the line again, driving it from its first position, but were repulsed in the attempt to carry the second. The men never displayed better fighting qualities than here. Taking the offensive, the Tenth charged and regained the first line, but afterward voluntarily relinquished it, and took position behind the second line, where they were charged in front and flank by superior numbers, but by stubborn fighting the enemy were again repulsed. A hard rain prevailed during the entire day, and the men were wet, cold, and hungry when they went into bivouac about ten o'clock. In this fight, known as Poplar Springs Church, or Vaughn road, the Regiment lost quite heavily in killed, wounded, and missing. Sergeant Bela Burzette, of Company B, who was acting as sergeant-major at the time, was instantly killed. Captain Snyder, Lieutenant Van Tuyl, and Sergeant N. A. Reynolds were wounded.

Of this engagement, Captain (afterward Major) James M. Reynolds writes:

The battle of Vaughn's Road, fought September 30 and October 1, 1864, by the First Brigade of Gregg's division, seems to be my pet fight; but in recalling it many others come "front into line," demanding equal recognition.

On September 30th our brigade received orders to proceed to the Jerusalem plank-road and join our troops, which were to advance and form the left of our army at that point. On nearing the locality late in the day we were satisfied from the sound of battle on our right that the army had failed to advance as anticipated. General Davies took position on the border of a belt of timber, flanking the road at right angles, ordering the brigade to throw up a line of works (work we had tired of from lack of use). Just before dusk the General detailed the Tenth New York and a squadron of the Sixth Ohio to accompany him to the plank-road, about two miles distant. The darkness soon became so great the entire escort was obliged to dismount. Proceeding through the dense forest with its obscure little road, guided by the reflected light of camp-fires ahead of us, which from the space illuminated betokened an innumerable host either of friend or foe, our mission was to solve the problem. Which? Arriving at the plank-road we found we were just through the timber, on the outskirts of an army whose camp-fires lit up a vast plain. We were sheltered by a darkness so dense we could only tell each other by our voices and sense of feeling. The picture spread out

before us, with the columns of troops marching through the lines of camp-fires was one so weird and striking as never to be forgotten and not often our province to behold. We could hear a large body of mounted troops moving on the plank-road toward us. The General ordered the Tenth New York to cover the road on which we had advanced, the Ohio squadron to cover the plank-road. "Halt the advancing column; if the enemy, give them a volley." They were so unsuspecting of our presence, they had no advance-guard out, but were chatting and joking with the prospect of a camp-fire of their own. The captain of the Sixth Ohio * halted them with the usual formalities, they answering "Friend!" when he ordered "Dismount one and advance with the countersign," which was obeyed by Captain —, adjutant-general on General Granger's staff. This was percussion to our captain, who made a bodily capture of that particular staff-officer, ordering "Fire!" which was responded to on the instant in such a manner as to send the column flying down the road in one grand mix-up. I can hear the clatter of hoofs and sabers yet in their stampede. It was thrilling to us, but one of the grim jokes of war to them. We were happy to grope our way back, illuminated by the sulphurous atmosphere emanating from our prize captain's conversation. Next morning the brigade made a reconnaissance to our right, when the heavy firing soon told us our army had not reached the plank-road. We returned to our position of the day before. The boys "falling to" without urging, soon had (for cavalry) quite a respectable line of works. The General, taking a staff-officer, started out up the road in our front to make a reconnaissance on his own account. Arriving where the road was flanked on either side by marsh, we received a volley that was a full volume of revelation, putting every man on the "ready" behind our works; and none too soon, for immediately they were at us with a savage determination that seemed irresistible. It looked as if by their very numbers they would break through our line and gather us up; but our little brigade was not only full of fire, but rolled one into the enemy with both carbine and pistol that commanded and received respect. On a greater portion of the line the butts of carbines were freely used to cool the ardor of our foes. "It was a glorious sight to him who had no friend or brother there." Soon the field became enveloped in one dense cloud of smoke, and only from the continuous rattle of our arms and the spirit within us could we tell that our little band would prevail. It was fully an hour before the fierceness of battle ceased, when the enemy withdrew for a renewal. They knew we were isolated and unsupported, so were bent upon our capture. Having made them doubly mad by the usage of the night before and the repulse of their first attack we knew what to expect. In the lull we lined our works with ammunition and planted a "light twelve" in the road on the flank of the old Tenth, which spoke louder than words of the General's estimate of the Regiment. The rain began to pour in torrents, and with it came another storm of shot and shell from two batteries. Under cover of this fire the enemy moved down and formed several lines beyond the marsh-flanked place before mentioned. Their artillery ceased firing, which seemed to be the signal for their advance, as the noise of their guns was immediately replaced by their demoniacal yells, which were calculated to strike terror to our hearts. On they came with a mad rush, one staff-officer leading a charge with such vigor that his horse

* I regret being unable to recall the name of the Sixth Ohio captain.

landed him clear over our works, which proved our salvation, the burning question of the hour being who should have them. The enemy seemed settled in their purpose to pre-empt the opposite side of them. As we had never had a square fight behind works before, we esteemed them too highly to share with a foe, attesting it by the fiercest fighting I ever saw done by equal numbers. No pen or words can picture it or light up a shadow of the facts. Out of the din and rattle of small-arms, the roaring of cannon, the screaming of shells, out of the fire and smoke, I can still hear the cheering of our men, see our officers riding up and down the line with hat or saber in hand, calling, "Stand firm!" while on the other side pleadings, urgings, and curses were interlarded with their bullets as they tired themselves out charging, rallying, and charging again and again against our solid wall of fire; and thus we won the day. One poor "reb," shot through the head back of the eyes so they both protruded, fell into our works. I saw him sitting by the fire our boys had kindly built for him. His patient despair so impressed me I record the incident. Try as we will we can not shut out these terrible events from memory. At this distance they suggest the question, not if we were brothers, but if we were human.

The New York Herald gave a full account of our fight. General Davies issued a general order thanking and complimenting his brigade for their gallant fighting.*

Captain W. R. Perry writes :

There was a Confederate officer of high rank killed in front of our Regiment on the Vaughn road on the 1st of October. His horse jumped the light breast-work of logs behind which we were lying. Our position was on a road which ran through the woods. The Johnnies had driven us back about a quarter of a mile, and the boys were blazing away at them all along the line. Sergeant N. A. Reynolds and myself had just dropped behind the logs, when the horse leaped over us into our works. We held our position there against the most desperate efforts of the Johnnies to dislodge us, and afterward passed over the ground we had been driven from. Seventy thousand rounds of ammunition were issued to our brigade that day, and they used it all to good advantage, too! It was a very warm place.

Lieutenant (afterward Captain) David Pletcher, of Company F, says :

Our cavalry moved out on the Vaughn road; the infantry marching on the Black Oak road some distance to our right. Just west of a swamp we reached a cross-road; here we struck the Black Oak road and the infantry. At the same time we were attacked in the rear by a small force of rebel cavalry, which had crossed from the west side of the swamp, and followed our column. The brigade was countermarched, the rebels scampering away before a squadron under command of a sergeant. On reaching the Vaughn road the rebels turned to the west, and crossed the swamp by a corduroy road. After passing through the woods, a

* I was doing staff duty at the time and in position to know that the record the old Tenth made in this fight could not be outdone.—J. M. R.

small plantation lay on the right, with a strip of woods on the left, while near the west side of the plantation was an old house. Just beyond the house was a ravine crossing the road, and a little farther on the enemy lay behind intrenchments. Our skirmishers had passed beyond the house when they encountered a fire from the earthworks, which wounded several, and caused the line to fall back. As the brigade came up, the Tenth, under command of Major Snyder, took position in the woods, to the left of the road. I was ordered to dismount my squadron and advance, under directions of Adjutant-General Tremain, to dislodge the enemy. Crossing the swamp I kept my men under cover of the woods, on the left of the road, until an advanced position was secured; then, forming them across the road, we charged on the rebel line. We met with a galling fire from a large force, and were compelled to fall back behind the buildings, fences, etc. Captain Van Tuyl with his squadron came to my assistance, and assuming command, extended the line preparatory to another forward movement, but was wounded, and compelled to retire from the field. Finally, as the fight developed, the entire Regiment was put into line, and a squadron of the Sixth Ohio was stationed in a clump of trees to our right and rear, near the swamp. At this time the Regiment was armed with three different kinds of carbines, and the difficulty in obtaining ammunition caused us to rely considerably on our revolvers, which the men were instructed to use in case we were charged. The rebels had a battery on each flank, and were making it decidedly uncomfortable for us. Major Snyder was wounded soon after coming on the line. Then I received orders from General Davies to hold the line as long as possible, and, when compelled to fall back, to join the First Massachusetts, which was intrenching on the east side of the swamp. We held the place from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., when, at a given signal, the enemy, with their familiar yell, charged, their line extending far beyond my flanks. It looked as if they had expected to cut the Regiment off from the corduroy road and bag it entire, but after a brief resistance my men fell back. Being crowded upon the narrow corduroy, the rebels pressed hard upon us, killing and wounding a number of our boys. After uniting with the First Massachusetts, the enemy were repulsed in three desperate attempts to carry the works. In the third assault an officer of high rank—a general, I think—led his men gallantly to the attack. He was killed within a few feet of our line, and his horse leaped our works and disappeared in the woods. The enemy having crossed the swamp on our left, our line was withdrawn to the edge of the woods, where we joined in line with the First New Jersey, the balance of the brigade in our rear, behind a line of light breastworks. The rebels, having gained possession of the wood, the fight became very hot. They finally began falling back, and we were beginning an advance, when a brigade was discovered coming in upon our left rear. The First New Jersey and our battery met and drove back this force, however, in short order. We held the field until after dark, when we fell back to the main line.

Rain commenced falling early, and continued through the day. Taken all together it was one of the hardest of the many hard days' service of the Regiment.

Next day, about noon, the Regiment was withdrawn from the works (the enemy having fallen back), and, mounting their horses, moved to the right and relieved the First Maine on picket. In the

evening the Second Brigade moved up, and the Tenth returned to near the scene of its day's fighting, and went into bivouac.

A. D. Waters, who had formerly been the junior major in the Tenth, visited camp on the 16th in the capacity of agent for the State of New York in supervising the voting of the soldiers from that State.

The Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, which had been serving for some time dismounted, received horses and was assigned to the First Brigade on the 24th.

The infantry commenced moving toward the left on the 26th, and at 4 P. M. the Tenth with the rest of the division marched in the same direction and encamped soon after dark. At early dawn the movement around the enemy's right flank *via* the Boydton plank-road commenced by the Second and Fifth Army Corps and Gregg's cavalry.

General Humphreys says:

Gregg in the mean time crossed Hatcher's Run, below the infantry, moved along the Vaughn and then the Quaker road, encountering part of Hampton's troops, and united with the infantry on the Boydton road soon after they entered it.*

And again he says:

. . . Gregg's cavalry were sharply engaged. . . . The attack on Gregg, General Hancock says, was made by five brigades of Hampton's cavalry and was pressed vigorously until after dark, but that General Gregg held his own. . . . General Hancock mentions in high terms the conduct of General Egan, General Mott, General Gregg, and several other officers.†

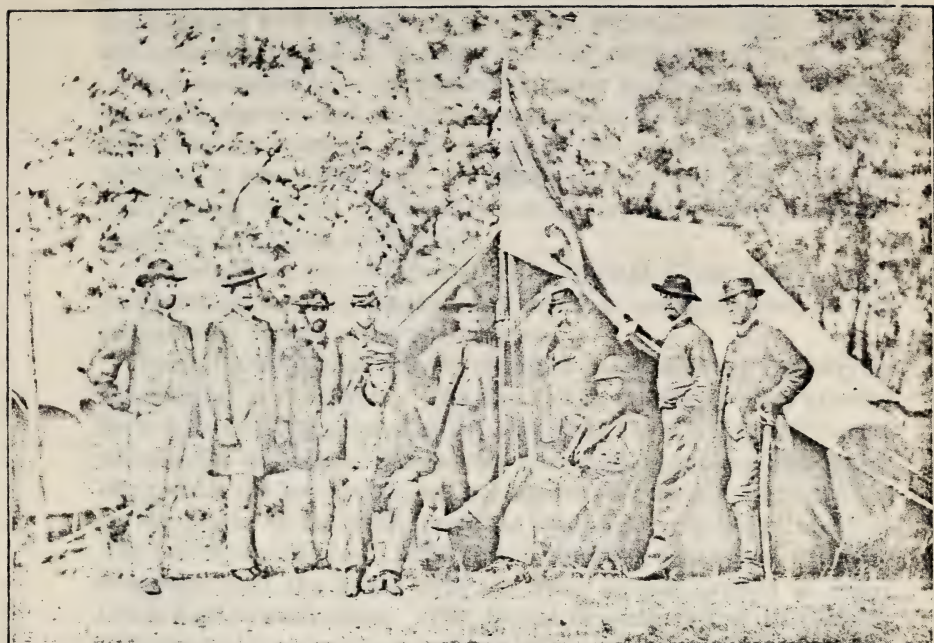
The Second Brigade was more seriously engaged than the First, although the Tenth was pretty actively occupied all day. In the evening the Regiment was sent out to open and maintain connection between the two brigades, in the accomplishment of which some brisk skirmishing ensued. It rained nearly all night, but the morning of the 28th was pleasant and warm. A little after midnight the cavalry began falling back, the Tenth bringing up the rear near daylight.

Reaching Prince George Court-House the division went into camp, the Tenth on picket.

Picketing, inspections, etc., kept the men employed in the vicinity of Prince George Court-House until the 7th of November, when the

* Campaigns of the Civil War, vol. xii, p. 298.

† Ibid., pp. 302, 303.



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GENERAL GREGG AND STAFF.

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| 1. Captain Harper, Provost-Marshal. | 6. Captain H. C. Weir, Asst. Adjutant-General. |
| 2. Asst. Surgeon Tuft, Executive Medical Officer. | 7. Major C. Taylor, Asst. Inspector-General. |
| 3. Asst. Surgeon Marsh, Acting Surgeon-in-Chief, 2d Div. | 8. General D. McM. Gregg. |
| 4. Captain Adams, Signal Officer. | 9. Lieutenant Thomas Gregg, Aide-de-Camp. |
| 5. Captain Charles Treichel, Asst. Com. of Musters. | 10. Captain Edward Fobes, Com. of Subsistence. |

division went on a reconnaissance to Nottoway Creek, the Tenth having the advance. It rained hard all day, and the command returned to camp at 11 P. M., thoroughly irrigated and irritated.

Colonel Avery returned with the detail from recruiting service in New York on the 13th, and on the 17th Adjutant Kennedy with twenty-five men made a reconnaissance about six miles from camp and returned with two yoke of oxen, one wagon, two carts, a sulky, two contrabands, and a live goose, reaching camp about 5 P. M.

A detachment from the Regiment, under command of Lieutenant Hartwell, was attacked while on a reconnaissance and lost three men killed and one captured. The command returned to camp at dark, bringing in one of the dead. It rained hard on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, and on the 22d the weather turned very cold. General Meade reviewed the brigade on this day.

Thanksgiving-day, November 24th, Captain Blynn took a small party out on a reconnaissance, but returned empty-handed, having encountered neither rebels nor turkeys.

Stony Creek Station was the objective point of Gregg's cavalry on the first day of December. The men felt in the proper state of mind for a fight at being aroused at two o'clock in the morning and started off without breakfast. There were the usual mumbling and grumbling while the boys packed up and led out, but they were finally lost in the jingle of the sabers and the confusion in getting into line. The march was *via* Lee's Mills to the Jerusalem plank-road. Passing down this road the Tenth with the First Brigade arrived at Stony Creek Station about noon. The Second Brigade, farther to the left, had already had severe fighting and had captured quite a large number of prisoners. At 1 P. M. the Tenth, crossing the railroad, moved about a mile and established pickets. At 2.30 P. M. it was attacked by a large force, but held its position until the work of destroying the railroad had been accomplished. In this a part of the Regiment participated. While falling back across the railroad the rear of the Regiment was attacked, but the battery opening on the rebels, soon sent them to cover again. The station at Stony Creek with the surrounding buildings was incinerated, together with some Confederate workshops and commissary stores. A few wagons also fell into the hands of the captors.

At three o'clock the return march was taken up, and at sunset the Nottoway River was crossed.

Of the Stony Creek engagement Corporal H. G. Hicks, of Company L, writes:

In the fight at Stony Creek Station, December 1, 1864, Captain W. R. Perry and his squadron—Companies A and L—took an active part. Perry was sent with his squadron out on the main road leading to the station from the south, and formed line in a field near where the road forked, and sent out pickets on the road to the right. After a time these pickets were attacked and what seemed to be about a brigade of rebel cavalry came out into the field adjoining the one we occupied, and began forming line of battle. Perry immediately ordered a charge, and away we went straight for that crowd of rebels, with the little bald-headed Captain in the lead. Reaching a high rail fence which separated us from the enemy, the command was dismounted, unslung carbines and were deployed along the fence as skirmishers. We peppered the enemy good. They appeared staggered by Perry's boldness, and could not get men forward to the fence to throw it down while we were there. But another force of rebels, coming in on the road to our left, with the evident intention of cutting us off, compelled a hasty retreat. I was in the rear, and was caught by the limb of a tree and unhorsed. By the time I was again in the saddle the rebels were close upon me, calling to me to surrender. Of course I declined, and plying the spurs vigorously my horse made a "spurt," that I believe was seldom, if ever, beaten on Virginia war-time roads. We reached the station and found the rest of the Regiment, and with the aid of a couple of field-pieces gave the rebels a warm reception. That was where I came to grief. I had not fired to exceed two shots, when a rebel bullet struck my left arm, crushing the bone, and knocking me out for all time to come. The twenty-mile ride back to camp on horseback that night was a terrible one to me. The action of Perry, in engaging several thousand rebels with one small squadron I thought quite strange at the time, but, in thinking of it afterward, concluded that the short delay he caused them doubtless gave the rest of the brigade time to prepare for the action which followed. Captain Walt Perry was a brave officer, whom I would be pleased to have honored as he deserves.

Captain John J. Van Tuyl says of the Stony Creek Station fight :

Captain T. C. White and I were together at the time he was wounded, at Stony Creek Station. Three squadrons of our Regiment were picketing three roads, while the rest were tearing up track, burning station and buildings, etc., when one of the squadrons was attacked by a heavy force, and the other squadrons were called in. I think I was the ranking officer present. A stand was made at the cross-roads. Finally, the enemy came down upon us in overwhelming numbers; we held our position for some time, but at last were compelled to give way. When the start was made I noticed White reel on his horse, and knew he was wounded. I attempted to hold him on his horse, but my own horse bolted, and reared and plunged, until I found myself surrounded by the rebels, many of whom had passed me in pursuit of our boys. I suppose they considered me a prisoner. I thought I was, anyway; but, when my horse finally settled down, he made a break for the woods, which were filled with a dense undergrowth. I could neither hold nor guide the animal, but clasping my arms about his neck stuck to him like a leech. The limbs and brush nearly tore the clothing off me, but the horse brought me safely out right at General Davies's headquarters. The General remarked that I looked scared. I told him I was.

The Tenth moved back at 3 P. M., crossed the Nottoway River at sunset, and established a line of pickets on nearly the former grounds, on the Lee's Mills road. The following day, at 2 P. M., the Eighth Pennsylvania relieved the Regiment on the picket-line, and it returned to camp.

Wednesday, December 7th, the Second Cavalry Division started out at an early hour on the Lee's Mills road again, to the plank-road, and thence down to the Nottoway River, which was crossed by the Tenth at Jones Neck, by fording, leaving the plank-road to the left. After crossing, the Regiment halted at 2 P. M., and, then resuming the march, arrived at Sussex Court-House at sunset and encamped. The enemy's pickets were driven in during the day at various points. Starting out next morning, at 4 A. M., the Weldon Railroad was reached before noon, and the work of demolition vigorously begun. Later, the Tenth moved down the railroad with the brigade, to Jarrett's Station, and at 8 P. M. encamped.

The Fifth Corps, and Mott's division of the Second Corps, were associated with Gregg's division of cavalry in this manipulation of railroad stocks, placing the Weldon in the "non-dividend-paying" list.

Again the Regiment moved out before sunrise on the cold, disagreeable 9th of December, and drove the enemy, while the infantry followed, destroying the railroad. The Tenth, finally meeting with a somewhat determined resistance, charged, mounted, down to Three Creeks, when it was found the enemy had destroyed the bridge. Here it was dismounted, crossed the river, and charged up the hill, and to the line of earthworks held by the Confederates, which, proving too strong to be taken, it fell back. Meantime the enemy had maintained a steady artillery-fire, which had been continued all the afternoon. When the Regiment was about to charge across the river the enemy opened fire from a little Fourth-of-July cannon, which was only about two and a half feet in length. It threw a missile not much larger than a deacon's oath. It was a veritable little son of a gun, but it was as spiteful as a mother-in-law. At dark the Regiment fell back, and the station at Bellefield was burned.

During this engagement, which was known as Three Creeks, Major Sargeant, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, was killed, while gallantly leading his regiment in a charge. Major Snyder had his horse shot from under him at the head of the Tenth, while making a charge. At 1 P. M. the Regiment went on picket in a storm, the rain freezing as it fell.

At an early hour on the 10th the command moved out, recrossed the Meherrin River, closely followed by the enemy, who charged about noon, but were repulsed. Then they were charged in turn and driven back.

When the command took up the march, on the morning of the 10th, the slender pine-trees were so heavily laden with sleet and ice that the tops were bent nearly to the ground, and in some places obstructed the road.

The action of this day is known as Jarrett's Station.

C. W. Wiles, of Company L, furnishes the following account of this expedition :

Before daylight on the 7th of December, 1864, the stirring music of "Boots and Saddles" rang through the cold mist and rain, and at four o'clock Gregg's division of cavalry moved out of winter quarters for the extreme left flank of the Union army. The Thirteenth Pennsylvania and Sixth Ohio Cavalry Regiments and one battery of artillery were left in camp. Of the original leaders in the Cavalry Corps General Gregg was the only one remaining. Bayard and Buford were in soldiers' graves; Stoneman, Pleasanton, Averill, and Kilpatrick had gone to other fields; but Gregg retained his old command. His men had followed him through many tedious campaigns and hard-fought battles. He possessed their confidence and affection to the fullest extent. His division followed him out of camp on this occasion with the full consciousness that, whatever the destination or work before them, he would guide them wisely and care for them well.

The attention of the infantry boys was attracted as the column passed by their camps, and the cavalymen were greeted with such good-natured sallies as, "Don't go out and get into a fight, now, for us fellows to settle for you," "Don't go out and stir up the Johnnies in such weather," etc.

We had hardly passed their camps, however, before the drums were calling them out to follow us. Moving south on the Jerusalem plank-road we struck the Nottoway at Freeman's bridge. The bridge was gone, and we crossed the river, which was about three feet deep, by fording, the enemy making a show of disputing the passage. They were quickly driven away, however. Pontoons were in readiness for the infantry to cross next morning early. The cavalry pushed on to Sussex Court-House, five miles farther. Here we found a long building surrounded by a piazza used as a hotel. There were numbers of ladies from Richmond stopping there. There were plenty of fences, and, remembering the orders to "take only the top rails," the boys were soon surrounding cheerful, crackling fires, over which chickens, hams, potatoes, etc., were cooking.

The march was resumed at 4 A. M. on the 8th, the First Brigade leading. The Halifax road was reached near Nottoway bridge at 9 A. M. The Third Brigade was sent to destroy the bridge. As we turned on the Halifax road an attack was made by the enemy's cavalry, which was handsomely repulsed by the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry. About the same time the pickets on the flank were driven in after the passage of the First Brigade, and for a brief period the column severed. The Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry was sent back and cleared the road

in short order. The infantry followed a little later and completed the destruction of the railroad. The cavalry marched slowly along the flanks as a protection to the working parties of the infantry. The destruction of the road for about five miles brought the force to Jarrett's Station, where the depot, etc., was destroyed, and the command bivouacked.

Early on the morning of the 10th the march was resumed, the Tenth in the advance, skirmishing frequently. The weather was cold and the progress slow. Just after noon we reached a small deep stream called Three Creeks. The railroad bridge was burning, the highway bridge, with the exception of one timber, gone, and the fords obstructed by fallen trees. Beyond the stream a force of dismounted cavalry were supporting two field-pieces behind breastworks.

Colonel Avery ordered Major Snyder, with Companies A and L, to charge across the field and cross the stream if possible. Away the boys went, some of them wounded and some horses killed by the fire opened on them as they neared the creek, Major Snyder's horse being killed under him near the railroad bridge. The squadron dismounted and soon after charged across, the balance of the Regiment coming up as they made a dash to get across the creek. Captain Perry, followed by a number of the boys, crossed on the only remaining timber of the railroad bridge. The enemy abandoned their works and ran for the woods, leaving several of their dead and wounded behind. Then the balance of the Regiment came up, followed a little later by the First New Jersey and the First and Third Brigades.

As some of our dismounted boys were passing a house in the edge of the woods they stopped and found several large bottles of whisky. As they came up the stairs they encountered the proprietor, a physician in his office, in dressing-gown and slippers. He expressed indignation at the treatment, which turned to violent demonstrations of anger when he saw through the window some of the boys attacking his innocent and defenseless chickens. The Tenth, acting as support to the First New Jersey, occupied a timber, upon which the enemy concentrated the fire of their artillery, rendering the place quite warm. After dark the Regiment was recalled. Soon after dark a cold rain set in, and before midnight it turned to sleet and ice. There was little sleep obtained by the boys that night. They shivered over the fires through the night, and when morning came men, horses, and saddles were coated with ice.

At break of day on the 10th the Regiment recrossed Three Creeks and started on the return. As the column passed over a hill at sunrise, a most beautiful sight was presented to view. As far as the vision extended the landscape was like shining crystal, suggestive of the home of fairies—in the rear the long column of cavalry and artillery, the brightness of their arms and trappings being reflected by the morning's sun.

On leaving Three Creeks the Third Brigade was attacked in rear by a large force of mounted and dismounted cavalry; but they were finally repulsed, and the march was resumed.

On the return march the Tenth had the advance, with Companies A and L leading. A mounted Confederate in the front fell back as the column advanced. He was finally joined by another, when some of the advance-guard gave chase. On reaching the station they turned to the left. A Confederate officer rode into the highway, took off his hat and made a low bow, and remained there. A few mo-

ments later he reeled in his saddle and was assisted to dismount. He had invited and had evidently received a Yankee bullet. As soon as our boys came into sight, the rebels opened with two guns. The first shot from their guns demolished an old chimney just across the road. A colored man, who had taken refuge behind the chimney, scattered in several directions when his tower of refuge came tumbling down.

When near Jarrett's Station, the Tenth leading, with Companies A and L, under Captain Perry, as advance-guard, we encountered the rebels, who retired through the woods on a road running at right angles with the railroad. Colonel Avery sent for Captain White to bring up his squadron, Companies E and K. On the Captain's reporting, the Colonel said: "Captain White, I have a mighty fine thing for you. There are a few Johnnies about twenty rods up that road. I want you to charge them with the saber." General Davies with his staff was present. He said to Colonel Avery, "Careful, Colonel." White formed his men, and with sabers drawn led them up the road, the Confederates disappearing around a bend. When the charging squadron reached the bend they were met by a heavy fire from behind logs, etc., on each side of the road, while two cannon in their immediate front contributed to make the visit embarrassing. White fell back and deployed his men on each side of the road, and held the enemy in check until the Regiment got up. The only casualties in Captain White's squadron was the wounding of two men, brothers, belonging to Company K, one being shot in the right and the other in the left arm by the same bullet. Captain Hartwell had been sent with his squadron up another road to get on the enemy's flank, but the underbrush was so dense he found it impossible. The Tenth held the entire rebel force until the column had passed, and then resumed the march. There was a drizzling rain all day.*

After leaving Jarrett's Station a horseman, with a United States blanket wrapped about him, rode alongside the column until suspicion was aroused as to his real character. A couple of the boys made a dash for him, when he lit out for the rebel lines. He was a rebel scout. His horse was a good one. To its fleetness he owed his escape.

On the 11th the march was continued. Through Sussex Court-House, and crossing the Nottoway in advance of the infantry the column passed, and back to winter quarters at 1 A. M. on the 12th, men and horses nearly frozen.

* In this engagement the horse of Sergeant E. D. Morse received three wounds, all at nearly the same instant, but the faithful animal carried the sergeant safely through and out of the action, and then fell dead. A bullet passed through the canteen of Sergeant Morse, producing an ugly contusion on his leg.

CHAPTER XI.

CLOSING CAMPAIGN OF THE WAR—FROM DINWIDDIE COURT-HOUSE TO MUSTER OUT OF SERVICE.



THE Union lines had been gradually extended south and west, turning the Confederate right, until the South Side Railroad was the only one left by which General Lee could obtain supplies from the South with any degree of reliability. The Shenandoah Valley—the Valley of Humiliation—had been gloriously redeemed by General Sheridan. Early had been sent “whirling up the Valley,” while a large portion of his army and material whirled into the possession of the Union army. In the destruction of Early’s army, “Sheridan’s cavalry” played a prominent part. They were in at the beginning, and it was they who administered the finishing touches to the remarkably successful campaign that destroyed an army that was by many thought to be invincible, and deprived the Confederates of their richest granary. It is recorded that General Early was in constant dread of the Yankee cavalry getting on his flanks. And they did get on his flanks most effectively. Custer and Merritt and Torbert and Devin were omnipresent. They were constantly feeling the old man Early’s pulse. The trembling cry, on the march or in camp, that set the rebels in a panic, was “The Yankee cavalry!” No sleep, no rest, while these dread wielders of the blade were on their path.

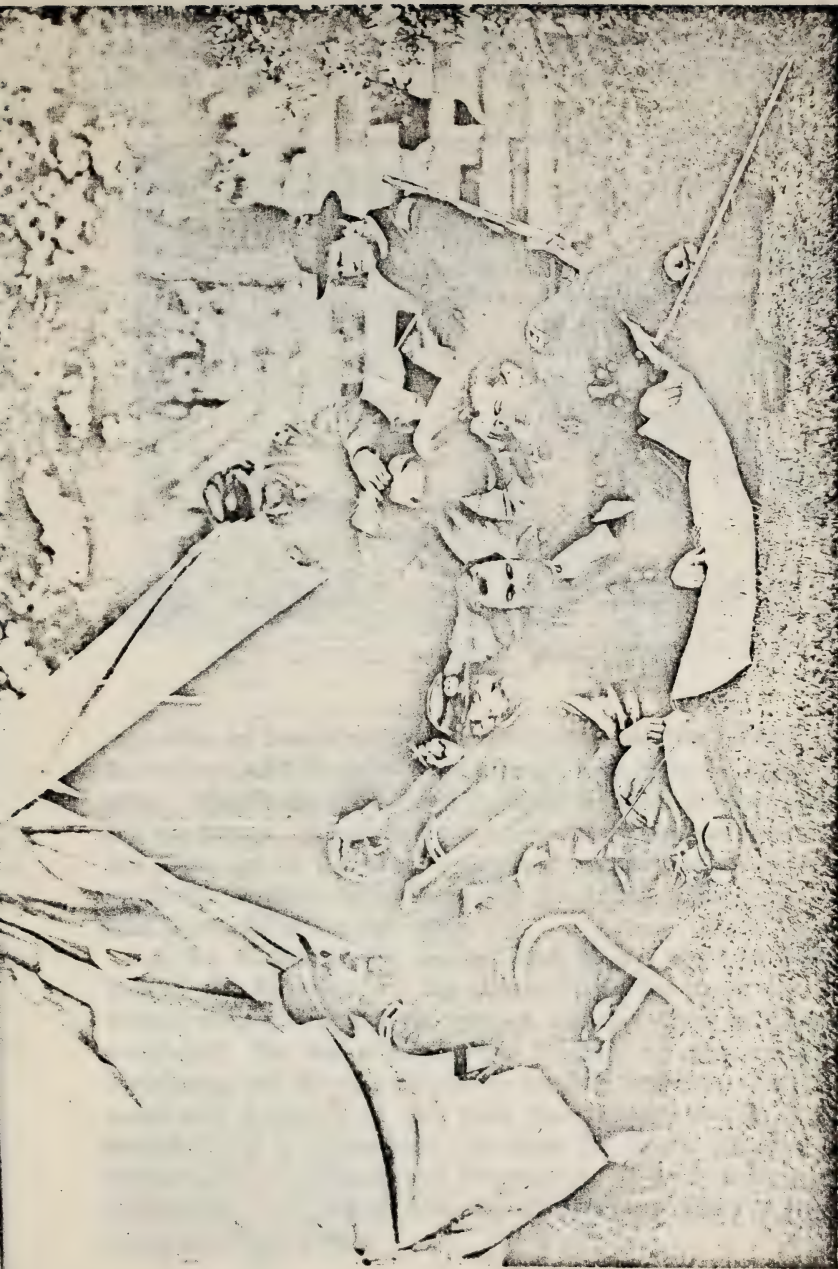
Some supplies came to the Army of Northern Virginia by the Weldon Railroad. These were brought to a point as near as it was considered safe, and were transported thence by the precarious use of wagons, to Petersburg. General Grant determined to cut off this source, by a movement of a sufficient force to Dinwiddie Court-House, to overcome any opposition which might be encountered, to destroy the railroad, capture the trains, and do such other damage to the enemy as was possible. Gregg’s cavalry division was selected for

this work, to be supported by the Fifth Corps under General Warren.

The wagons of the brigade, under charge of Quartermaster Graves, were ordered to City Point. Lieutenant Farnsworth, who had been detailed as Acting Quartermaster of the Tenth, was placed in charge of part of the train. During the march Lieutenant Farnsworth came upon that portion of the train in charge of Lieutenant James, who had caused a large amount of the stores under his keeping to be thrown together, and, filled with his own importance and commissary cordial, had set fire to them. Lieutenant Farnsworth promptly went to work to save the Government property. After driving the Lieutenant away, he put out the fire, had the material loaded in his own wagons, and proceeded on his way. Lieutenant James was afterward court-martialed.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 5th of February the Tenth moved out of camp, and following the Jerusalem plank-road reached Ream's Station at 8 A. M.; thence to Dinwiddie Court-House, passing deserted Confederate camps *en route*, where the fires, like the Confederacy, were still burning, but very low. Arriving at the Court-House at one o'clock, the enemy were surprised, and forty men, including a colonel, together with a number of wagons, were captured. Then returning toward Ream's Station, Malone's bridge, over Rowanty Creek, was found to have been destroyed by the enemy. Another was built, upon which the cavalry crossed and encamped on the east side. Snow and rain came with the halt—an unsavory admixture and an unwelcome visitation. This day's action by the cavalry has been recorded as Rowanty Creek, and by some of the participants has been called the first Dinwiddie fight. During the night connection was made with the infantry on the right.

Then followed the Hatcher's Run fight, next day, February 6th. Gregg's division and Warren's Fifth Corps were ordered to the Vaughn road, where the Second and parts of the Sixth and Ninth Corps were in position. The Tenth was reported in readiness to move at 2 A. M., and a few moments later the march was taken up, the Rowanta recrossed, and the march northward resumed, until Hatcher's Run was reached and crossed. Here the Regiment halted for the purpose of preparing breakfast. Hardly had the horses been relieved of their burdens when the pickets in the rear were driven in, and the reserve attacked. The Tenth was speedily formed, dismounted, and followed the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry skirmishers. The Confederates were driven back, and our troops hastily threw up



CAVALRY GENERALS OF AUGUST, 1864.

BRIG. GEN. DAVIES, *Com'dg 1st Brig. Gregg's Division.* LT. COL. FORSYTH, *Brig. Gen. MERRITT, Com'dg 1st Div. Reserve Brig. Torbet's Div.*
 BRIG. GEN. GREGG, *Com'dg 2d Div. Cavalry. Chief Staff Gen. Sheridan.* MAJ. GEN. SHERIDAN, *Com'dg Cavalry Corps A. P.*
 BRIG. GEN. WILSON, *Brig. Gen. TORBENT, Com'dg 1st Div. Cavalry.*

light breastworks, the fighting continuing meantime. The infantry on the right were heavily engaged, and the conflict became desperate along the entire line, the cavalry engaging Pegram's division of Gordon's corps. At 1 P. M. the brigade was relieved by the infantry,



and after an hour's respite the cavalymen in turn relieved the infantry boys, and the fight was continued with increased vigor on both sides. The Tenth made a charge, capturing some prisoners and driving the enemy. About this time General Davies was wounded, and the command of the brigade devolved on Colonel Avery, who dispatched a mounted officer to notify Lieutenant-Colonel Tremain to take command of the Regiment.

At 2 P. M., just at the moment when he was about to lead a portion of the Regiment on the skirmish-line, the young Lieutenant-Colonel turned to receive the message, and was struck in the hip by a minié-ball. He was at once lifted tenderly up and carried to an ambulance, and thence conveyed to the field hospital. Majors Beaumont and Janeway, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, were also wounded in this engagement. At dusk the Tenth fell back a short distance with the brigade and bivouacked. A cold night, with rain, freezing as it fell, offered little opportunity for comfort or rest to the weary and hungry men.

Of this engagement Captain John J. Van Tuyl writes:

The entire Regiment with the exception of my squadron was engaged in the Vaughn road fight. We were in reserve, mounted, and I was thinking that for once I was going to escape a fight, when Major Avery came back and said to me, "Dismount your squadron and prepare to fight on foot." I was then ordered to retake some buildings on the skirmish-line which were occupied by the enemy. The boys charged and drove the rebels out. There was a log-house, a barn, and a pole corn-house. With nine men I took position behind the latter. The bullets came through like water through a sieve, and all my men but one were killed or wounded. I received a bullet in my knee, and Mart Youngs, of Company G, helped me to get back as far as General Gregg's headquarters, where I obtained a horse and rode to the old barn used as a hospital. The doctors said the leg must come off, but I insisted that it must not, and they finally gave up. I was sent to City Point Hospital two days after, and ten days later went home on leave. I was back again in six weeks.

In reference to this engagement David T. Field writes:

We lay behind some rails, and when the rebels came on a charge we emptied our seven-shooters and they went back; but they reformed and came on again. Will Hutchings, of Company H, shot a rebel captain, and jumped over the breast-works and pulled off his knee-boots and put them on.

W. W. Williams, of Company D, relates the following incidents connected with this fight:

I remember at the fight at Hatcher's Run, February 6, 1865, General Gregg heard a newsboy back in the rear calling out his papers. He sent another orderly to get him one of each of the papers. He got the papers and folded them, then put them inside of his jacket. I received some orders, and on my way to General Warren to deliver them met this orderly on his way back. When I had got within two or three rods of him I heard a bullet pass my left ear and saw him fall from his horse. I got to him as soon as possible. I saw where the bullet had entered, and my conclusion was, "Shot through the heart." I unbuttoned his jacket and pulled out the papers, and the bullet dropped out, and right over his heart was a black spot the size of a silver dollar.

The night of February 6th was a terrible one. The rain froze as it fell, and the men were compelled to keep in line nearly all night. About midnight the horses were brought up and the Regiment mounted and moved back about a mile and a half and bivouacked; but the boys were compelled to keep moving to avoid freezing. The fighting on the main line of the army had been very severe during the night. In the darkness, Captain Fobes, the popular division Commissary of Subsistence, was thrown violently from his horse and received injuries from which he died on the 9th.

The Regiment fell back to the Weldon Railroad and bivouacked on the 7th, a snow-storm prevailing meantime. Here the boys were

compelled to shiver it out in the sleet and snow until the morning of the 8th, when they marched back to their old quarters. At 5 P. M. Lieutenant-Colonel Tremain died at City Point Hospital.

General Gregg having tendered his resignation on the 3d of February, took his leave of the Second Cavalry Division one week later. His departure was keenly felt by the men whom he had so long and successfully led. He had shared with them all the privations and pleasures, disappointments and enjoyments, successes and reverses, since the organization of the Cavalry Corps, and they had learned to love and trust him implicitly. It is safe to say that no commander in the army enjoyed the respect and confidence of his men more universally than the commander of the Second Cavalry Division. He took his leave on the 9th, Colonel Gregg taking command of the division.

Captain A. T. Bliss, of Company D, who was captured by the enemy in July and had been confined in rebel prisons, rejoined the Regiment on the 10th.

The following day Colonel Avery left for Albany, N. Y., with the remains of Lieutenant-Colonel Tremain.

The usual routine of picket duty, etc., continued during the remainder of February.

Major Blynn returned from leave of absence on the 20th and relieved Captain J. M. Reynolds, who had been in command of the Regiment since the 6th.

Lieutenant Morey, of Company E, who had escaped from rebel prisons, rejoined the Regiment on the 21st for the purpose of being mustered out of service.

The Tenth celebrated Washington's birthday by a march to Yellow Tavern and back again.

Two hundred recruits arrived on the 25th. The same day General Davies returned from leave of absence and assumed command of the Second Division, which had been commanded by Colonel Gregg since General Gregg's departure.

Captain George L. Brinkerhoff, of Company B, who had been serving on General Gregg's staff, on returning from his home in Cuba, whither he had been on leave of absence, was found dead in his bed at a Philadelphia hotel. The following brief announcement of the sad event appeared in the associated press dispatches:

PHILADELPHIA, *March 10, 1865.*—Captain George L. Brinkerhoff, of the Tenth New York Cavalry, aide to General Gregg, was found dead in his bed at the Continental Hotel this morning.

Colonel Avery returned from leave of absence on the 11th, and on the 13th Surgeon Clarke and Assistant-Surgeon Catlin arrived.

On the 27th of March the Cavalry Corps was reunited. General Sheridan, after thoroughly renovating the Shenandoah Valley, took the First and Third Cavalry Divisions and marched overland to the Army of the Potomac.

A "staff-officer" writes of the event as follows:

Next morning, March 27th, we were off bright and early for the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, where we found our old friends of Gregg's cavalry division, from whom we had parted when ordered to the Shenandoah Valley with the other two divisions of the corps; but we missed the golden beard of the imperturbable General Gregg, who had so admirably commanded this superb division, and who, for some pressing private reasons, had now resigned from the army. On the day of our arrival General Crook assumed command of the division and reported to General Sheridan, thus reuniting the old Cavalry Corps under its most famous commander.*

In anticipation of a successful termination of the campaign about to be opened by General Grant, President Lincoln had established himself at City Point, that he might the more readily receive information from the front.

General Grant had felt some apprehensions lest General Lee should quietly slip away from his front, and by forced marches unite with General Johnston to try and overcome General Sherman before assistance could reach him. The instructions to General Sheridan were to proceed with the cavalry to Dinwiddie Court-House, to be in readiness to strike the enemy in flank and rear, in which he was to be supported by a corps of infantry. Sheridan was further instructed, in certain contingencies, to march southward and co-operate with General Sherman. This plan was so distasteful to General Sheridan, that he made but a sorry attempt to conceal his disapprobation of it, and General Grant so modified the instructions as to render them practically null and void. Sheridan appears to have been imbued with a desire to repeat his tactics in the Shenandoah Valley and "end matters up" at once. General Horace Porter, of General Grant's staff, says that General Sheridan, in warming up on the subject of an immediate attack, said, "I tell you I'm ready to strike out to-morrow and go to smashing things!"†

Reveillé at 3 A. M. on the 29th was evidence that Sheridan was *not* "twenty miles away." The Tenth was in line, and commenced

* With General Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign, p. 36.

† Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, vol. ii, p. 710.

the march with the cavalry at 5 A. M., going *via* Ream's Station again to Dinwiddie Court-House, where it bivouacked. There was something suggestive in the closing sentence of the order of march from brigade headquarters for this day :

It is not expected that the command will return to the present camp.

It rained hard on the evening of the 30th and all day on the 31st, making it impossible to move artillery. In the afternoon of the 30th the Tenth marched toward Hicks Ford's Station, and bivouacked.

General Fitzhugh Lee, with his division, was on the extreme left of the Confederate army on the 28th. He was hurriedly sent by General Lee to meet the threatened movement against his right, with instructions to assume command of all the cavalry, and such infantry supports as would be sent. But on the evening of the 30th General Pickett assumed command of all the troops to move against Sheridan next morning.

General Sheridan was made aware about dark that not only was the entire Confederate cavalry in his front, but that a large force of infantry as well were in position to dispute his further progress. The whole number has been put down at 5,760 cavalry and 6,600 infantry.*

The brigade of brevet Brigadier-General Charles H. Smith (Colonel of the First Maine Cavalry) occupied the extreme left of General Sheridan's line, and this brigade received the first shock of the Confederates' desperate assault. On the right of Smith was Gregg's brigade † posted along the low ground, with Davies's brigade joined to their right. The rebels, in greatly superior numbers, swept from the woods and forced General Davies's brigade back toward the right of our line, and then bore down upon Gregg's right flank. But at the same time General Gregg had left his position, and was hastening with his brigade, mounted, to strike the rebels in the rear. After some stubborn fighting Davies's brigade was forced back. The Tenth marched to Dinwiddie Court-House at dark, where the led horses were in waiting.

Captain John P. White writes concerning this fight :

Our brigade faced Pickett's division of the rebel army in a little clearing in the dense woods. They got upon both our flanks, and fired into our led horses, in rear, before attacking us in front. We were compelled to move across the opening and up a hill to attack them. They were behind a fence and in the

* Campaigns of the Civil War, vol. xii, p. 328.

† Colonel Gregg had been recently brevetted a brigadier-general.

woods. They poured a hot fire into us, and we were compelled to get out of there lively, and there wasn't much order in our going, either. Some of the boys came out of the woods where our infantry line was, away to the right. Custer, who had been back with the trains, came up in the evening, and joined us in the charge. He repeated his old band-on-the-line tactics, and while they played we cheered. We then held our own.

Next morning I was sent to communicate with our infantry. It was raining hard, and the creek was much swollen. I was compelled to swim across, where I found the Fifth Corps.

Sergeant L. A. Colburn, of Company A, writes, in regard to the Dinwiddie fight:

Our Regiment was sent in dismounted at Dinwiddie Court-House on the 31st of March, and early in the fight occupied the extreme left. We were fighting superior numbers, and the rebels soon got on our flanks. We fell back without much regard for formation. At this time I was struck by a minié-ball, which stretched me upon the ground. I tried to get up, but could not. The rebels were following close upon us, and I expected to fall into their hands. While in this helpless condition Sergeant John P. McWethy, of Company A, passed, not recognizing me at first. Turning to take a second look he exclaimed, "My God, Lew! is this you?" I tried to persuade him to go on and make his escape and leave me to my fate. I told him I was badly wounded and he could not get me away, and that he would be killed or captured if he tried. He replied that he would share my fate then, as he would not leave me, but would get me off if possible. He loosened my belt and lifted me to my feet, but I could help myself but little. Jack trudged slowly along with his heavy burden, while the bullets whistled past and were striking the trees all around us. He stuck to me till he got me into an ambulance and then bade me good-by. I never returned to the Regiment. The conflict had ceased and peace had been restored before I was able to leave the hospital.

Edward Adams (Albert E. A. Engle), of Company I, says, in regard to the Dinwiddie fight:

We were in a field, with woods on every side. When the command came to dismount and prepare to fight on foot I was given the horses of three of my comrades to hold besides my own. Just as our boys scaled a fence the Confederates opened a hot fire on them, and back they came, every man grabbing a horse irrespective of ownership; but the three comrades whose horses I was holding each secured his own horse in the scramble. Here Captain Charles E. Pratt was wounded. The order having been given to fall back, I was compelled to ride between the fence and a large tree. The three horses I had been holding were hitched to each other by the bridles, and as part of them went on one side of the tree and part on the other, the passage of the troops in the retreat was stopped. I pulled the ones between the fence and tree back, thus freeing them, just as a rebel made his appearance on the opposite side of the fence. In the rain of bullets which followed I was wounded in the right foot, but, the horses being now free, we continued to fall back and I escaped.

The dissolution of the rebel Army of Northern Virginia began with the arrival of Sheridan and spring. With the desire to "finish up the job," which was a striking characteristic of the man, Sheridan had wasted no time after uniting his forces—cavaliers fresh from scenes of glorious victories—with the Army of the Potomac. The second day after his arrival he was leading these veterans, reunited with their tried and trusted associates of Gregg's division, against the doomed battalions of Lee with an impetuosity and boldness that struck terror to the hearts of the Confederate leaders, who had seen Early's fine army vanish before his irresistible onslaughts.

Dinwiddie was the skirmish or "feeler" that preceded the impending storm. The Confederates had met the first advance with becoming gallantry, and now, after Sheridan's troopers had got their second wind—for it can hardly be denied that they got a little the worst of it at Dinwiddie—they were prepared to take the initiative under the inspiration of their leader that would insure "handsome results" in the near future.

The morning of April 1st was foggy. General Warren had been ordered to Sheridan's assistance the night before, and was expected to open the ball on the flank and rear of the Confederates. But time passed, and no attack. Meantime Merritt's and Custer's troops were "feeling" the enemy and doing some fighting until evening, when, the Fifth Corps having arrived, it was in conjunction with the cavalry moved against the enemy at Five Forks. The fighting became very heavy and was continued through the night. Prisoners in sufficient numbers to start a fair-sized, if not a respectable Confederacy were brought in. Sheridan had evidently struck a soft spot in the rebel line and was pushing things in his characteristic manner.

Ten o'clock, Sunday morning, April 2d, found the Tenth *en route* for the South Side Railroad. The night had been a tumultuous one. The cannonading, at times, fairly shook the earth. General Grant had ordered a general assault of the Confederate lines at 2 A. M., but as some of the commanding officers were not ready, a delay of two hours was granted, during which the artillery were ordered to continue a heavy cannonading.

While the Tenth was marching, with the rest of the cavalry, to secure the South Side Railroad, the President of the Confederacy was attending church in Richmond, all unconscious of the net that was being thrown around his capital, leaving but the one avenue of escape open, the Danville road.

President Davis says : *

In the forenoon of Sunday, the 2d, I received, when in church, a telegram announcing that the army would retire from Petersburg at night, and I went to my office to give needful directions for the evacuation of Richmond. . . . The event had come before Lee had expected it, and the announcement was received by us in Richmond with sorrow and surprise.

Already the radiant morn of a conquered peace was beginning to dawn on the minds of the patient and faithful defenders of the Union. The dissolution of the Confederacy was at hand. The aggressive spirit of the commander of the cavalry, which he knew so well how to impart to others, was already producing "handsome results." Under his inspiration the men well understood that the end was near at hand, and they would soon receive leaves of absence without limit of time.

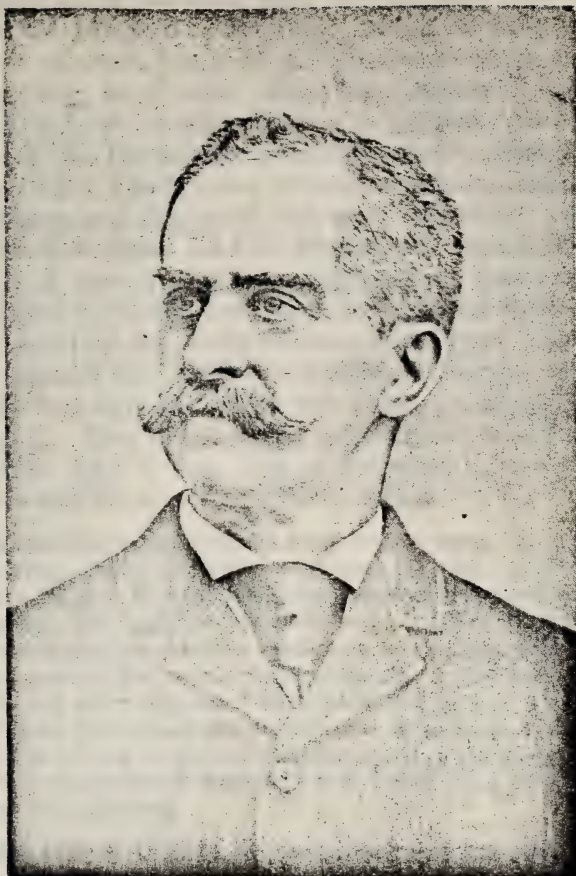
"Boots and Saddles" brought the Regiment into line early on the morning of the 3d. Moving out it crossed the railroad at Sutherland's Station, and marched nearly to Appomattox, then counter-marched, passed the Second Corps, and finally bivouacked in an open field. Here information was received of the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. Great rejoicing and good feeling resulted.

At night the Tenth started with the brigade and marched rapidly in a northwesterly direction, passing the infantry, and encamped at midnight between Sutherland Station and Burkesville. Here the horses were unsaddled and groomed. Company A guarded prisoners during the day. On the march during this day the Regiment passed over a road which had been corduroyed with captured rebel muskets, on which General Merritt had hauled some of the cannon taken in action.

Two days' rations, including fresh beef, were issued to the Tenth at 4 A. M. on the 4th. Starting out of camp early, a rapid march was maintained all day, when the Danville Railroad was struck at 4 P. M., and followed for several miles. Going into bivouac near Jetersville, a part of the Regiment went on picket.

Then, up and in line again at 4.30 A. M. on the 5th. It was hard work, but the boys responded to every call with alacrity and cheerfulness. This was a star-day for Davies's brigade. It moved out at 6 A. M., and fell upon General Lee's wagon-trains at Paine's Cross-roads. The escort was dispersed, and the dingy vehicles consigned to the flames. Five pieces of artillery and several battle-flags, besides some prisoners,

* Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, vol. ii, pp. 655, 656.



ADJUTANT FRANK J. SHAVER.

were the substantial rewards of the enterprise and gallantry of General Davies and his followers. After sending the plunder on the road to Jetersville, the boys were reminded that there was some of the Confederacy still alive, as a vigorous attack was made in their rear.* The return march was being made over the same route on which the brigade had advanced. The Tenth, having in charge the captured guns and prisoners, was leading, with Companies A and L, under Captain Perry, in advance. When near Jetersville, Captain Perry reported the enemy in great numbers in his front. In the retrograde movement, with the captured property to care for, General Davies had his hands full. The brigades of Gregg and Smith had been sent to his assistance, and they came with ready blades and knightly valor. The First New Jersey was sent forward, and made a gallant charge, in which its brave young commander, already decorated with more than a dozen honorable scars, went down, with a bullet through his brain. And here, too, Major Thomas, of the First Pennsylvania, lost a leg. Rosser's and Munford's divisions of cavalry, under General Fitzhugh Lee, were the troops with which the Second Division was contending. They fought with a determination born of despair.

Captain John J. Van Tuyl, of Company K, who was guarding prisoners with his squadron, writes as follows:

After marching about two miles, I heard firing in front. As we were marching, Colonel Avery, coming up, ordered me to clear the road. As I went forward, I came upon Major J. M. Reynolds, of our Regiment, who was in command of one company from the Tenth and one from the Second New York Mounted Rifles. United we charged and drove the rebels for a mile or more, when, the road being cleared, I resumed the journey with my charge. I had just passed the point where we had driven the enemy back, when they in turn forced us to retire. Colonel Avery was on hand with one battalion of the Tenth, and the united force succeeded in holding the position until the arrival of the First New Jersey and First Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiments, both distinguishing themselves in the engagement which followed.

Every soldier in the Army of the Potomac was alive to the importance of the situation—all were filled with ardor and excitement. The cavalry partook of the zeal and enterprise of their leader, and were ready to do, or attempt to do, anything he might direct, having in view the capture or destruction of Lee's army.

At daybreak on the 6th the Tenth was on the march with the

* General Thomas T. Munford, Confederate cavalry, says in the Philadelphia Weekly Times of May 17, 1884, "We drove off General Davies, who had gotten into our wagon-trains and burned up all we had left after the 'Valley races.'"

rest of the division for the enemy's left—if he had any left. The story of this memorable day's action at Sailor's Creek, on the part of the Tenth, is best told in the words of prominent participants.

Captain John J. Van Tuyl was assigned to a peculiar duty, viz., to ascertain whether or no the enemy's works could be scaled—by horses. Here is what he says:

I was placed in charge of about one hundred men, with instructions to see if Ewell's works could be jumped. I deployed the men and advanced. When I considered the approach sufficiently near, I ordered a charge to the works. All who had not been placed *hors de combat* responded with a will. Some of the men had already been killed or wounded; others had lost their horses, so that my force had become considerably reduced. I remember two lieutenants who were near me were both shot; not more than twenty-five of the force I started from our lines with reached the rebel works and returned with me, mounted. My little pacer was shot within twenty feet of the rebel works, and at the same time Dave Fleet, of Company G, was shot and fell from his horse, and I mounted his horse and rode back, reporting that the works could be jumped, as they were only about two feet high. I was complimented for my action, General Sheridan remarking that he had never seen a bolder advance under so heavy a fire. Inside of ten minutes our line was formed and the charge made, in which the infantry joined, bagging Ewell's corps, including generals, cannon, flags, etc., in great numbers.

Captain W. R. Perry, of Company A, furnishes the following account of the Sailor's Creek engagement:

On the morning of the 6th of April, 1865, I was ordered with my squadron to guard the ammunition-wagons, a duty never before assigned me, and in fact the first time my squadron had ever been absent from the Regiment for any duty whatever. The Regiment moved forward, leaving us with the wagons, which we followed leisurely, congratulating ourselves that if there was to be a circus we would be lookers-on instead of being in the ring. In the afternoon we could hear the firing in front, which seemed to be scattered over a large section of territory. We knew the performance had commenced and that to make it a success the ammunition we had in charge would be needed. I therefore made no halt, but moved forward, found the Regiment and reported for duty, and was assigned a position. As the Regiment was formed by squadrons, mine being the first, it brought me in front. Part of Lee's wagon-train had fallen into the hands of our troops before our arrival, and the wagons were on fire. Just as we had taken our position the shells in the burning wagons began to explode. The train was made up of ammunition, commissary and quartermasters' stores, general merchandise, and plunder from Richmond. The bursting shells from the ordnance-wagons were somewhat unpleasant; but we didn't mind them much, well knowing that the shell of the Confederacy was about to explode, which would bring joy to all our hearts. The wagon-train was on the left of our Regiment, with some Union troops intervening, while the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, under the command of Major Snyder of the Tenth, was on our right. In front of us and not more than thirty rods away was the Confederate line in the edge of

a piece of timber, on ground about level with us, with a small knoll between. In front of the Twenty-fourth New York was a hill also crowned with timber. The enemy had thrown together rails, logs, etc., making a fair breastwork. We held our position for some time, awaiting orders, and while there the Twenty-fourth New York made a most gallant charge up the hill in the face of the enemy's line. As the Regiment made the charge alone and unsupported, in the face of a greatly superior force protected by trees and breastworks, it was repulsed and fell back. On the right of our line, but by reason of the formation of the country out of our sight, was General Custer's division. Presently we received orders to advance, and from the racket and rumpus on our right we felt that the whole line was advancing. It was an ugly place to charge. The enemy had all the time been strengthening their position, but our boys went gallantly forward under a withering fire and drove them from the works. As they broke they lost all formation and went across the country, scattering like children just out from school, our boys chasing up and gathering them in. It reminded me of the Brandy Station fight of June 9, 1863; but in this fight the Confederates were just in sight of the "last ditch," and after being driven from their works they became an easy prey, hardly making a stand except when in large numbers. A squad of our Regiment came upon a considerable force of them trying to get across Sailor's Creek, and in the fight which ensued some of our boys were wounded, but we gathered in a large number of prisoners. Night put an end to the fighting and we bivouacked on the battle-field, our boys jubilant, and such of our erring brethren as had not come into our "praise-meeting" were "scattered the country all around."

Captain David Pletcher gives his recollections of the Sailor's Creek engagement as follows:

On the morning of April 6, 1865, we came upon the enemy in breastworks. General Custer's division was on our right. General Davies's brigade went into position about as follows: The Twenty-fourth New York on the right, joined on the left in the order named: Tenth New York, First Pennsylvania, another Pennsylvania regiment (the designation I do not recollect), with the First Maine on the extreme left. This brought our Regiment in front of Kershaw's division of Confederate infantry. Custer's attempts to break the enemy's line had been unsuccessful, although he had made several charges. The wagon-trains of the rebel army were on the left front of the brigade. The First Maine was ordered forward, and responded in the face of a terrible shower of lead from the rebel line. Then the order came for the entire brigade to advance. The battalion commanded by Major Reynolds, composed of the squadrons of Captains Perry and Pletcher, started without waiting for orders from Colonel Avery. The line was compelled to halt at a high fence, beyond which was General Kershaw with his headquarters colors. Before we had finished tearing down the fence the rebels commenced throwing up their hands in token of surrender. We were shut off from view of the right of our Regiment by trees and underbrush. Orders came to cease firing, as Custer's men were in our front. This caused a temporary lull; but Custer's line was sweeping across the field to the right and we could plainly see them. An explanation of the situation was followed by an order from Colonel

Avery to go ahead. We sprang forward, but, before we could reach the spot, Custer's men, sweeping down, took General Kershaw with his staff prisoners and captured the colors, all of which should have been to the credit of our Regiment; but the Tenth reaped a rich harvest in prisoners, capturing several hundred, together with one piece of artillery, Harris Daniels and Andrew Bringle, of Company F, being first to lay hands on the piece.* They were with the gun when Major Snyder, of our Regiment, who was commanding the Twenty-fourth New York, came up and claimed the capture. Captains Perry, Van Tuyl, and myself, had passed by the piece before the Twenty-fourth came up. Just before the close of this fight Captain Perry was wounded while trying to "surround" the fleeing Confederacy. The advance of Major Reynolds's battalion, mounted, under the concentrated fire of so large a body of the enemy was one of the grandest of the many grand events of the closing scenes of the great war.

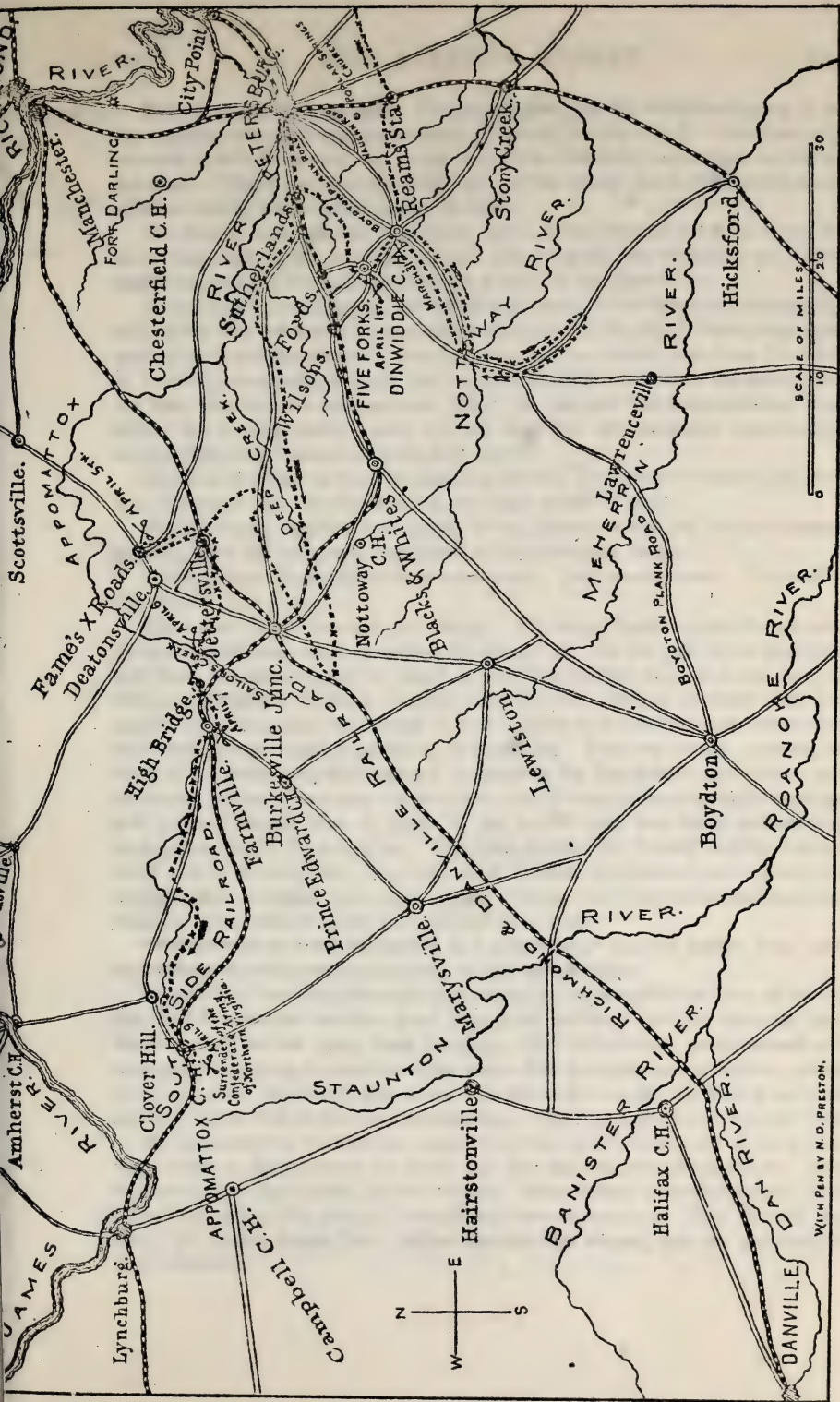
Of the Sailor's Creek engagement Captain John P. White writes :

At the Sailor's Creek fight, on the 6th of April, Captain Walter Perry's squadron—Companies A and L—were sent out as "feelers" across an open field, with the rebs behind works in the edge of the woods. Well, we felt of them; and they felt of us, too. Captain Perry and I had mounted several of our men on mules, which we had captured the day before at Amelia Court-House, and when we went on that charge, to feel the enemy, the Johnnies allowed us to get close up to their works, and then they opened on us hot. Well, those mules just stood still and flapped their ears, and the boys had to jump from their backs to save their lives. Seven of the mules were killed. Captain Perry got a shot in the leg. The brigade then joined in the charge, Devin's brigade on the left and Custer's on our right. We captured nearly the whole of Ewell's corps. After the main fight was over, and the smoke and dust had cleared away, there was what appeared to be about a regiment beyond a swamp and fence. General Davies ordered me with my squadron through the woods, to get on their flank and start them out. As we were filing through the thick undergrowth, I discovered six or eight rebs coming toward me, and, supposing it to be a party that did not know they were whipped, and were advancing as skirmishers, I gave the word of caution to my command. As my men were raising their carbines to fire, I heard a voice from the rebs calling out: "Don't shoot, Captain; I've got 'em!" It was Ed Kinney, of Company L, who had gone out and made the whole squad surrender. He was driving them in as one would drive turkeys. I got on the flank of the rebs; they gave us a very hot reception, but we started them on the run.

Hugo Mulertt, Company C, furnishes the following, descriptive of the Sailors' Creek fight:

It was the memorable 6th of April, 1865. After several changes in our position, during which we built breastworks and rifle-pits, to leave them again when completed, we entered another piece of woods to our right. Here we met a large force of our cavalry preparing for an attack. The enemy had found us out, however, and shelled the woods to such a degree that we were compelled to leave it. Our own battery of four pieces came into action also.

* Andrew Bringle was awarded a medal of honor for this act.



FROM DINWIDDIE C. H. TO APPOMATTOX C. H.—ROUTE AND OPERATIONS OF THE 10TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.
The route of the 10th New York Cavalry is marked thus:-----

WITH PEN BY N. D. PRESTON.

Before us was a large field. The enemy occupied the woods bordering it on the opposite side, and had breastworks all along the edge of it. About midway between us and the enemy, not much more than a hundred yards from us, was an oak fence. This fence kept us out of sight of the enemy, but it likewise hindered us from making a successful charge on them.

We dismounted and led our horses into a lower piece of the field, where the latter were out of reach of the bullets. My company was ordered to pull down that fence, and use the rails to barricade a road on the right of us.

We advanced, crawling on our hands and knees, to the fence, and taking the rails down one by one we passed them along toward the right, where they were used to build the barricade. I was about the third or fourth man from the road. It is hardly necessary to state that we were sharply watched by the enemy, and the least exposure on our part was fatal. In one rail that I was passing, three bullets hit at once while I held it. All this time the charges of eight cannon crossed both ways immediately over our heads.

Opposite to where we were barricading the road the enemy's infantry prepared for a charge on us. At this moment our bugle called us back.

We had barely reached our horses when Colonel Avery put his case around his pipe, drew his saber, and thundered in his stentorian voice:

"Tenth New York—atten—cho—a—o—n! Dra—w—sa—ber! Forward—tro—ott!"

Then the bugler sounded the charge. The bands began to play in our rear. Cannon roared and shells screeched all around us. On the spot where the fence had been we encountered the rebel cavalry face to face, horse to horse, in open field—a fair trial! What a terrible mass we were, cutting to right and left against each other and our horses as well! Some took hold of their antagonists with their hands to pull them out of their saddles. Even our horses appeared to make it an individual affair among themselves, for they kicked up in front and bit at each other. How long we were such a solid mass, almost wedged together and pressed against from all sides by the horses that one could almost have broken his legs, I do not know. Riderless horses with bloody saddles became more and more frequent. One man after another disappeared, and the line of battle became so mixed with empty horses that one could not reach his antagonist with the saber, and revolvers and carbines were used.

"Stoop down as much as possible in a saber-fight" was our golden rule; and so, with as little exposure as possible, we got in our work.

There! that bearded fellow who just takes aim; you make a motion to fire at him, but before your carbine is on your cheek he drops his piece, his body falls forward, then to the right, from his horse, which takes fright, turns around and runs away, dragging its helpless rider, whose foot is caught in the stirrup, along on the ground. Somebody else served him before you could. You look now for another target, but, as soon as your shooting "tells," you are served the same way.

Re-enforcements reached the enemy from the right, coming out of the woods. They made a fierce attack to break our line, but we resisted the strain. Now they wavered; their ranks became weaker. They looked toward the right, then to the left, and at this critical moment our reserve came up. This decided the day. The rebels broke, their bugles sounded the retreat, and we answered it with a hurrah!

We followed them closely, but nearing their breastworks on the edge of the woods we received a volley from the infantry behind it, that, no doubt, injured many in rear of us, but with us there was no stop. We jumped clear over the works, and many of the men behind it were killed by the hoofs of our horses.

Following another road, we met some of the enemy's wagons, broken down and on fire. They were surrounded by several of our men, who hastily searched them and prigged things out of them. We imagined that they were money-wagons, and hastened to assist them. But we were agreeably surprised when we discovered that they contained something far more valuable to us than gold—their contents were potatoes, some already baked. We filled our haversacks with them and went on again.

It was evening, but it was by no means dark yet. Some of the boys directed our attention to the beautiful red sunset. We all looked in that direction, but soon discovered that the red shine over us was not caused by the departing sun. It was the reflex of the numberless wagons, with the supplies of the enemy and the forest, that were on fire. It was terribly beautiful; the firmament in the direction in which the enemy retreated was one immense glow.

We stopped for the night at about eight or nine o'clock. We fed our horses on corn-meal, of which large quantities had fallen into our hands, and soon fell asleep.

About 2 A. M. the bugles awoke us. In such cases we used to touch one another for the purpose of awakening. I took hold of the leg of my neighbor, but oh, horror! it was stiff; he was dead. The next to me, whose head was joining mine from the opposite direction, was asleep yet, too. I touched him; he was also cold and stiff. I jumped to my feet with a spring at this discovery, and stepped to the fire, where I was asked whether I had also slept upon some dead Johnny.

"Not on one, but side by side of two," I replied.

Our Regiment had camped on the battle-field. These bodies we had noticed the night before, but we took them for sleeping soldiers—which, indeed, they were—and were careful not to awaken them in their needed slumber. We had finally laid ourselves beside them for the sake of warmth and company.

At daybreak we passed the headquarters of General Sheridan. Here we saw the Confederate battle-flags that we had helped to capture the afternoon before, planted in the ground in a long row in front of his tent. We counted them as we passed; they were twenty-eight in number.

After this we passed a camp containing the prisoners; their number was thousands, including General Ewell himself. In addition we had captured many pieces of artillery, the greater part of Lee's wagon-train, and an immense number of mules and horses. The latter came handy for those of our comrades who had lost theirs; they could now be remounted and stay with us.

W. W. Williams, of Company D, orderly to General Crook, contributed the following to the Rockland (Maine) Courier of May 7, 1889:

A few days before Lee's surrender, at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, I got pretty well in the advance and ran on the rebel wagon-train. I rode back and reported to General Crook where it was. I heard him tell one of his aides to go and tell a brigade commander to charge the train. When I heard that, I rode to the

Sergeant in command of the General's escort and told him where the train was, and I told him that the General had given orders to charge the train. Said I, "Form the escort, and let us be the first ones at the train." He did. We charged, but did not stop at the wagons, but passed between them, across the road into an open field. The Johnnies were going across the fields like a flock of sheep. I stopped a rebel General and two staff-officers. I finally rode back to General Crook and told him how the situation looked to me. I said to him, "If I had a regiment, I could get all I wanted of them fellers." He said, "If you can find one, take it." I did find the First Maine, who were in the charge but farther to the right, and they went with me; but the rebs had reached the woods, and we only got about a dozen. On the way back the boys found some forage and in a small building a cask of wine.

The Sergeant of the escort, James M. Hall, Company A, First Maine Cavalry, was found dead on the hill to the right.

Sergeant Williams also writes:

At the battle of Sailor's Creek I captured a general and two staff-officers. I was foolish enough to allow others to take them to the rear, and *they* received the credit of the capture.*

Edward Adam (Albert E. A. Engle), of Company I, was one of the first to reach the two cannon left in the road by the enemy. He also assisted in pushing our own guns up to the line, and took four prisoners during the fight.

General Sheridan says of the battle of Sailor's Creek:

The complete isolation of Ewell from Longstreet in his front and Gordon in his rear led to the battle of Sailor's Creek, one of the severest conflicts of the war, for the enemy fought with desperation to escape capture, and we, bent on his destruction, were no less eager and determined. The capture of Ewell, with six of his generals and most of his troops, crowned our success, but the fight was so overshadowed by the stirring events of the surrender, three days later, that the battle has never been accorded the prominence it deserves.†

And of the action of General Davies's brigade in this fight, General Crook, commander of the Second Cavalry Division, has been pleased to say that it "made one of the finest charges of the war, riding over and capturing the works and their defenders. The enemy on the right, who were thus cut off from retreat, surrendered and were taken by different parties."

At the close of this eventful day General Sheridan forwarded General Grant the report, closing with the memorable words, "If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender." This message was trans-

* General Corse was the general officer captured.

† Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, pp. 180, 181.

mitted by the Lieutenant-General to the President, who was at City Point, eagerly watching the course of events, and Mr. Lincoln returned the laconic answer, "Let the thing be pressed."

Up and in pursuit again at 6 A. M., on the 7th, Crook's division leading, with the First Brigade in advance. Prisoners, wagons, etc., were constantly being added to the stock on hand during the march. As the column approached Farmville, the enemy hastily decamped, after burning the bridge, cars, locomotives, etc. The Tenth charged into the town, to find only hospitals, filled with Confederate wounded. After crossing the Appomattox River, the Second Brigade, under General Gregg, took the advance, and soon after marched into an ambush, and the head of the column was cut off, and General Gregg taken prisoner. General Davies moved his brigade promptly to the assistance of the Second, and the Tenth became engaged with the enemy at close quarters.

Of the fight at Farmville, Captain David Pletcher gives the following account:

Davies's brigade passed through Farmville on the 7th of April, in hot pursuit of the fleeing Confederates. General Davies halted his command about three miles south of the town, and dismounted the men in the fields to the right of the road. While here, the Second Brigade, with General Irvin Gregg at its head, passed us and took the advance. We were enjoying the rest, lying upon the grass, when the sound of rapid firing came from the direction taken by Gregg's brigade. Our brigade was mounted and marched briskly forward, the First New Jersey in advance. A slight turn in the road revealed a little ravine in front. The Jersey boys had passed this and entered the woods beyond, when they encountered the panic-stricken pack-train of the Second Brigade in full retreat. On they came, striking the Jersey regiment with a vigor that broke their formation, and carried them along with the force of the tide, into an open field, near where the other regiments of the brigade, were drawn up in the road. Here the Regiment rallied, and was soon reformed. Our Regiment was just at the turn in the road, waiting for the pack-train to pass. The Regiment came very near meeting the same fate as the New Jersey regiment, the first squadron being run into and somewhat disorganized. I called upon Captain John P. White, whose squadron was in front of mine, to charge the enemy, who were emerging from the woods in large numbers, and shooting the panic-stricken trainmen. The First Jersey was doing excellent service in the road and to the left of it. I ordered my squadron to draw sabers, and moving to the right of the road, charged the advancing enemy, the officers and men of the broken squadron, joining us. General Davies asked Colonel Avery what officer was leading that charge, and, when told, remarked that he would probably get all the fighting he wanted. We captured a large number of prisoners, and had a lively chase after a Confederate stand of colors. The bearer succeeded in crossing a deep ditch, thus saving the colors. Then the Grays rallied, and we were compelled to call for help. They came



TORBERT.



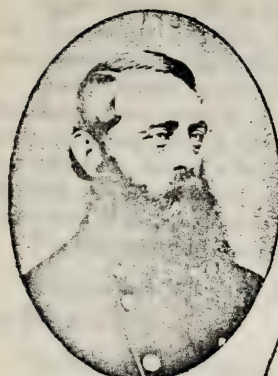
WILSON.



SHERIDAN.



CROOK.



GREGG.



MERRITT.



USTER.

CAVALRY GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF
THE POTOMAC.

promptly, and again we charged the rebels across the field; then we were in turn driven back across the ravine. Meantime the fight along the road was very hot, the First Jersey and our Regiment being most warmly engaged, the Twenty-fourth New York being in the field to our right. Re-enforcements were constantly coming from the woods to the assistance of the rebels in the road, which they made desperate efforts to clear. We took quite a number of prisoners and several colors.

In the charge made by the rebels on the road, quite a number of them were cut off. Lieutenant Reynolds, of Company A, took a prisoner, who, in passing his gun, discharged it full in Reynolds's face, the bullet just grazing his head.

Harris Daniels, of Company F, gave chase to a rebel, and when close upon him another comrade came to the assistance of the rebel, and Daniels was compelled to do the flying act. A brother of Daniels came upon the scene and rushed to the rescue. As he was a farrier, he had only a revolver, and that was empty. But he dealt one of the fellows a tremendous blow with it, and threw it at the other one's head as he put spurs to his horse and sped away.

The Regiment lost a number in killed and wounded in this affair.

Lieutenant Norman A. Reynolds, of Company A, writes in regard to Farmville :

The wounding of Captain Perry at Sailor's Creek the day before left me the only commissioned officer in the squadron. The First Brigade was following the Second Brigade, with our Regiment in advance, Company A leading. We saw that the Second Brigade had met with disaster in front, and Colonel Avery turned the column into the open field at the left of the road, and, bringing the Regiment into line, rode toward the left. I had just got my squadron into line as General Davies rode up with his escort and asked, "What regiment is this?" I replied, "Tenth New York." He ordered me to charge with it. I immediately gave the command, "Forward!" and then, making a half-wheel, charged diagonally across the road, meeting the rebels on the right side of the road, General Davies and his escort charging with us. Colonel Avery followed immediately with the rest of the Regiment. In this encounter I became engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with a rebel. As we came together he fired his carbine, which I grasped with my left hand and turned aside, the contents passing by me. I jerked the gun from him just as one of our boys struck him over the head, felling him to the ground. I took him prisoner, together with a fine horse fully equipped.

Thomas McElligott, quartermaster-sergeant of Company D, makes mention of this engagement as follows :

Sergeant Philip Herman, of Company D, was killed at the battle of Farmville, April 7, 1865, while attempting the capture of a rebel battle-flag. Riding up to the rebel standard-bearer he grasped the staff and endeavored to wrench it from him, when another rebel coming up shot Herman in the right shoulder. He fell from his horse, which galloped away. After the fight, with the assistance of other comrades, I took him back to a barn which was used as a hospital, and there he died the following morning, Orderly Sergeant Gifford remaining with him constantly. Herman had captured many prisoners, including one major.

Edward Adam, of Company I, furnishes this story of devotion to a wounded comrade :

At Farmville, April 7th, we occupied a hill, the Confederates having a battery on another hill to our left, from which they shelled us. On the hill where we were was a farm-house with a barn near by. There were about a dozen men belonging to our Regiment behind the barn, all mounted. A sergeant belonging to some other regiment, who was with us, rode out a few feet to make observations and was shot. I dismounted and ran to his assistance, and, although in plain view of the enemy, was not fired upon. I tried to raise the Sergeant to his feet, but he would fall back limp and helpless to the ground. A lieutenant, whom I did not know, dismounted and came to my assistance; and placing the wounded man on the Lieutenant's horse we started, one on each side of the horse, the poor fellow clinging to my shoulder, while the officer held to him on the opposite side. The wound which I had received at Dinwiddie had not yet healed, and while it did not trouble me much when riding it was very painful to walk upon. In going down the hill the horse stepped so rapidly I feared I could not keep up, my foot hurt me so much; but we at length reached the foot of the hill, and taking the wounded man off laid him on a blanket and the surgeons took him in charge, to one of whom he gave his silver watch and to the other ten dollars in money. A few moments later his spirit took its flight and I started to return to the barn, where I had left my horse. I soon met him with a stranger on his back. I demanded my horse, and on a refusal to surrender him I produced my empty revolver by way of persuasion, and the horse was instantly turned over to me. I think the fellow saw shoot in my eye—but it was all in my eye—the gun had none.

A Confederate cavalryman, writing of the Farmville affair, says :

The next morning, April 7th, found us still acting as the rear-guard, and from the High Bridge on to Farmville there was a constant skirmish with the enemy's advance. They moved slowly and we were kept in observation. Meanwhile a part of Mahone's division had prepared for their reception at a little church near Farmville, and we retired behind our infantry line there. Just at the point where the road crossed the Farmville road there was a blockade; nearly all the wagons and trains were hopelessly stuck in the mud.

General R. E. Lee was resting quietly at this place, looking over a map, with many officers of high rank grouped around him or dismounted near at hand. As we approached the spot a heavy column of Federal cavalry was seen coming at a charge, evidently bent on capturing the trains. Before they could reach the position, however, a regiment of Rosser's old brigade and a part of Munford's command charged the flank of the Federal column, dispersing the whole force and capturing General Irvin Gregg and bringing him a prisoner before General Lee. Our brigade went on over to the left and picketed that flank all the night. The end was now near. During the night the blockade was relieved and the trains of the army placed on a parallel road.*

* Another Confederate writer, General T. T. Munford, says in the Philadelphia Weekly Times of May 17, 1864: "I had been covering the rear with my di-

After the Farmville fight the Regiment recrossed the river, and, marching toward Lynchburg, bivouacked about midnight.

Custer and Merritt moved up the railroad on the morning of the 8th, followed by the Second Division, the Tenth moving out about 8 A. M. Custer's boys captured four trains of cars laden with supplies for Lee's famishing army, besides twenty-five pieces of artillery, a hospital train, and a large number of wagons. That the already disheartened Confederates might have no rest, General Sheridan directed that skirmishing be kept up during the night. General Sheridan says in his Memoirs, vol. ii, page 190 :

Meanwhile the captured trains had been taken charge of by locomotive engineers, soldiers of the command, who were delighted, evidently, to get back at their old calling. They amused themselves by running the trains to and fro, creating much confusion, and keeping up such an unearthly screeching with the whistles that I was on the point of ordering the cars burned. They finally wearied of their fun, however, and ran the trains off to the east, toward General Ord's column.

April 9, 1865—the day of deliverance after years of travail—was Sunday. The church-bells throughout the quiet and peaceful hamlets and cities of the far-off homes were calling the people to their devotions, where prayers would ascend for that success to the Union arms which later in the day would be celebrated by the joyful ringing of these same bells. The Tenth moved out at 6 A. M., and with the Second Division, under command of General Davies, and the First Brigade, under command of Colonel Avery, marched to the left, and soon began skirmishing. General Sheridan says :

Crook, who with his own and Mackenzie's divisions was on my extreme left, covering some by-roads, was ordered to hold his ground as long as practicable without sacrificing his men, and, if forced to retire, to contest with obstinacy the enemy's advance.*

That at least a portion of Crook's troops did "contest with obstinacy the enemy's advance" can be attested by the members of the Tenth, the Regiment uniting in some spirited charges, and assisting to repel counter-charges. In the last charge made by the Regiment, but a few moments prior to the display of the white flag on the rebel

vision for several days, and confess I had had but little fun in it. Many a hard knock had my good men received. General Gregg's Federal cavalry made a dash at the train of wagons we were guarding. The Third Virginia Cavalry happened to be in his front. He dashed in too far and was captured by that regiment."

* Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, vol. ii, p. 192.

lines, Lieutenant N. A. Reynolds became cut off by the impetuosity with which he charged, and was ordered to surrender, but, spurring his horse, he ran the gantlet and reached our lines, with a gunshot-wound in his arm and another in his thumb.

Captain John J. Van Tuyl had repeatedly said he would never be taken alive, and those who were acquainted with the brave little Captain of Company K knew that his words were not those of a braggadocio; but when the time came to view the promised land through the barrel of a navy revolver, "why," the Captain said, "it was the easiest thing in the world to surrender." Here is how it occurred, in his own words:

In view of the Regiment's having been pretty badly cut up in the fights of the last three days, it was assigned an "easy place" on the 9th of April. It was sent out on the flank to hold a road, while the rest of the cavalry were holding the rebel army in check until our infantry could get up. We were congratulating ourselves on escaping one fight, when we were suddenly assailed by Rosser's entire division. Sending back for re-enforcements, the First Pennsylvania and First New Jersey were sent to our assistance. In the charge which followed I was carried too far, and was gathered in by the rebels. I gave them a good run for it down the railroad track, but my horse bolted at a cattle-guard, where a mule had got stuck, and, before I could jump off, a dozen of the rebels were on me, each one trying to get the muzzle of his revolver in my face, and all crying in chorus, "Surrender!" with the usual affix that had a more familiar than respectable sound, and I surrendered. Lee and I surrendered about the same time. After robbing me of everything and abusing me shamefully, they finally set out on the march, taking me with them nearly to Lynchburg. After dark, I jumped from my horse and escaped, making my way back for a distance, when I gave out and I was kindly cared for by a lady and her two daughters. The lady had a husband and two sons in Pickett's division. They were much relieved when I told them they were probably safe—in Washington—as we had captured the whole division.

My captors told me while marching along that they were hunting for Custer's or Gregg's division. I told them if they chanced to meet one regiment from either of these divisions they would whip that motley mob in short order. I finally joined the Regiment on the 13th at Burkesville.

The scenes attending the surrender of General Lee have been so frequently told that they are familiar to all. In the culmination of all for which the brave Army of the Potomac had struggled for years, the cavalry did their full share and came in for a large measure of the glory attending that great event; and of that cavalry Davies's brigade was active to the last, the Tenth New York gallantly battling to the end, having a number wounded after the white flag was up.

While the Second Cavalry Division was engaged with the enemy on the extreme left, General Sheridan was disposing Custer's and

Devins's divisions for attack. When the formations had been completed, and the command for a sweeping charge over the grassy slope was about to be made, General Sheridan says: "An aide-de-camp galloped up to me with the word from Custer: 'Lee has surrendered, do not charge; the white flag is up!'" Orders were given to complete the formation, but not to charge.* General Sheridan, while on his way to meet Generals Gordon and Wilcox, of the Confederate army, was fired on by Gary's brigade of South Carolina Cavalry; and when Lieutenant Allen, of Sheridan's staff, reached the contumacious General Gary with orders from General Gordon to cease firing, he replied, with something of a dramatic air, "South Carolinians never surrender!" and immediately made Lieutenant Allen a prisoner. But Custer, having heard the firing, moved out promptly to ascertain its cause; and proceeded to bring the recalcitrant last-ditch General to terms. The flight of Gary's brigade followed. Lieutenant Allen was thus released. The last gun had been fired, and the last charge made on the Virginia campaign.

This little episode occurred during the meeting between General Sheridan and the Confederate Generals Wilcox and Gordon, to arrange for a cessation of hostilities, pending the arrival of General Grant, to whom General Lee was ready to surrender the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. On the arrival of the Lieutenant-General the formal surrender was made at about 3 P. M., and the news was soon after sent broadcast over the land to gladden the hearts of the loyal people. The Union soldiers held as prisoners of war by the Army of Northern Virginia were released; and came marching back to our camps, headed by the tall, familiar figure of the gallant General John Irvin Gregg.

And now rations, not sabers, were drawn for the boys in gray, and a disposition to fraternize followed long years of fratricide.

With the surrender of General Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia the War of the Rebellion was practically ended.

Those who had for so many years shared in the fortunes and misfortunes of the now victorious Army of the Potomac, lay down to rest that memorable night with prayers of thanksgiving to Him who had given them the victory, conscious of having well and faithfully discharged their duties.

The total number of officers and enlisted men surrendered by General Lee, on the 9th of April, according to the records of the War

* Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, vol. ii, pp. 193, 194.

Department, was 28,356, of which 1,786 were cavalry and 2,586 artillery. There were but 287, all told, in Ewell's corps surrendered, nearly all of this corps having been captured three days before at Sailor's Creek. The total losses in the Army of the Potomac, in killed, wounded, and missing, from March 29 to April 9, 1865, was 9,944, of which 1,151 killed and wounded and 339 missing were from the cavalry.

The aimless march back toward Petersburg was commenced by the cavalry the day following the surrender. The Tenth moved out at 8 A. M., and at night encamped at Prospect Station. Pickets were established as usual, but the duty which but a few hours before was fraught with so much danger and importance was now but mere form.

On the 11th the march was resumed and continued to Prince Edward Court-House, stopping at Burkesville Junction on the 12th and Nottoway Court-House on the 13th. While at the latter place the sad news of the assassination of President Lincoln was received. At a time when such great and disturbing events were crowding fast upon one another, when denials followed rumors and facts were perverted in the interest sometimes of stock-gambling operators, it is not to be wondered at that the first report of the great calamity should have been received with little credence. Of course, the President hadn't been assassinated; it was too improbable for belief. But the story was repeated until the repetitions finally assumed shape, and the dreadful fact was established that the great and good man had been murdered. What a sudden transition from glory to gloom! Strong men wept; crystal drops, fresh from lacerated hearts, stood trembling on bronzed cheeks as the story of the awful tragedy was repeated. Strange admixture—sadness and anger—yet these were the elements which seemed to struggle for supremacy in the hearts of the brave veterans: sadness that one so wise and good—the nation's father—should have been taken away; anger with the man who had perpetrated the deed and the motive which prompted it.

Camp was broken and the march taken up again on the 18th of April, and Petersburg was reached at 2 P. M. the same day. Here Lieutenant Thomas W. Johnson, of Company M, an exchanged prisoner, rejoined the Regiment.

On the 24th the cavalry started with the Sixth Corps to join General Sherman's army in North Carolina, to assist in initiating General Johnston in the surrender business.

After reaching South Boston, on the Dan River, one hundred and

twenty miles from Petersburg, on the 28th, General Sheridan received a dispatch announcing the surrender of General Johnston, and the command returned to Petersburg, where it arrived on the 3d of May. General Sheridan started for Washington the day before by cars from Black and Whites Station to City Point, and thence by steamer. It proved to be his final separation from the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, for on his arrival in Washington he was immediately ordered to the Gulf Department to *corral* the recalcitrant Kirby Smith, who had subsided, however, before Sheridan's arrival. That he keenly felt the disappointment at not being permitted to ride at the head of his old command in the grand review he frankly admits in these words:

Under the circumstances, my disappointment at not being permitted to participate in the review had to be submitted to, and I left Washington without an opportunity of seeing again in a body the men who while under my command had gone through so many trials and unremittingly pursued and assailed the enemy from the beginning of the campaign of 1864 till the white flag came into their hands at Appomattox Court-House.*

General Avery was in command of the brigade, which remained encamped near Petersburg until the 10th of May, when it was ordered to Washington overland. Acting Quartermaster Oscar Woodruff was detailed to take the brigade "truck" to Washington by steamer. The Regiment proceeded in a heavy rain the first day, but after an uneventful march reached Alexandria on the 16th at 11 A. M. On the 21st it was ordered across the Potomac to Bladensburg. Soon after starting a rain set in, and the Tenth left Virginia as it had entered it nearly three years before—in a rain-storm. Going into camp near Fort Lincoln, clothing was issued to the men of the Regiment the same night, the work continuing until after midnight, preparatory for the grand review.

Every man was up early on the 23d and preparing his toilet for the day's parade. General Avery was in command of the brigade, Major Blynn commanding the Regiment, which was assigned to the advance of the brigade in the grand review. Moving out of camp with Major Blynn, Surgeon Clark, Assistant Surgeons Catlin and Lansing, Acting Adjutant George Stevens, and Acting Quartermaster Oscar Woodruff, at the head of the Regiment, the Tenth united with the brigade at Capitol Hill, and at 10 A. M. passed the Capitol into Pennsylvania Avenue, where myriads of Sunday-school children were

* Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, vol. ii, p. 210.

in waiting with flowers, with which they strewed the streets and bedecked the officers and men. One little miss threw a large wreath over the neck of General Avery's horse. General Custer's division presented a striking appearance, every man wearing a red neck-scarf with long, flowing ends. The column passed through the solid mass of people, and when about Twentieth Street the brigade crossed to H Street, and thence back to camp, which was reached about 4 P. M.

Many of the men obtained passes to go to the city the next day, the 24th, and view the grand parade of General Sherman's army.

Camp was moved about a mile north of Bladensburg on the 25th, and four days later the Regiment marched to Cloud's Mills and encamped.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sceva joined the Regiment and took command on the 31st, and Captain Farnsworth and Lieutenant Davis came on the following day.

Colonel Avery, who had been appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers by brevet, on the 2d of June, received his commission at Cloud's Mills, on the 6th.

By Special Order, No. 22, Headquarters Cavalry Corps, dated June 15, 1865, brevet Major-General Henry E. Davies, Jr., was relieved from duty with the Cavalry Corps, at his own request. General Crook took occasion to express himself as follows on the retirement of General Davies :

The Major-General commanding, in parting with General Davies, can not refrain from expressing his high appreciation of the faithful and valuable service he has rendered to his country.

In camp and in field his troops have always been ready for duty and reliable. His brilliant charges at Jetersville and Sailor's Creek will always be remembered as some of the most important contributions toward the destruction of the enemy's army.

General Davies had been identified with the Cavalry Corps from its organization. His brilliant services in the Second Division of Cavalry had done much toward establishing a reputation for it, of which every member took a just pride.

By an order from the War Department, dated June 17, 1865, the Tenth and Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry Regiments were to be consolidated, under the designation of the First Provisional Regiment New York Volunteer Cavalry.

Under this order the transfer took place from June 20th to the 24th, the official report of Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Sceva, commanding the consolidated Regiment, bearing date June 20th. The transfer

rolls of the two regiments bear date July 10th, which was probably the date of the completion of the rolls. The several dates, no doubt, cover the time of the actual transfer.

The history of the Tenth New York Cavalry properly ends with its being merged in the First Provisional New York Cavalry.

The official report of Lieutenant-Colonel Sceva, of the latter Regiment, is given, as follows :

Report of the First Provisional New York Cavalry.

Aggregate strength present	1,216
sick	26
Effective strength present	1,190
absent.	659
Original muster of eight companies Tenth New York Cavalry,	November 25, 1861.	
Remuster " "	December 31, 1863.	
Original muster of four " "	October 29, 1862.	
Remuster " "	Never.	
Original muster of Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry,	January 26, 1864.	
Remuster,	Never.	
Date of consolidation,	June 20, 1865.	

Respectfully submitted. B. F. SCEVA,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Regiment.

The foregoing Special Order exhibits the organization of the new regiment :

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON, June 27, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 32.

Extract.

2. The following-named officers having been recommended by the division commander to form the roster of the officers for the First New York Provisional Cavalry, organized by virtue of paragraph 72, of Special Order No. 312, A. G. O., War Department, of June 17, 1865, are hereby announced appointed, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly :

Colonel M. H. Avery.		Asst. Surgeon Oliver Lanning.	
Lieut.-Colonel B. F. Sceva.		Asst. Surgeon C. A. Catlin.	
Major W. A. Snyder.		R. Q. M., B. F. Sweet.	
Major James M. Reynolds.		R. C. S., I. Bannister.	
Major W. L. Seoville.		Adjutant Frank J. Shaver.	
Surgeon Charles L. George.		Chaplain C. M. Perry.	
Captain W. R. Perry,	Co. A.	1st Lieut. J. B. Buffum,	Co. B.
1st Lieut. John E. Cowles,	" "	2d Lieut. Frank McDonald,	" "
2d Lieut. Theodore Hitchcock,	" "	Captain E. Hartwell,	Co. C.
Captain James H. McLaughlin,	Co. B.	1st Lieut. G. H. Stevens,	" "

2d Lieut. W. A. Seely,	Co. C.	1st Lieut. Oscar Woodruff,	Co. H.
Captain Edward Pollard,	Co. D.	2d Lieut. John Bodomer,	" "
1st Lieut. James W. Cooley,	" "	Captain Charles R. Dutton,	Co. I.
2d Lieut. Thomas Coyne,	" "	1st Lieut. A. Brookins,	" "
Captain John P. White,	Co. E.	2d Lieut. Norman A. Reynolds,	" "
1st Lieut. W. A. Warren,	" "	Captain Albert Thomas,	Co. K.
2d Lieut. H. W. Layton,	" "	1st Lieut. Truman C. White,	" "
Captain D. Fletcher,	Co. F.	2d Lieut. A. D. Sargeant,	" "
1st Lieut. Martin Muller,	" "	Captain D. Getman, Jr.,	Co. L.
2d Lieut. James Harrison,	" "	1st Lieut. Nelson Washburn,	" "
Captain L. J. Cole,	Co. G.	2d Lieut. T. A. Dunbar,	" "
1st Lieut. H. H. Pennoyer,	" "	Captain T. W. Johnson,	Co. M.
2d Lieut. George Wallace,	" "	1st Lieut. Miles Sullivan,	" "
Captain Thomas Kennedy,	Co. H.	2d Lieut. Conrad T. Dollar,	" "

3. The First Provisional New York Cavalry will be immediately mustered into service, and all officers and non-commissioned officers made supernumerary by the consolidation of the Tenth and Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry will be immediately mustered out.

By command of Major-General Crook.

W. HARPER, *Major and A. A. A. G.*

The officers rendered supernumerary by the consolidation were:

<i>Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry:</i>	<i>Tenth New York Cavalry:</i>
Colonel W. C. Newberry.	Major M. H. Blynn.
Lieut.-Col. C. B. Coventry.	Surgeon H. K. Clarke.
Major Albert Taylor.	Chaplain Joseph H. Bradley.
Major Charles E. Martin.	Captain H. E. Farnsworth.
Captain Eugene Smith.	Captain Norman W. Torrey.
Captain H. A. Grant.	Captain John T. Pratt.
Captain Charles A. Taylor.	Captain John J. Van Tuyl.
Captain Edward A. Tallman.	Captain William E. Graves.
Captain George F. Raulston.	1st Lieut. Edward Hineckley.
Captain Abram Tucker.	1st Lieut. Josh W. Davis.
Captain F. L. Brown.	1st Lieut. A. J. Thompson.
1st Lieut. W. W. Cook.	2d Lieut. Calvin Noyes.
1st Lieut. Michael McGraw.	2d Lieut. J. A. Edson.
1st Lieut. A. J. Heffron.	
2d Lieut. J. Hutchinson.	
2d Lieut. George Curtiss.	
2d Lieut. Charles L. Pratt.	

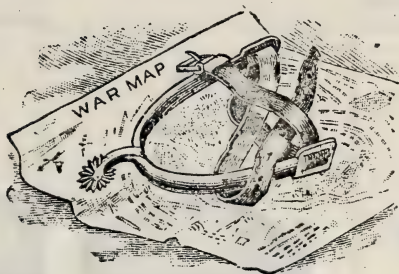
The First New York Provisional Cavalry left Virginia for Syracuse, N. Y., on the 20th of July, reaching the latter place on the 22d of the same month, where the men received their final pay, and were mustered out of service on the 3d and 4th of August, 1865.

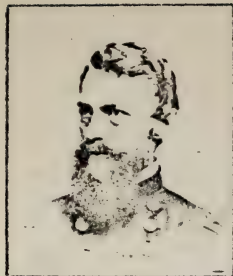
While awaiting muster-out, some of the men appeared desirous of

exhibiting to the citizens their fighting qualities—a gentle glimmer of the dying embers of a four-years' struggle—resulting in unsettling the state of society in a city which depended, to a great extent, on its salt, rather than its police force, for preservation.* The distillery proved more effective than the artillery in producing “disorder” in the ranks of the First New York Provisional Cavalry.

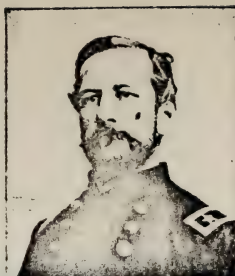
Having received their final pay, the men departed for their widely separated homes to engage once more in the peaceful pursuits of life, honored citizens of a country made better by their sacrifices, a country, welcomed and respected among the nations of the earth because of the patriotism of its people in maintaining free government and clearing their land of the one foul blot of slavery.

* Syracuse at that time had but three police officers—ununiformed.

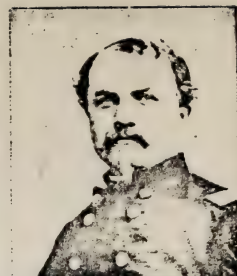




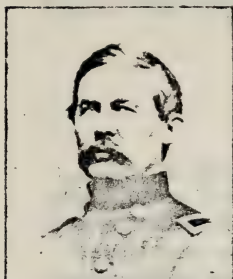
GEN. GEO. STONEMAN.



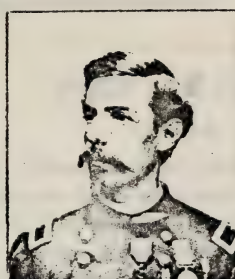
GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON.



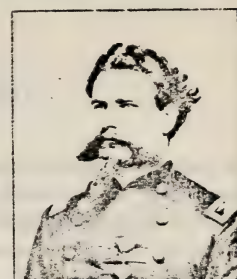
GEN. W. W. AVERILL.



GEN. JOHN BUFORD.



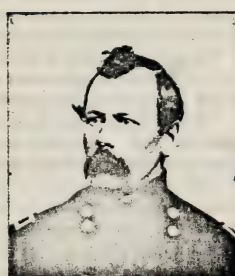
GEN. A. N. DUFFIE.



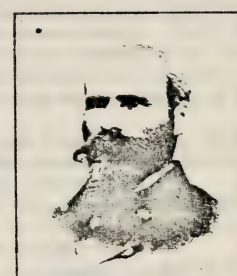
COL. PERCY WYNDHAM.
(First New Jersey Cav.)



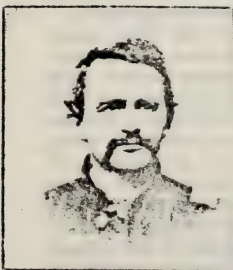
GEN. JOHN B. MCINTOSH.



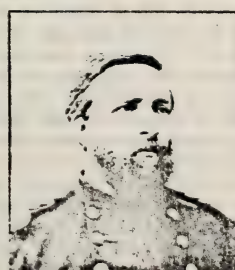
GEN. CHARLES DEVIN.



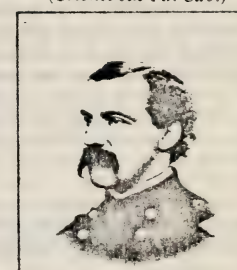
BREVET BRIG. GEN.
PENNOCK HUEY.
(Colonel 8th Pa. Cav.)



GEN. F. J. FAINTFORTH.
(Killed at Gettysburg)



BREV. BRIG. GEN. C. H. SMITH.
(Colonel First Maine Cav.)



BREVET BRIG. GEN.
W. C. NEWBERRY.
(Colonel Twenty-Fourth N. Y. Cav.)

CAVALRY GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF
THE POTOMAC.

REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

[The designation N. Y. is omitted following the places located in the State of New York, that State being meant unless otherwise designated.]

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonels.

Avery, M. Henry.—Promoted from lieutenant-colonel November 30, 1864, with rank from November 29, 1864; mustered in December 28, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet brigadier-general, U. S. V.

Matthew Henry Avery was born in Middletown Springs, Vt., in 1836. He was the son of a Congregational minister, a native of Groton, Conn., who descended from Christopher Avery, of Salisbury, England, leaving England and coming over with Governor John Winthrop on the transport *Arabella*, landing at Salem, Mass., June 12, 1630, and settling in Gloucester. He purchased lands in New London, and was made a freeman of the colony in 1699. His grandson, James Avery, married Governor Winthrop's granddaughter, and settled in that part of New London which afterward became the town of Groton. Here he built the "Hive of the Averys," which is still standing, now owned and occupied by his descendant, James D. Avery. He was twelve times elected to the General Court, and was assistant in the county court. He had twenty-one grandsons, and was properly the founder of the large Avery family scattered through the United States.

His mother's name was Baldwin. Her ancestors also came over from England and settled in Connecticut. The family genealogy is published in book form, quarto size, and is noted for the large number of eminent lawyers and judges on its pages.

The life of the subject of this sketch, from the time that he was six years of age until he entered the army in 1861, was passed in Syracuse, N. Y. His education, begun in the public schools, was finished in a noted classical school of that city.

The only business in which he was engaged on his own account was that of books and stationery, in connection with a news emporium. He was a very popular young man, and enjoyed a large circle of acquaintance, his warm heart, genial manners, and happy temperament winning all hearts.

Immediately following the battle of Bull Run, animated by a lofty sense of patriotism, young Avery cast about for the best manner by which he might serve his country. On learning that authority had been granted for the recruiting of a cavalry regiment in the State, he made application for admission with a company, and opened a recruiting office in Syracuse early in August. The company was mustered into service September 27, 1861, and reached Elmira the next day, the first company of the new regiment in rendezvous. Captain Avery's efficiency and natural military endowments early attracted the attention of General Van Valkenburg, who appointed him to the command of the barracks, and a few days later he was chosen by the line officers of the Regiment as senior major. He was the only field officer who served with the Regiment from its muster-in to its muster-out of service. He was promoted to colonel December 28, 1864, and was brevetted a brigadier-general, with rank from the 13th day of March, 1865, "for gallantry in action at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865, and for faithful and meritorious service."

On the consolidation of the Tenth and Twenty-fourth N. Y. Cavalry Regiments, forming

the First N. Y. Provisional Cavalry, he was made colonel of the new organization, and was mustered out with it at Syracuse, N. Y., August 4, 1865.

He soon after went into the oil country, where the remainder of his life was spent, and where his activity and ability brought him into prominence. No man in the oil country was more extensively known, or enjoyed a wider circle of friends. Some eight or ten years before his death he lost his voice, and was able to converse in a tone but little above a whisper. He was one of the pioneers in the piping of oil, which has grown to such wonderful proportions, owning and operating, in connection with Mr. E. M. Hidden, and later with Mr. D. H. Cady, both then of Titusville, a pipe line from Shamburg to Miller Farm, on Oil Creek, Pa., in 1867-'68. He was afterward connected with every oil exchange in the country, being at the time of his death a member of the Bradford Oil Exchange. His death occurred at Geneva, N. Y., whither he had gone for treatment, on the 1st of September, 1881.

Irvine, William.—Promoted from lieutenant-colonel. Commissioned February 23, 1864, with rank from June 11, 1863; not mustered as colonel. Brevet brigadier-general, U. S. V.

William Irvine was born in Whitney's Point, Broome County, N. Y., in 1820. He there married Phoebe Belcher, of Warwick, Orange County, N. Y., on the 11th of December, 1840. In 1856 he visited Europe, and on his return took his seat in Congress, to which he was elected by the district then composed of Livingston, Steuben, and Chemung Counties. He entered the army as lieutenant-colonel of the Tenth N. Y. Cav. in November, 1861, and was mustered into the United States service in that grade on the 18th of January following. While the Regiment was stationed at Patterson Park, Baltimore, Md., he was on detached service in July and August, 1862, as inspector of horses, and selected the horses for his own as well as other regiments of cavalry. He was made prisoner while gallantly leading his Regiment in a charge at Brandy Station, Va., June 9, 1863, and confined in Libby Prison until the 27th of the following October, when he was made the subject of a special exchange. On reaching Washington he laid before the President and Secretary of War the story of the sufferings of the Union prisoners of war in Richmond, and secured the issue of sixty thousand rations of food, which were forwarded, very few of which ever reached them, however. He was ordered to report to Major-General Hitchcock, commissioner of exchange, for special service in the exchange of prisoners, under date of October 23, 1863, from which duty he was relieved and ordered to join his Regiment, with permission to delay reporting for twenty days, in further orders from the War Department, dated December 8, 1863. December 28, 1863, he returned to the Regiment, then encamped near Warrenton, Va. In January and February, 1864, he was absent in New York State with veteran detachment, from which he returned on the 6th of March following, and was granted leave of absence for ten days on the 18th of the same month, remaining absent during that and the succeeding three months, sick, on surgeon's certificate of disability, and from July 22 to November 30, 1864, was absent as member of court-martial at Washington, D. C.

He was mustered out and honorably discharged the service December 6, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service. In 1866 he was appointed Adjutant-General of the State of New York by Governor Fenton, but, disagreeing with the Governor on matters relating to the militia of the State, he resigned. The officers of the militia regiments in New York city presented him with an elegant saber and gold scabbard for his zeal and efficiency in promoting the interests of the State troops. In 1871 he went to San Francisco, Cal., and took up the practice of the law, and succeeded in establishing a large and lucrative business. When about to return to his home in Elmira he was taken suddenly ill, and died in San Francisco, November 12, 1882. His remains were removed to Elmira, N. Y., in December of the same year.

Lemmon, John C.—Age fifty-two; commissioned January 7, 1862, with rank from December 12, 1861; mustered in January 18, 1863; discharged April 3, 1863, per Special Order No. 154, A. G. O.; recommissioned June 10, 1863; not mustered.

John Cockey Lemmon was a son of Benjamin Lemmon, of Virginia, and Rebecca Cockey, of Maryland. After the marriage of Benjamin Lemmon, he set his slaves free, and with his wife emigrated to the then far west—Seneca County, N. Y.—many of his former slaves going with him to his new home. He bought a large tract of land and established himself as a farmer.

The place where he settled received the name of Lemmon's Corners, which it still bears. There John C. Lemmon was born in 1806, and after attending district school finished his education at Hobart College, in Geneva. He married Miss Maria Breyfogle, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and a descendant of Muhlenburg, of Pennsylvania, whose statue is in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, as one of General Washington's officers. Not liking a farmer's life, he removed to Waterloo, Seneca County, N. Y., and became a merchant. In 1834 he was commissioned major in the Twenty-third Regiment of Artillery, N. Y. S. M. In 1845 he went to Buffalo, and engaged in the milling business, and on the 10th day of June, 1861, applied for permission to raise a regiment of volunteers in the State of New York. On the 3d of August, 1861, he received authority from the War Department to recruit a regiment, and at once entered upon the work. This was the regiment afterward designated as the Tenth New York Cavalry—(Porter Guards). While in the field in 1862, he was thrown from his horse, and received an injury to his knee, resulting in a slight lameness, from which he never fully recovered. It caused him much pain and trouble, and no doubt hastened his death, which occurred in Washington, D. C., in February, 1875.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Avery, M. Henry.—Promoted from major, April 19, 1864, with rank from June 11, 1863; not mustered as lieutenant-colonel.

Irvine, William.—Age forty-one; commissioned from Elmira, January 7, 1862, with rank from December 12, 1861; mustered in January 18, 1862; promoted to colonel, February 23, 1864, not mustered as colonel; mustered out December 6, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Severa, Benjamin F.—Promoted from major, March 24, 1865, with rank from March 1, 1865; wounded in action at Dinwiddie Court-House, Va., March 31, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet colonel N. Y. V.

Tremain, Frederick L.—Age twenty-one; commission dated November 30, 1864, with rank from November 29, 1864; joined for duty and mustered in before Petersburg, Va., January 30, 1865; mortally wounded at Hatcher's Run, Va., February 6, 1865; died February 8, 1865, at Cavalry Corps Hospital. Promoted from captain and assistant adjutant-general U. S. V. Brevet colonel N. Y. V.

Frederick Lyman Tremain was the eldest child of Lyman and Helen Cornwall Tremain. He was born at Durham, Greene County, N. Y., on the 13th of June, 1843, and was therefore twenty-one years, seven months, and twenty-four days old at the time of his death, which occurred at City Point Hospital, Va., on the 8th of February, 1865, from gunshot-wound received at the battle of Hatcher's Run, Va., two days before.

He was descended on both father and mother's side from good Revolutionary stock, his paternal great-grandfather, Nathaniel Tremain, having served honorably in the War for Independence, his maternal great-grandfather, Captain Daniel Cornwall, having also acquitted himself creditably in the same struggle.

Frederick's father, the Hon. Lyman Tremain, of Albany, was one of the leading citizens of the Empire State, both in his legal attainments and political standing. In 1853 Frederick removed with his father's family from Durham to the city of Albany, where he continued to reside until his death. There he attended the principal schools, until the spring of 1858, when he entered the classical school for boys at Great Barrington, Mass., and thence in 1859 to a school of the same character at Walnut Hill, Geneva, passing from this latter school to Hobart College, Geneva, in 1860, where he continued his studies for nearly two years. He obtained an honorable dismissal from Hobart College to permit his entering his country's service, and at once commenced recruiting for the One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Volunteers, in the city of Albany, in the summer of 1862, and was appointed adjutant of the regiment, which he accompanied to Washington, where he was soon after tendered a position as lieutenant-colonel of a colored regiment, but declined it, preferring the appointment of assistant adjutant-general with the rank of captain, which was offered him. In his new position, which seemed so well suited to him, he reported for duty to General Henry E. Davies, Jr.,

commanding the First Brigade of the Third Cavalry Division about the 1st of November, 1863, serving with that brigade, except for a short time, till his death, participating in all its marches and battles, and making friends constantly by his genial and happy disposition and devotion to duty.

The beginning of the year that was to bring the war to a close, young Tremain was tendered and accepted the position of lieutenant-colonel of the Tenth. Although his service with it was brief, he was looked up to with respect and admiration. At Dabney's Mills, or Hatcher's Run, on the 6th of February, 1865, the Regiment was seriously engaged in battle, when General Davies having been wounded, the command of the brigade devolved on Colonel Avery, who sent word to Lieutenant-Colonel Tremain that the command of the Regiment belonged to him. He was leading a portion of the Regiment on the left of the line, at the moment of the messenger's arrival, and, turning partly around in conversation with him, he received the fatal wound from a bullet in his hip. He was immediately taken up and borne to an ambulance, in which he was conveyed to the field hospital, and the following day to the City Point Hospital, where he died about 5 P. M., on the 8th.

! Majors.

Avery, M. Henry.—Promoted from captain, Company A, January 7, 1862, with rank from December 12, 1861; promoted to lieutenant-colonel, April 19, 1864; not mustered as lieutenant-colonel; promoted to colonel, November 30, 1864.

Blynn, Martin H.—Promoted from captain, Company B, November 21, 1864, with rank from October 19, 1864; mustered in December 13, 1864; mustered out June 23, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary. Brevet lieutenant-colonel, N. Y. V.

Martin H. Blynn was born in Canaan, Columbia County, N. Y., January 5, 1837. In 1841 his parents removed to Rose, Wayne County, N. Y., where most of his youthful days were spent. He attended Falley Seminary, in Fulton, N. Y., in 1853, and Fort Edward Institute in 1855 and 1856, from which institution he was graduated. He taught district schools for some time. In 1862 he received a warrant as hospital steward in the Tenth New York Cavalry, and soon after a commission in the line, and thence rose to the rank of major.

After his muster-out of service, he resumed the study of medicine, graduating from Long Island College Hospital in 1865. He was immediately thereafter appointed as acting assistant surgeon in the regular army, and assigned to duty as medical quarantine officer at the port of Hilton Head, S. C., where he remained until November 26, 1866, when he retired from service, and settled in Cicero, Onondaga County, N. Y., and took up the practice of medicine. He died suddenly on the 10th of December, 1883, at his home in Cicero.

Kemper, John H.—Age twenty-seven; promoted from private, Company E; commissioned January 7, 1862, with rank from December 12, 1861; mustered in December 23, 1861; in hospital at Georgetown, D. C., from October 11, 1862, to December 20, 1862, with typhoid fever; resigned July 12, 1863, per Special Order No. 104; re-entered service as captain, Company K, June 8, 1864.

Kennedy, George W.—Promoted from adjutant, April 29, 1864, with rank from June 11, 1863; not mustered as major.

Reynolds, James M.—Promoted from captain, Company L, March 24, 1865, with rank from March 1, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Seeva, Benjamin F.—Promoted from captain, Company F, November 21, 1864, with rank from October 20, 1864; promoted to lieutenant-colonel, March 24, 1865.

Snyder, William A.—Promoted from captain, Company E, January 16, 1865, with rank from December 1, 1864; mustered in January 30, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet lieutenant-colonel N. Y. V.

Waters, Alvah D.—Promoted from captain, Company L, December 23, 1862, with rank from same date; mustered in February 16, 1863; discharged October 7, 1863, on account of physical disability.

Weed, Theodore H.—Promoted from captain, Company B, July 31, 1863, with rank from July 12, 1863; mustered in October 8, 1863; mustered out October 10, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Regimental Adjutants.

Kennedy, George W.—Promoted from hospital steward, October 21, 1862, with rank from October 20, 1862; promoted to major, April 29, 1864; not mustered as major; discharged as adjutant October 20, 1864, on account of disability.

Potter, William C.—Detailed as regimental adjutant while first lieutenant, Company A, November 25, 1861; appointed as adjutant on recommendation of Lieutenant Cutting, of the regular army, for meritorious services as recruiting officer.

Shaver, Frank J.—Promoted from regimental commissary December 19, 1864, with rank from December 12, 1864; mustered in December 24, 1864; promoted captain, Company L, May 31, 1865; not mustered as captain; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. as adjutant.

Stevens, George H.—Promoted from commissary, May 31, 1865; not mustered as adjutant.

Battalion Adjutants.

Fitts, James Franklin.—Promoted from private, Company F, January 7, 1862, to rank from December 12, 1861; mustered out August 9, 1862, at Washington, D. C., as supernumerary.

James Franklin Fitts was born in Lockport, N. Y., in 1839, where his early life was passed in attending public schools. He early in life manifested a literary taste, to which he gave free rein, contributing to many of the leading magazines and newspapers of the country. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He was one of the first to enter the Tenth New York (or Porter Guards, as it was at the time called) from the section in which he resided. He proved a most efficient and valuable addition to the Regiment, but before the latent qualities of the soldier were given an opportunity for display Congress enacted a law which took from the cavalry regiments in the service the battalion officers. Lieutenant Fitts was at the time adjutant of the First Battalion of the Tenth, then encamped near Washington. He promptly tendered his resignation, that he might connect himself with another organization, and entered the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteers, where his marked ability and conspicuous gallantry were recognized in rapid promotion, reaching the rank of major in a short time. He was twice wounded—once at Port Hudson and again at Winchester. After the close of the war he associated himself with Judge Holmes, of Lockport, in the legal profession.

His most noted novels were *The Parted Veil* and *A Modern Miracle*. His longest boys' story was *Captain Kidd's Gold*, published in the *Boys' Home Library*.

He was several times city attorney, and was attorney of the Board of Supervisors at the time of his death. He was an active member of the G. A. R., and devoted to the interests of the Union soldiers.

July 1, 1868, he married Miss Harriett Gooding, of Lockport, by whom he had six children.

Lemmon, William L.—Age twenty-three; commissioned from Elmira, January 7, 1862, to rank from December 12, 1861; mustered in January 18, 1862; resigned August 1, 1862, per Special Order No. 52.

Regimental Quartermasters.

Field, Henry.—Detailed from Company B, November 25, 1861; promoted to captain, Company B, May 22, 1862.

Graves, William E.—Promoted from regimental quartermaster-sergeant October 21, 1862, with rank from October 20, 1862; acting brigade quartermaster from spring of 1864 to close of war; promoted to captain, Company L, November 19, 1864; not mustered as captain; mustered out as regimental quartermaster June 30, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va.; served as brigade quartermaster for more than a year; was in charge of all quartermaster property of the Cavalry Corps at time of muster-out.

Battalion Quartermasters.

Barney, Luther L.—Detailed from Company C from November 25, 1861, to August, 1862.

Sceva, Benjamin F.—Detailed from Company F from November 25, 1861, to August, 1862, when he was returned to his company.

Regimental Commissaries.

Avery, Amos D.—Promoted from regimental quartermaster-sergeant May 31, 1865, with rank from same date; not mustered as commissary.

Preston, Noble D.—Promoted from first lieutenant, Company E, February 9, 1863, with rank from November 30, 1862; mustered in August 2, 1863, to date February 12, 1863; severely wounded in action at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864; promoted to captain, Company A, July 8, 1864, on the following recommendations:

HEADQUARTERS TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY, }
IN THE FIELD, June 21, 1864.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. T. SPRAGUE, Assistant Adjutant-General, State of New York.—*Sir*: I would respectfully recommend First Lieutenant and Regimental Commissary Noble D. Preston for Captain, Company A, of this Regiment, *vice* John Ordner, killed in action at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864. I have the honor to remain

Your obedient servant,

M. H. AVERY,

Major Commanding Tenth N. Y. Cavalry.

This recommendation bore the following indorsements:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION CAVALRY CORPS, }
CAMP ON JAMES RIVER, June 26, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded and recommended from personal knowledge of Lieutenant Preston's good conduct and gallantry in action. I can request his appointment as one for the best interests of the service.

H. E. DAVIES, JR., Brigadier-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CAVALRY DIVISION, June 26, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded, with the recommendation that this promotion be made. Lieutenant Preston, for his general efficiency as an officer, and for gallantry in a recent action, in which he was severely wounded, is very deserving of advancement.

D. M. M. GREGO,

Brigadier-General Volunteers, Commanding Second Cavalry Division.

Lieutenant Preston served with credit to himself while under my command. It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to that of Generals Davies and Gregg in regard to his bravery and efficiency at all times.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General U. S. A.

Shaver, Frank J.—Promoted from sergeant, Company L, July 9, 1864, with rank from June 1, 1864; mustered in August 10, 1864; promoted to adjutant December 19, 1864.

Stevens, George H.—Promoted from second lieutenant, Company C, December 19, 1864, with rank from December 12, 1864; mustered in December 24, 1864; promoted to adjutant May 31, 1865; not mustered as adjutant; transferred June 24, 1865, as first lieutenant to Company C, First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet captain N. Y. V.

Whedon, Oscar P.—Promoted from second lieutenant, Company B, October 21, 1862, with rank from October 20, 1862; resigned November 1, 1862.

Surgeons.

Clarke, Henry K.—Promoted from assistant surgeon, November 13, 1863, with rank from October 25, 1863; mustered out June 24, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary. Brevet lieutenant-colonel N. Y. V.

Henry K. Clarke was graduated from the Albany Medical College in March, 1862, and received an appointment as Assistant Surgeon of the Tenth New York Cavalry on the joint recommendations of the faculty of that institution and Major M. H. Avery.

Pease, Roger W.—Age thirty-three; commissioned January 7, 1862, with rank from November 20, 1861; promoted to medical inspector of Cavalry Corps February 25, 1863; appointed surgeon U. S. Volunteers, October 30, 1863. Brevet lieutenant-colonel N. Y. V.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Williams Pease was born at Conway, Mass., May 31, 1828. . . . Dr. Pease was among the first to respond to the call of his State and country during the late war for the suppression of the rebellion. He left a large and successful practice which his skill and industry had gained him at Syracuse, and joined the Twelfth Regiment of New York Volunteer Infantry as surgeon. This regiment was connected with what was afterward called the Army of the Potomac. It was in the Fourth Brigade of the First Division of McDowell's corps, and was in the advance at the commencement of the first campaign of the Army of the Potomac, and participated in the first day's fight with the enemy at Blackburn's Ford, July 18, 1861, three days before the disastrous fight at Bull Run. The contest was a sanguinary one, and Dr. Pease had the honor of dressing the first wound caused by the enemy in that army. The division was checked in its advance on that day by the fire of the enemies' batteries. To silence them General David Tyler, commander of the division, ordered forward the Fourth Brigade, including Captain Brackett's squadron of the Second United States Cavalry, and two twelve-pounder howitzers, commanded by Captain Ayres. One of the first shots from the enemy's guns struck Sergeant Rowhan, of Captain Brackett's squadron. As it was Surgeon Pease's fortune to be standing near the wounded soldier at the time, he had the satisfaction of dressing his wound, the first made that day.* Soon after this the skirmishing became general.

* FORT MCINTOSH, LAREDO, TEXAS, August 5, 1890.

N. D. PRESTON, Esq., *Historian Tenth New York Cavalry.*

SIR: In reply to your letter of the 23d ultimo, I have to say that a sergeant of the Second Cavalry, serving under my command, was severely wounded at the battle of Blackburn's Ford, Va., on the 18th of July, 1861, the front part of his thigh being nearly torn away. There was no medical officer with my squadron

Immediately after dressing Sergeant Rowhan's wounds, Surgeon Pease established a field hospital in a ravine directly under fire of the enemy. At this place he dressed the wounds of the heroic Lieutenant Lorain, of Sherman's battery. The Twelfth New York Regiment was not engaged with the enemy on the 21st, yet there was abundant work for its surgeons on that memorable day. Owing to the severe labors of this short campaign and the poisonous atmosphere of the Potomac marshes, Surgeon Pease was obliged to resign his position August 30th following and return home for rest. After a few weeks his health was restored and he returned to the army November 19, 1861, as Surgeon of the Tenth New York Cavalry. He spent the following winter at Gettysburg, Pa. He was detached from his regiment April 19, 1862, and ordered to report to Major-General Dix at Baltimore, Md. Here he was assigned to Patterson Park United States Hospital, which he organized with twelve hundred beds. In November following he again returned to the field and participated in the battle at Fredericksburg, December 13th, under Major-General Burnside.

February 25, 1863, Surgeon Pease was made medical inspector of the Cavalry Corps, then being organized by General Stoneman, and was placed on his staff. When General Stoneman was succeeded by General Pleasanton he was retained in the same position by the latter. During the celebrated Stoneman raid and Major-General Hooker's campaign, Surgeon Pease was ordered to organize a Cavalry Corps Hospital at Aquia Creek. This was continued as a field hospital during the entire time the Cavalry Corps remained in that vicinity, and as such it maintained a high reputation.

The performance of this last order did not prevent Surgeon Pease from being present and participating in the engagement at Chancellorsville. He was with his corps in the battles at Gettysburg, July 1st, 2d, and 3d, and joined in the pursuit of the enemy at Boonsboro, Md. At this place he was ordered by Surgeon Pancoast, Medical Director of the Cavalry Corps, to take charge of the field hospitals and to concentrate them at Boonsboro. When this was done he joined the army at Salem and participated in the engagements which drove the enemy across the Rapidan.

After this Surgeon Pease was transferred to the corps of surgeons of volunteers, and was ordered to report to the General commanding the Middle Department at Baltimore. December 2, 1863, he was ordered to relieve Surgeon Pancoast, and he again returned to the field as Medical Director of the Corps which he had so long served as medical inspector. In the spring of 1864 the Cavalry Corps was reorganized, and General Philip H. Sheridan was placed in command, without any change in its medical director.

Our space will not allow us to mention the many bold and daring adventures and hard-fought battles of the Cavalry Corps under its new commander during the successful campaign of 1864, while Surgeon Pease was connected with it. The whole responsibility of the medical and surgical department rested on the medical director. He must provide medical stores, hospitals, and means of transportation for the sick and wounded. Surrounded on every side by the enemy in an enemy's country, as the Cavalry Corps often found itself, this latter responsibility was the most difficult. In the expedition of General Sheridan toward the Virginia Central Railroad, and after the engagement with the enemy, June 11th and 12th, at Trevillian Station, Surgeon Pease had four hundred soldiers to transport to the White House, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, and he had only twelve ambulances to do it with. But by scouring the enemy's country and seizing every available vehicle that could be found, and with the aid of thirty baggage-wagons, all were conducted safely beyond the reach of the enemy and the consequent sufferings of those who had the misfortune to become prisoners of war to the enemy.

During the early part of the campaign against Richmond, in 1864, Surgeon Pease at one time became so disabled as to be unfitted for riding in the saddle, and he was obliged to ask to be temporarily relieved and to be put on other duty. He was accordingly given in charge of one of the first trains of wounded soldiers—thirty-five hundred in number—which were taken from the battle-fields of the Wilderness and removed to Fredericksburg. He remained at Fredericksburg for a short time as inspector of hospitals, but again returned to his corps in time to participate in the battles of Old Tavern and Cold Harbor.

at that battle, and I believe his wound was dressed by Surgeon Roger W. Pease, of the Twelfth New York Volunteers. He also dressed the wounds of two other men belonging to my squadron.

I am yours very respectfully,

ALBERT G. BRACKETT,

Colonel Third U. S. Cavalry, late Captain Second Cavalry.

In consequence of exposures in the field for nearly two years and a half, Surgeon Pease's health became so much impaired that he was compelled to ask to be permanently relieved from his position. His request was granted, and on the 8th of August he was again ordered to Baltimore and was placed in charge of the Newton United States General Hospital. About one year from that time he was ordered to Charlestown, W. Va., to close the hospitals in that place and dispose of the property. This being done, Surgeon Pease again returned to Baltimore and was mustered out of service October 1, 1863, with the rank of brevet lieutenant-colonel from the United States Government.

Surgeon Pease received a commission from the Governor of New York with the rank of brevet lieutenant-colonel, bearing date September 6, 1866. The commission states that it is "for faithful and meritorious services in the late war and as a testimonial for zeal, fidelity, and courage with which you have maintained the honor of the State of New York in her efforts to enforce the laws of the United States."

Assistant Surgeons.

Bliss, Lyman W.—Age twenty-six; commissioned at Camp Bayard, Va., February 10, 1863, with rank from February 9, 1863; mustered in March 13, 1863; taken prisoner June 30, 1863, at Hanover, Md.; paroled and released near Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; resigned October 7, 1863, to accept commission as surgeon First N. Y. Vols. Formerly served as acting Assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Independent Company D. C. Cav., from August 9, 1862, to March 13, 1863.

Cutlin, Charles A.—Age twenty-nine; commissioned before Petersburg, Va., February 2, 1865, with rank from January 19, 1865; mustered in March 13, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Clarke, Henry K.—Age twenty-five; commissioned from Albany, December 22, 1862, with rank from same date; mustered in same day; promoted to surgeon, November 13, 1863.

Lanning, Oliver.—Age thirty-one; commissioned before Petersburg, Va., December 28, 1864; mustered in January 16, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet major, N. Y. Vols.

Sickler, Peter E.—Age thirty-six; commissioned at Warrenton Junction, Va., December 15, 1863, with rank from same date; mustered in December 31, 1863; taken prisoner at Trevillian Station, Va., June 12, 1864, by remaining in charge of wounded; discharged November 30, 1864, per Special Order No. 135, headquarters A. of P. Formerly served in Eighteenth N. Y. Vols. until February 16, 1862, when transferred to Forty-seventh N. Y. Vols. by promotion.

Whedon, George D.—Age twenty-nine; commissioned at Elmira, January 7, 1862, with rank from December 12, 1861; mustered in at Elmira with regiment, December 23, 1861; resigned November 30, 1862.

Chaplains.

Bradley, Joseph H.—Age twenty-six; commissioned June 17, 1864, with rank from April 10, 1864; joined for duty at Spottsylvania, Va., May 9, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out June 23, 1865, at Cloud's Mill's, Va., as supernumerary. Formerly served as captain in Fifth N. Y. Vols. from May 9, 1861, to July 20, 1862.

Day, Robert.—Age fifty-five; commissioned at Elmira January 7, 1862, with rank from November 29, 1861; mustered in January 18, 1862; discharged by order, August 14, 1863, on tender of resignation.

Crowell, Ezra.—Commissioned March 10, 1864, with rank from same date; not joined or mustered.

RECAPITULATION.—FIELD AND STAFF.

The number of officers in the field and staff was thirty-two; but four of these were mustered in more than one grade, leaving twenty-eight to be accounted for. There were, in addition, several officers of the line who served on the staff, that are not enumerated.

There were two colonels, one of whom was mustered in with the Regiment, and one promoted from major (commissioned as lieutenant-colonel, but not mustered). One of these was discharged by order, and one transferred in the same grade to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

The number of lieutenant-colonels was three, of whom one was mustered in as such at the organization of the Regiment, one was promoted from major, and one from captain and A. A. G., U. S. Vols. There was one died of wounds received in action, one mustered out on expiration of term of service, and one transferred in the same grade to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. There were eight majors, all but one of whom were promoted from captains of companies, as follows: One from A, two from B, one from E, one from F, and two from L, and one (original) from private, Company E. Of the two regimental adjutants, one was promoted from hospital steward, and one from regimental commissary, and two battalion adjutants, one was promoted from private, Company F, and one was an original. One regimental adjutant was discharged for disability, and one transferred to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav., and one battalion adjutant was mustered out as supernumerary, and one resigned. The one regimental quartermaster was promoted from regimental quartermaster sergeant and was mustered out as supernumerary. There were four regimental commissaries, one promoted from first lieutenant, Company E, one from sergeant, Company L, one from second lieutenant, Company C, and one from second lieutenant, Company B. One of these was promoted to captain, Company A, one to adjutant, one resigned, and one was transferred in the same grade to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav. There were two surgeons—one was original and one promoted from assistant surgeon. Of these one was promoted to surgeon U. S. V., and one was mustered out as supernumerary. There were six assistant surgeons, of whom one was mustered in with the Regiment, and five promoted from civil life. Of the six, two resigned, one was discharged by order, one promoted to surgeon, and two transferred in the same grade to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Of the two chaplains, one was mustered in with the Regiment, and one was promoted from civil life. One of these was discharged, and one mustered out as supernumerary.

THE FIELD AND STAFF HONORED DEAD.

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Frederick L. Tremain.—Died in hospital, at City Point, Va., February 8, 1865, of wounds received in action at Hatcher's Run, Va., February 6, 1865.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Majors.

Buffum, John B.—Promoted from sergeant, Company B, December 15, 1864; promoted to second lieutenant, Company I, January 16, 1865.

Curtis, Thomas.—Promoted from sergeant, Company M, January 29, 1865; reduced to private, Company M, April 6, 1865.

Farnsworth, Herbert E.—Promoted from bugler, Company D, November 1, 1862; promoted to first lieutenant, Company I, August 22, 1864.

McKevitt, John T.—Promoted from sergeant, Company G, October 5, 1862; promoted to first lieutenant, Company G, December 25, 1862.

Norton, Lewellyn P.—Promoted from sergeant, Company L, April 6, 1865; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary, per Special Order No. 312. Awarded medal of honor by Congress for gallantry in action at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865.

Preston, Noble D.—Promoted from sergeant, Company A, November 25, 1861; promoted to first lieutenant, Company E, September 15, 1862.

Webb, Frederick L.—Promoted from private, Company B, November 25, 1861; discharged August 22, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Regimental Quartermaster Sergeants.

Avery, Amos D.—Promoted from regimental commissary sergeant, December 25, 1864; promoted to regimental commissary, May 31, 1865; not mustered; transferred June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. as regimental quartermaster sergeant.

Graves, William E.—Promoted from private, Company B, March 22, 1862; promoted to regimental quartermaster, October 21, 1862.

Spencer, Charles H.—Promoted from battalion quartermaster sergeant, March 10, 1864; promoted to second lieutenant, Company K, February 17, 1864.

Woodruff, Oscar.—Promoted from regimental commissary sergeant, March 10, 1864; promoted to second lieutenant, Company K, November 21, 1864.

Battalion Quartermaster Sergeants.

Hayes, Henry E.—Promoted from sergeant, Company A, November 25, 1861; promoted to quartermaster sergeant, Company A, June 24, 1862.

King, John B.—Promoted from private, Company G, January 18, 1862; returned to Company G as sergeant, June 24, 1862.

Spencer, Charles H.—Promoted from sergeant, Company A, June 24, 1862; promoted to regimental quartermaster sergeant, March 10, 1864.

Regimental Commissary Sergeants.

Avery, Amos D.—Promoted from private, Company D, March 10, 1864; promoted to regimental quartermaster sergeant, December 25, 1864.

Freer, John A.—Promoted from sergeant, Company M, December 16, 1864;

mustered out, June 26, 1865, as supernumerary non-commissioned officer per Special Order No. 312.

Woodruff, Oscar.—Promoted from private, Company H, August 30, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to regimental quartermaster sergeant, March 10, 1864.

Battalion Commissary Sergeants.

Whedon, Oscar P.—Promoted from private, Company G, January 18, 1862; promoted to second lieutenant, Company B, May 22, 1862.

Woodruff, Marshall R.—Promoted from private, Company B, November 25, 1861; returned to company, August 26, 1862.

Hospital Stewards.

Blynn, Martin H.—Promoted from private, Company B, November 1, 1862; promoted to second lieutenant, Company B, August, 1863.

Bowers, Joseph L.—Promoted from sergeant, Company G, March 1, 1865; mustered out at Cloud's Mills, Va., June 26, 1865, as supernumerary.

Cowles, John E.—Promoted from sergeant, Company A, August 9, 1863; wounded in left hand and forearm, at battle of St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24, 1864; in hospital at Alexandria, Va.; promoted to second lieutenant, Company A, January 16, 1865.

Fuller, Bonville.—Age thirty-eight; enlisted from Elmira, November 25, 1861; mustered in December 23, 1861; discharged, April 21, 1862, at Havre de Grace, Md., on surgeon's certificate of discharge.

Kempster, Walter.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Elmira, N. Y., November 21, 1861; mustered in January 18, 1862; promoted to first lieutenant, Company D, July 27, 1863.

Kennedy, George W.—Promoted from private, Company H, December 17, 1861; promoted to adjutant, October 21, 1862.

Tackabury, Wesley W.—Promoted from sergeant, Company D, December 20, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred, June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Chief Buglers.

Cole, Addison.—Promoted from bugler, Company A, November 25, 1861; mustered out September 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., as supernumerary.

Strack, George.—Promoted from private, Company C, November 25, 1861; mustered out September 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., as supernumerary.

Walker, George.—Promoted from private, Company B, April 30, 1863; returned to company, December 25, 1864; promoted to chief bugler again, January 1, 1865; transferred, June 24, 1865, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Battalion Saddler Sergeants.

Barry, Thomas.—Promoted from saddler, Company B, November 25, 1861; mustered out September 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., as supernumerary.

Griffin, Joseph T.—Age forty-three; enlisted from Elmira, November 25, 1861; mustered in December 23, 1861; died of typhoid fever, September 4, 1862, at Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Weygint, William.—Promoted from saddler, Company H, July 1, 1862; returned to company, date not shown.

Battalion Veterinary Sergeants.

Butler, Alvain.—Promoted from private, Company E, November 25, 1861; discharged April 21, 1862, at Havre de Grace, Md., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Dickinson, James F.—Promoted from sergeant, Company A, November 25, 1861; mustered out September 20, 1862, at Washington, D. C., as supernumerary.

Dodge, Hiram B.—Promoted from private, Company A, November 27, 1862; mustered out before Petersburg, Va., September 24, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

Van Wormer, Leman.—Promoted from private, Company H, April 13, 1862; returned to company, October 19, 1862.

Regimental Farrier.

Smith, Mahlon K.—Promoted from private, Company H, September 20, 1862; discharged, December 8, 1862, at Mount Pleasant General Hospital, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Regimental Wagon Master.

Mallory, Silas C.—Promoted from private, Company H, September 25, 1862; returned to Company H. date not shown.

RECAPITULATION.—NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

There were seven sergeant majors, all of whom were promoted from the Regiment, one from sergeant, Company A, one from private, Company B, one from sergeant, Company B, one from sergeant, Company G, one from sergeant, Company L, one from sergeant, Company M, and one from bugler, Company D. Of these, one was discharged for disability, one mustered out as supernumerary, one promoted to first lieutenant, Company E, one to first lieutenant, Company G, one to first and one to second lieutenant, Company I, and one reduced to private, Company M.

Of the four regimental quartermaster sergeants, two were promoted from regimental commissary sergeants, one from battalion quartermaster sergeant, and one from private, Company B. One of these was promoted to regimental quartermaster, two to second lieutenants, Company K, and one transferred as regimental quartermaster sergeant to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

There were also three battalion quartermaster sergeants, of whom two were promoted from sergeants, Company A, and one from private, Company G. One of these was promoted to regimental quartermaster sergeant, one to quartermaster sergeant, Company A, and one was returned to Company G as sergeant.

There were three regimental commissary sergeants, of whom one was promoted from sergeant, Company M, one from private, Company D, and one from private, Company H. Two of these were promoted to regimental quartermaster sergeants, and one was mustered out of service as supernumerary.

The two battalion commissary sergeants were promoted from privates, one from Company B and one from Company G. One was promoted second lieutenant, Company B, and one returned to Company B.

Of the seven hospital stewards, two were mustered in as such with the Regiment, one was promoted from private, Company H, one from sergeant, Company A, one from sergeant, Company D, one from sergeant, Company G, and one from private, Company B. Of these, one was discharged for disability, one mustered out as supernumerary, one promoted to adjutant, one to first lieutenant, Company D, one to second lieutenant, Company A, one to second lieutenant, Company B, and one transferred as hospital steward to First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

One of the three chief buglers was promoted from bugler, Company A, one from private, Company B, and one from private, Company C. Of these, two were mustered out, and one transferred to First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Of the three battalion saddler sergeants, one was mustered in as such with the Regiment, one was promoted from saddler, Company B, and one from saddler, Company H. One of these died of disease, one was mustered out, and one returned to Company H.

There were four battalion veterinary sergeants, of whom one was promoted from sergeant, Company A, one from private, Company A, one from private, Company E, and one from private, Company H. Of the four, one was discharged for disability, one mustered out on expiration of term of service, one mustered out, and one returned to Company H.

The only one regimental farrier was promoted from private, Company H, and was discharged for disability.

One regimental wagon-master was promoted from private, Company H, and returned to the Company.

THE HONORED DEAD OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Battalion Saddler Sergeant.

Joseph T. Griffin.—Died in hospital, at Baltimore, Md., September 4, 1862, of typhoid fever.

THE REGIMENTAL BAND.

Although no provision was made by law for regimental bands, the officers of the Tenth decided to have one. It was arranged with Captain Edwin Pier, of Corning, that he should organize a band, the members of which were to enlist and muster as private soldiers, to be afterward detailed as musicians. By this means the members would receive the regular pay as private soldiers from the Government, and the balance of their salary would be borne by the officers. Under this arrangement the band was organized, as already given,* and continued as such,

* See page 16.

with but little change, for about one year, Addison W. Cole, of Company A, being detailed for a time, as member. John Shilling, barytone, was mustered in as a member of the band while the Regiment was in Gettysburg in the winter of 1862-'63. No record of his enlistment or muster-out can be found.

The latter part of 1862, the officers appeared to weary of the burden, and Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine sought to have the men transferred as a brigade band, and succeeded in having an order issued by General Bayard to that effect, which order was received by the band on Sunday, November 9, 1862, and the next day they reported at General Bayard's headquarters at Rappahannock Station, about noon, where it remained for some time before being mustered out, meantime recruiting from the other regiments in the brigade such men as were necessary to render the band complete. It yet remained the band of the Tenth New York Cavalry when it accompanied General Bayard across the river at the battle of Fredericksburg, and played in front of General Franklin's headquarters on the night of December 12, 1862. The next morning the band was under a heavy fire, and General Bayard sent them orders to retire to the river; they obeyed the order, but later returned to witness the battle, and a second time he sent an order for them to go back. This was General Bayard's last order; he was killed before the return of the orderly by whom he sent the message.

The members of the band as given, except James B. Shedd (who was soon after discharged, on surgeon's certificate of disability) and Oscar W. Drake, who remained with his company, were mustered out of service, at Camp Bayard, Va., December 29, 1862, and were mustered in as a brigade band by General Gregg, at the same place, January 1, 1863. The brigade band consisted of Edwin Pier, leader, C. M. Griswold, Isaac Jimerson, Jr., W. H. Clark, A. K. Clark, T. L. Townley, W. A. Orser, and S. D. King, of the Tenth New York, R. H. Ferguson, of the Second New York, A. B. Spencer, of the First Maine, and George Kessler, George Mentzer, and H. B. Lair, of the First Pennsylvania.

Captain Pier was discharged for disability, April 12, 1863, and William H. Clark succeeded him as leader of the band.

It was this band that furnished music on the line at Todd's Tavern, Va., May 7, 1864, for which credit has so often been awarded to Custer's band.

The band became badly broken up by the capture and wounding of several of its members at the time of the Trevillian Station engagement, Ferguson and Orser being captured and Jimerson badly wounded. Leader Clark had Jimerson placed in an old buggy and got him safely through to White House. The two first named were lost while foraging. Leader Clark says: "It was a hard loss to me, as I had just got the band in great shape, and they were three of the best men I had. General Davies said to me, 'Clark, you had the best band in the whole Cavalry Corps, and if you don't get your share of rations and forage hereafter, at these headquarters, come to me, and I will stir things up here.' I took five new men from the First Pennsylvania, and worked them in as best I could."

COMPANY A.

Captains.

Avery, M. Henry.—Age twenty-five; enlisted from Syracuse, August 14, 1861; mustered as captain and sworn in by Captain W. Harvey Brown, Fourteenth Infantry, September 27, 1861, but never commissioned; promoted to major January 7, 1862.

Ordner, John.—Age twenty-nine; commissioned from Buffalo, March 2, 1864, with rank from same date. Appointed from civil life. Joined for duty and assumed command of company near Warrenton, Va., March 8, 1864. Killed in action at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864. Formerly captain of Company C.

Pratt, Henry S.—Promoted from first lieutenant January 17, 1862, with rank from December 12, 1861; taken prisoner near Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862; paroled September 1, 1862; exchanged and rejoined company December 19, 1862; dis. May 5, 1863.

Preston, Noble D.—Promoted from regimental commissary, July 8, 1864, with rank from June 11, 1864. Discharged at Annapolis, Md., November 28, 1864, on report of board of surgeons, on account of wound. Brevet major and lieutenant-colonel, N. Y. V. Awarded medal of honor by Congress for gallantry in action at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864.

Perry, Walter R.—Promoted from second lieutenant January 16, 1865, with rank from December 24, 1864; wounded in action at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865; rejoined company May 28, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, as captain, Company A, to First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet major, N. Y. V.

First Lieutenants.

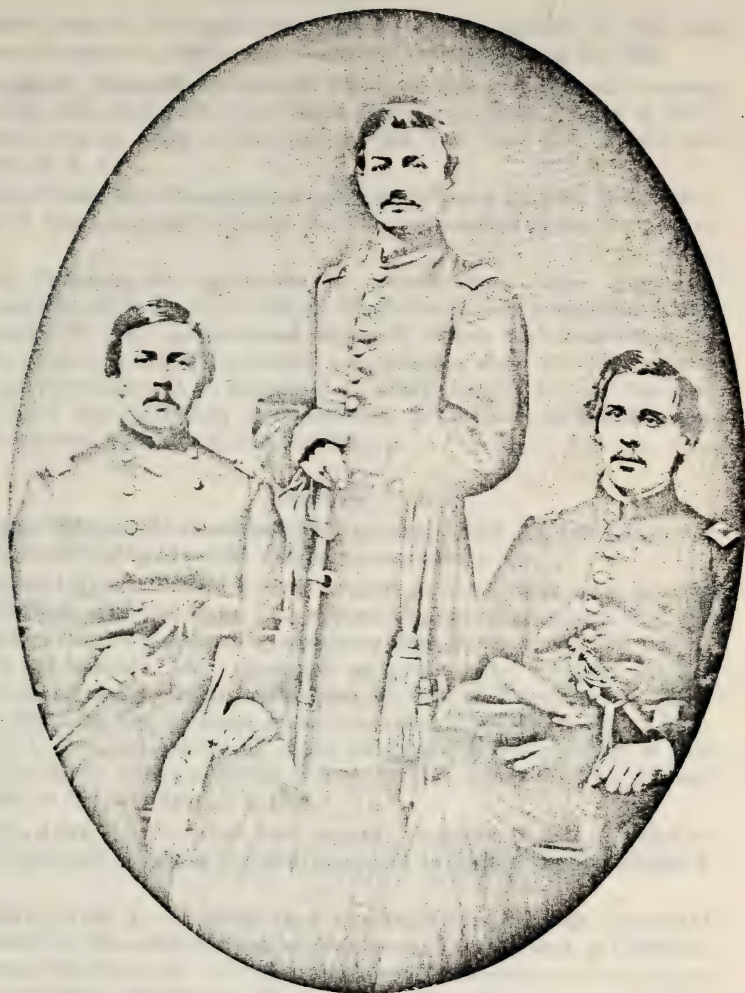
Cowles, John E.—Promoted from second lieutenant March 24, 1865, with rank from March 8, 1865; mustered in May 3, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet captain, N. Y. V.

Hartwell, Elijah.—Promoted from first sergeant, Company B, February 9, 1864, with rank from November 2, 1863; mustered in March 13, 1864; promoted to captain, Company C, January 16, 1865.

Potter, William C.—Age thirty-three; enlisted from Buffalo, September 14, 1861; commissioned January 7, 1862, with rank from October 29, 1861; detailed as regimental adjutant November 25, 1861; returned to company June 18, 1862; acting regimental quartermaster from August 3 to 25, 1862; in hospital at Georgetown, D. C., from October 17, 1862; discharged April 12, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Pratt, Henry S.—Age thirty; enlisted from Syracuse, September 14, 1861; mustered as first lieutenant and sworn in by Captain W. Harvey Brown, Fourteenth Infantry, September 27, 1861, but never commissioned; promoted to captain January 17, 1862.

Rice, Horatio H.—Promoted from sergeant April 22, 1865, with rank from April 7, 1865; declined; discharged as sergeant.



Major M. H. Avery. *Capt. Henry S. Pratt.* *Lieut. Theo. H. Weed.*

ORIGINAL COMMISSIONED OFFICERS
OF COMPANY A.

White, John P.—Promoted from second lieutenant, Company E, February 14, 1865, with rank from January 1, 1865; promoted to captain, Company E, March 8, 1865.

Second Lieutenants.

Cowles, John E.—Promoted from hospital steward January 16, 1865, with rank from December 24, 1864; promoted to first lieutenant March 24, 1865.

Hitchcock, Theodore.—Promoted from quartermaster sergeant, Company C, April 22, 1865, with rank from March 8, 1865; mustered in May 4, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet first lieutenant, N. Y. V.

Perry, Walter R.—Promoted from sergeant February 17, 1864, to rank from February 9, 1864; mustered in March 20, 1864; promoted to captain January 16, 1865.

Weed, Theodore H.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Jordan, August 14, 1861; mustered and sworn in by Captain W. Harvey Brown, Fourteenth Infantry, September 27, 1861; commissioned January 7, 1862, to rank from September 27, 1861; detailed as acting regimental quartermaster June 18, 1862; sent to hospital at Georgetown, D. C., September 27, 1862; returned to duty December 5, 1862; again sent to hospital at Georgetown, D. C., December 30, 1862; promoted to captain, Company B, July 27, 1863.

Sergeants.

Bishop, William N.—Promoted from corporal March 27, 1865; mustered out at Cloud's Mills, Va., June 26, 1865, as supernumerary.

Brownell, Mark.—Promoted from corporal April 15, 1862; taken prisoner August 31, 1862, near Centreville, Va.; released on parole September 1, 1862, and sent to Annapolis, Md.; at home on sick-leave from Parole Camp, Md., December, 1862, and January, 1863; promoted to quartermaster sergeant, October, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; mustered out March 24, 1864, to accept promotion as second lieutenant, Fourth Regiment U. S. C. Cav., and ordered to report for duty with said regiment at New Orleans, La., where he was mustered in May 9, 1864; finally mustered out and discharged for disability January 5, 1865.

Cowles, John E.—Promoted from corporal December 12, 1861; detailed in medical department December 12, 1862; promoted to hospital steward August 9, 1863.

Colburn, Lewis A.—Promoted from corporal August 17, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; wounded at Dinwiddie Court-House, Va., March 31, 1865, by gunshot-wound in abdomen and left thigh; in Douglas Hospital, Washington, D. C., from April 4, 1865, to August 5, 1865, when he was discharged by reason of wounds.

Corwin, Gillespie B.—Promoted from corporal April 2, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Dickinson, James F.—Age twenty-eight; enlisted from Freetown, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to battalion veteran sergeant November 25, 1861.

Dodge, Hiram B.—Age thirty-four; enlisted from Syracuse, August 14, 1861; mustered in as quartermaster sergeant September 27, 1861; reduced to private January 1, 1862.

Eastman, James.—Promoted from private December 12, 1861; taken prisoner near Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862; paroled and sent to Annapolis; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

Hayes, Henry E.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Cincinnati, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to battalion quartermaster sergeant November 25, 1861; quartermaster sergeant of company, June 24, 1862; promoted to first sergeant, 1862; wounded at Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863; promoted to second lieutenant, Company I, July 27, 1863.

Higley, Lyman.—Age twenty-five; enlisted from Syracuse, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; deserted September 28, 1861, at Syracuse.

Joyner, John J.—Promoted from corporal December 12, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to quartermaster sergeant March 20, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

McWethey, Rowland S.—Promoted from corporal November 16, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; taken prisoner, July, 1864, in Shenandoah Valley, Va.; died in Salisbury (N. C.) Prison, November 16, 1864.

McWethey, John P.—Promoted from corporal August 31, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to quartermaster sergeant April 2, 1865; mustered out at Cloud's Mills, Va., June 26, 1865, as supernumerary.

Mitchell, Nelson.—Age twenty-seven; enlisted from Syracuse, August 23, 1861; mustered in as first sergeant September 27, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant, Company K, July 27, 1863.

Perry, Walter R.—Promoted from private January 1, 1862; detailed on recruiting service from August 25 to December 5, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to second lieutenant February 17, 1864.

Pierce, James.—Promoted from corporal January 1, 1865; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary.

Preston, Noble D.—Promoted from corporal September 28, 1861; promoted to sergeant major November 25, 1861.

Reynolds, Norman A.—Promoted from corporal March 20, 1864; wounded in action at Poplar Springs Church, Va., October 1, 1864; wounded in action at Appomattox Court-House, Va., April 9, 1865; promoted from commissary sergeant to second lieutenant, Company L, May 31, 1865.

Rice, Horatio H.—Promoted from corporal March 20, 1864; wounded at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864; promoted to second lieutenant, Twenty-eighth Regiment U. S. C. T., November 22, 1864; promoted to first lieutenant April 22, 1865; declined.

Spencer, Charles H.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Jordan, August 23, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted June 24, 1862, to battalion quartermaster sergeant.

Stark, Edward W.—Promoted from corporal November 1, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Brevet 2d lieutenant, N. Y. Vols.

Thompson, Harlan P.—Promoted from private to commissary sergeant October 6, 1863; promoted to first sergeant, date not given; re-enlisted and mustered in January 20, 1864; severely wounded in action at St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24, 1864; promoted to second lieutenant, Company II, November 21, 1864.

White, John P.—Promoted from corporal, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to second lieutenant, Company E, June 14, 1864.

Corporals.

Baker, William A.—Promoted from private December 10, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in at Jordan, January 20, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Bishop, William N.—Promoted from private March 25, 1864; wounded at Light-house Point, July 1, 1864; promoted to sergeant March 27, 1865.

Bodfish, Henry.—Promoted from private November 1, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Brownell, Mark.—Age twenty; enlisted from McGrawville, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to sergeant April 15, 1862.

Cowles, John E.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Cincinnati, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to sergeant December 12, 1861.

Colburn, Lewis A.—Promoted from private December 12, 1861; promoted to sergeant August 17, 1863.

Conwell, George W.—Age thirty-seven; enlisted from Syracuse, August 30, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; reduced to private April 15, 1862.

Corwin, Gillespie B.—Promoted from private March 31, 1864; promoted to sergeant April 2, 1865.

Egan, John.—Promoted from private April 30, 1865; mustered out June 3, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va.

Forrester, Edgar.—Promoted from private June 10, 1865; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary.

Freeman, Henry.—Promoted from private July 1, 1864; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary.

Griswold, Silas L.—Promoted from private March 27, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Hammond, Samuel.—Promoted from private January 1, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Hayes, Albert W.—Promoted from private November 1, 1863; in hospital at Fortress Monroe from May, 1864, to time of discharge; mustered out September 17, 1864, at Fortress Monroe Hospital.

Joyner, John J.—Age twenty-five; enlisted from McGrawville, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to sergeant December 12, 1861. Brevet second lieutenant N. Y. Vols.

Mayou, Alonzo.—Promoted from private November 1, 1864; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary.

McWethey, John P.—Promoted from private April 15, 1862; promoted to sergeant August 31, 1863. Brevet second lieutenant N. Y. Vols.

McWethey, Rowland S.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Red Creek, September 10, 1861; mustered in same day; promoted to sergeant November 16, 1862.

Moffitt, Joseph.—Promoted from private November 8, 1861; discharged November 29, 1862, from Falmouth, Va., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Pierce, James.—Promoted from private March 20, 1864; wounded in action at Lee's Mills, Va., July 30, 1864; pro. to serg't Jan. 1, 1865. B'vt 2d lieut. N. Y. V.

Preston, Noble D.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Fulton, August 30, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to sergeant September 28, 1861.

Reynolds, Norman A.—Promoted from private April 15, 1862; taken prisoner August 31, 1862, near Centreville, Va.; paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md.; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to sergeant March 20, 1864.

Rice, Horatio H.—Promoted from private December 1, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 28, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to sergeant March 20, 1864.

Stark, Edward W.—Promoted from private August 31, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to sergeant November 1, 1864.

Wallace, David.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Cortland, N. Y., September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; wounded in action at Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863; in hospital at Washington, D. C., from June 21, 1863, to October 21, 1863; discharged March 31, 1864, at Rochester, N. Y.

Warner, Charles L.—Promoted from private April 2, 1865; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

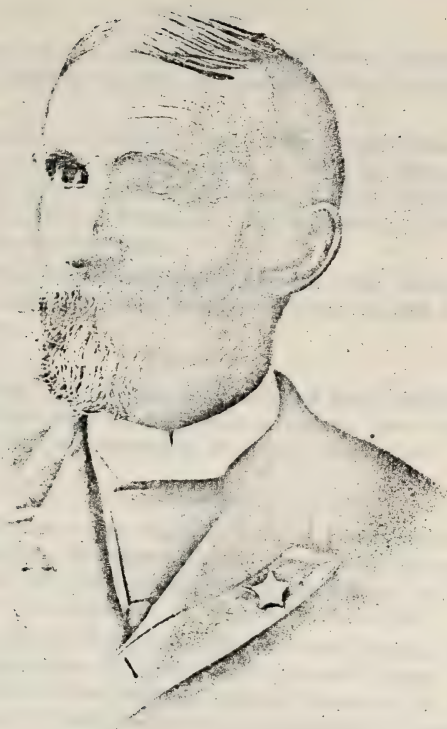
Watson, George.—Promoted from private December 12, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; died of disease February 10, 1865, at Prospect, N. Y., while on furlough.

White, John P.—Promoted from private December 12, 1861; in General Hospital at Washington, D. C., November 18, 1862; promoted to sergeant 1863.

Buglers.

Cole, Addison.—Age twenty-five; enlisted from Syracuse, September 3, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to chief bugler November 25, 1861.

Cook, James H.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Cortland, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner at Leesburg, Va., September 17, 1862; exchanged and rejoined company December 16, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.



SERGEANT MARK BROWNELL,
Company A.

Turner, Eli.—Promoted from private December 12, 1861; wounded in action at Leesburg, Va., September 17, 1862; mustered out September 26, 1864, on Detachment Muster-out Roll near Petersburg, Va., on expiration of term of service.

Saddlers.

Smith, Andrew J.—Age twenty-eight; enlisted from Syracuse, September 25, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Farriers.

Marlin, George.—Age twenty-seven; enlisted from Buffalo, December 11, 1861; mustered in December 12, 1861; accidentally killed July 30, 1862, at Back River, Md.

Morgan, William A.—Promoted from private August, 1862; in hospital at Frederick City, Md., from July 10 to August 2, 1863; at Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md., from August to November 6, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., as supernumerary.

Pierce, Albertus.—Age twenty-eight; enlisted from Cortland, January 4, 1864; mustered in January 11, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Wagoners.

Young, Frederick.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Buffalo August 27, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; absent without leave February, 1862; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Privates.

Aspelmeier, William.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Schenectady, November 14, 1861; mustered in November 15, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in at Schenectady December 32, 1863; wounded at Hawes's Shop, Va., May 28, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Austin, William.—Age thirty-two; enlisted from Syracuse, September 12, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner August 31, 1862, near Centreville, Va.; exchanged and rejoined company December 16, 1862; detailed as teamster December 17, 1862; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Baker, James.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Sullivan, January 21, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Baker, William A.—Age twenty-six; enlisted from Jordan, November 26, 1861; mustered in December 12, 1861; taken prisoner August 31, 1862, near Centreville, Va.; exchanged and rejoined company December 16, 1862; promoted to corporal December 10, 1862.

Balta, Lewis.—Age twenty-seven; enlisted from New York city, February 24, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Beckhorn, Thompson B.—Age thirty-four; enlisted from Chemung, December 12, 1861; mustered in same day; taken prisoner June 19, 1863, at Middleburg, Va.; wounded at Sulphur Springs, Va., October 12, 1863; taken prisoner at Ground Squirrel Bridge, Va., May 11, 1864; died in Andersonville Prison November, 1864.

Belden, Cornelius.—Age twenty-seven; enlisted from Sullivan, January 25, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded at Hawes's Shop, Va., May 28, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Bentley, Charles H.—Age twenty-six; enlisted from Geddes, August 3, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Bird, Theodore.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Victory, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; mustered out at Havre de Grace, Md., April 10, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Bishop, William N.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Syracuse, September 20, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in at Warrenton, Va., December 31, 1863; promoted to corporal March 25, 1864.

Black, Orlando.—Age thirty-four; enlisted from Syracuse, February 10, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Bodfish, Henry.—Age twenty; enlisted from Fabius, February 4, 1864; mustered in February 5, 1864; in hospital from May 5, 1864, to September, 1864; promoted to corporal November 1, 1864.

Bogart, James.—Age twenty-six; enlisted from Poughkeepsie, February 26, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded at Hawes's Shop, Va., May 28, 1864; discharged at Grant United States General Hospital, New York Harbor, March 21, 1865, for disability.

Bolton, William.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Kingston, January 10, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Formerly served as private in Twenty-eighth New York Volunteers from August 14, 1864, to November 13, 1864; enlisted in One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York Volunteers, and rejected on account of size; horse shot from under him at Appomattox Court-House, April 9, 1865.

Bornkent, James.—Age twenty; enlisted from New York city, February 24, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Bradley, Henry.—Age forty-four; enlisted from Syracuse, February, 8, 1864; mustered in February 10, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Brady, James.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 9, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865 to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Brown, Thaddeus M.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Fabius, February 27, 1864; mustered in same day; died May 2, 1864, at Douglas Hospital, Washington, D. C., of disease.

Brownell, B. Frank.—Age eighteen; enlisted from McGrawville, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner at Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863; wounded at Sulphur Springs, Va., October 12, 1863; mustered out October 17, 1864, on Detachment Muster-out Roll, at Elmira.

Bruce, Alfred.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Victory, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; mustered out October 6, 1864, on detail M. O. Roll near Petersburg, Va.

Bunker, Theodore.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Kingston, October 3, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Bunta, Frederick.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Schenectady, November 14, 1861; mustered in November 15, 1861; sent to General Hospital, Washington, D. C., October 27, 1862; discharged December 5, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability at General Hospital, Alexandria, Va.

Call, Charles E.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Fabius, February 4, 1864; mustered in February 5, 1864; mustered out May 19, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Carder, Henry.—Age twenty-five; enlisted from Jordan, September 15, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; discharged January 6, 1863, at Camp Bayard, Va., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Carrington, Welles H.—Age twenty; enlisted from Jordan, September 18, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; deserted December 5, 1861, at Elmira.

Case, Joseph.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Sullivan, January 28, 1864; mustered in same day; taken prisoner at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864; mustered out at New York City June 29, 1865.

Caton, Nathaniel.—Age twenty-nine; enlisted from Goshen, August 30, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out June 3, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va.

Clark, Charles.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Syracuse, August 28, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; detailed as teamster; re-enlisted and mustered in December 28, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Clark, James P.—Age eighteen; enlisted from McGrawville, September 27, 1861; mustered in same day; detailed in Ambulance Corps November 2, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; died February 11, 1864, at Taylor, N. Y., while on furlough.

Colburn, Erastus.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Buffalo, September 30, 1861; mustered in October 1, 1861; sent to hospital October 27, 1862; returned to duty December 6, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Collins; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Colburn, Lewis, A.—Age twenty-four; enlisted from Colburn Centre, September 17, 1861; mustered in September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal December 12, 1861.

Congdon, John.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Syracuse, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; accidentally killed at Gettysburg, Pa., December 28, 1861.

Conwell, George W.—Reduced from corporal April 15, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Coon, Boyington.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Jordan, September 20, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner near Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862; paroled and sent to Annapolis; rejoined company December, 1862; taken prisoner at Shepherdstown, Va., July 16, 1863; died in rebel prison in Richmond, Va., November, 1864.

Corwin, Gillespie B.—Age eighteen; enlisted from McGrawville, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; missing in action at Brandy Station, Va., June 9, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to corporal, March 31, 1864.

Cosselman, William.—Age thirty-three; enlisted from Sullivan, June 28, 1864; mustered in same day; absent without leave from June 4, 1864, to December 27, 1864; no further record.

Craus, Charles.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Elmira, December 7, 1863; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Craus, William A.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Addison, November 21, 1863; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.; died of disease, July 24, 1865, at Slough General Hospital, Alexandria, Va.

Doody, Daniel.—Age twenty; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 11, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Decker, George.—Age twenty-eight; enlisted from Freetown, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner near Weaversville, Va., July 20, 1863; exchanged March 13, 1864; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

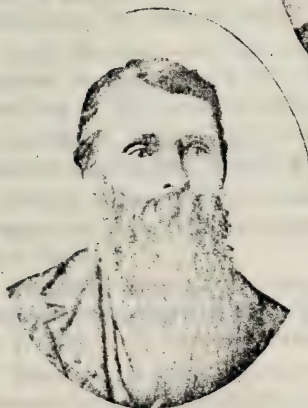
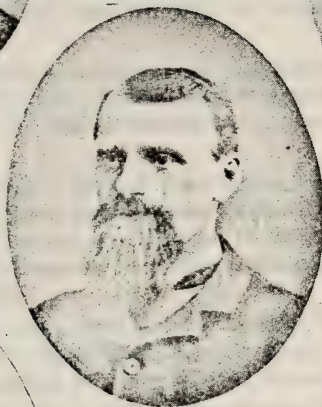
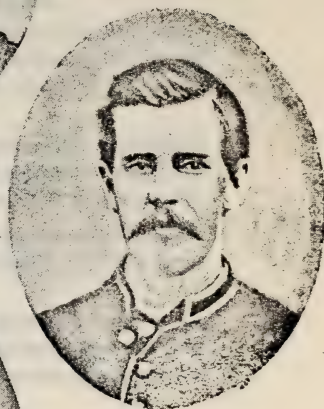
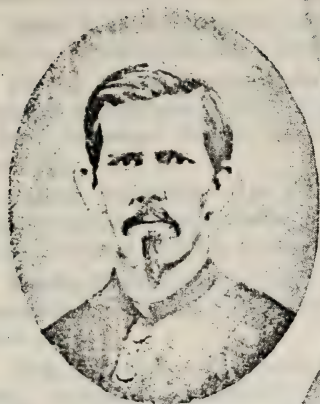
Deyo, Franklin.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Cincinnati, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; discharged October 31, 1862, by General Order No. 154 War Department, A. G. O., October 9, 1863, having enlisted in Tenth U. S. Infantry.

Diddell, John.—Age twenty-six; enlisted from Syracuse, February 29, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded at Hawes's Shop, Va., May 28, 1864; transferred March 4, 1865, to Company H.

Dinning, William T.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Wayne, January 20, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Dodge, Hiram B.—Reduced from quartermaster sergeant, January 1, 1862; on detached duty, in Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, from May, 1862, to August, 1863; promoted to veterinary sergeant, November 27, 1862.

Douglas, Melvin E.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Red Creek, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; detailed in hospital, Baltimore, Md., May to August, 1862; in Pioneer Corps, November, 1862; mustered out October 6, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.



LIEUT. NORMAN A. REYNOLDS, Co. I.

SERG. JOHN P. McWETHEY, Co. A

ROWLAND S. McWETHEY, Co. A.

MELVIN E. DOUGLASS, Co. A.

DAVID WETHERBY, Co. A.

SERG. EDWARD W. STARK, Co. I

Dunn, Joseph.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 29, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Duvall, William.—Age twenty-nine; enlisted from Jordan, August 25, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; detailed in quartermaster department, June, 1862; discharged April 29, 1864, at Columbia General Hospital, for disability.

Eastman, James.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Jordan, August 23, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to sergeant, December 12, 1861.

Egan, John.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Poughkeepsie, September 10, 1864; mustered in same day; promoted to corporal, April 30, 1865.

Everts, Henry P.—Age twenty-four; enlisted from Rathbone, July 30, 1864; mustered in September 3, 1864; wounded at Appomattox Court-House, Va., April 9, 1865; discharged June 5, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at Baltimore, Md.

Fabry, Frederick.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Schenectady, November 14, 1861; mustered in November 15, 1861; sent to General Hospital, Washington, D. C., November 18, 1862; mustered out November 21, 1864, before Petersburg, Va.

Fardo, Henry.—Age twenty-four; enlisted from Norwich, January 13, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Fish, James E.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Cincinnati, September 16, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; in hospital at Elmira, December 12, 1861, to July, 1862; discharged July 23, 1862, at Baltimore, Md., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Ford, John.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from McGrawville, September 27, 1861; mustered in same day; taken prisoner near Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862; exchanged and rejoined company, December 19, 1862; died August 10, 1863, in Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C., of wounds received in action at Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863.

Ford, Reuben.—Age eighteen; enlisted from German, December 1, 1861; mustered in December 12, 1861; on detached duty as orderly to General Gregg from July 11, 1864, until discharged December 14, 1864, before Petersburg, Va.

Forrester, Edgar.—Age twenty; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 16, 1865; mustered in same day; promoted to corporal, June 10, 1865.

Fraley, Edward.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 11, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Franklin, Henry.—Age forty-one; enlisted from Addison, December 1, 1863; mustered in December 2, 1863; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Formerly served in Company E, Thirty-fourth N. Y. Vols.

Freeman, Henry.—Age thirty; enlisted from Syracuse, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; sent to hospital, October 27, 1862; returned to duty from hospital at Washington, D. C., December 5, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in at Warrenton, Va., December 23, 1863; promoted to corporal, July 1, 1864.

Gaston, Anthony.—Age twenty-six; enlisted from Tarrytown, January 12, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Geagan, Michael.—Age thirty-three; enlisted from Syracuse, February 25, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Gordon, John.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Buffalo, December 17, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Griswold, Silas L.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Virgil, February 10, 1864; mustered in February 11, 1864; promoted to corporal, March 27, 1865.

Guerri, Jules.—Age twenty-five; enlisted from Tarrytown, January 12, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Gunn, Burrill.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Jordan, September 25, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; detailed as teamster June, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Elbridge; transferred January 19, 1865, to Company B, Nineteenth Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps.

Hadlon, Walter.—Age thirty-two; enlisted from Sullivan, February 4, 1864; mustered in same day, died October 20, 1864, at Willett's Point N. Y., of injury and disease.

Haight, James A.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Norwich, January 13, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Haight, Frederick W.—Age twenty-seven; enlisted from Syracuse, February 8, 1864; mustered in February 9, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Hall, Morgan.—Age twenty-seven; enlisted from Syracuse, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, September 12, 1865, at Harewood U. S. General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Hall, Alonzo.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Elmira, December 1, 1861; mustered in December 16, 1861; detailed as teamster June, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in at Elmira, December 31, 1863; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Hammond, Duane.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Freetown, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner near Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862; exchanged and rejoined company, December 16, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Hammond, James S.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Freetown, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; sent to hospital, Washington, October 27, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in March 10, 1864, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Hammond, Samuel.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Cortland, February 17, 1864; mustered in March 21, 1864; promoted to corporal January 1, 1865.

Harris, William H.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Southport, February 16, 1864; mustered in same day; killed at Ground Squirrel Bridge, Va., May 11, 1864.

Harsh, Jacob.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Syracuse, August 24, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner near Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862; paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md.; killed in action at Sulphur Springs, Va., October 12, 1863.

Hayes, Albert W.—Age nineteen; enlisted from McGrawville, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner at Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863; paroled July 24, 1863; exchanged November 1, 1863; in hospital at Annapolis and David's Island, N. Y. Harbor, from September, 1863, to February, 1864; promoted to corporal, November 1, 1863.

Hicks, Luther F. P.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from McGrawville, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner near Centreville, Va., August 31, 1862; paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md.; re-enlisted and mustered in March 10, 1864, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Hines, George.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Chittenango, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Jacobus, Samuel.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Urbana, February 12, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded in action at St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Johnson, Daniel.—Age thirty-seven; enlisted from Cortland, January 4, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

King, John T.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Collins Centre, September 16, 1861; mustered in September 18, 1861; gunshot-wound in left hip at Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863; taken prisoner same time and place; escaped June 21, 1863; in hospital at Washington, D. C., from June 23 to June 28, 1863; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

King, Ransom G.—Age twenty; enlisted from Collins Centre, September 16, 1861; mustered in September 18, 1861; in hospital at Elmira, from August 9 to August 22, 1862, with intermittent fever; in hospital at City Point, Va., from August 25 to September 10, 1864; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.

King, William.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Sullivan, January 28, 1864; mustered in same day; discharged April 29, 1864, at Elmira, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Kinney, William B.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Syracuse, August 14, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; detailed for hospital duty from February to May, 1862; detailed for duty with General Abercrombie at Chain Bridge, October 25, 1862; killed in action at Brandy Station, Va., June 9, 1863.

Knight, Charles A.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Cortland, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va., by reason of expiration of term of service.

Kline, Christian.—Age twenty; enlisted from Schenectady, November 14, 1861; mustered in November 15, 1861; wounded in action at Boydton Plank Road, Va., October 27, 1864; discharged December 19, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at Carver General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Krieger, Frederick.—Age forty; enlisted from Syracuse, November 25, 1861; mustered in December 12, 1861; transferred October 28, 1863, to Company F, First Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps.

Lagot, Darnien.—Age not given; enlisted from Buffalo, April 18, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Lanninger, Gustave.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Syracuse, September 27, 1861; mustered in same day; wounded in action at Middleburg, Va., June 19, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; missing in action at St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Leslie, Carroll.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Jordan, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; in hospital at Gettysburg, Pa., from December 28, 1861, to March, 1862; in hospital at Washington, D. C., from October 27, 1862, to December 5, 1862; discharged January 1, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at Camp Bayard, Va.

Lewis, John W.—Age twenty; enlisted from Richmond, Pa., February 29, 1864; mustered in same day; injured by being thrown from horse at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864; in hospital at Appomattox, Va., from June, 1865, to October, 1865; mustered out June 21, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y.

Lobstien, Henry.—Age twenty-eight; enlisted from New York city, January 13, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Matthews, Milford E.—Age twenty; enlisted from Carthage, February 29, 1864; mustered in same day; killed in action, April 6, 1865, at Sailor's Creek, Va.

Manchester, George W.—Age thirty-five; enlisted from Syracuse, February 8, 1864; mustered in February 9, 1864; mustered out May 16, 1865, at Washington, D. C., on Detachment Muster-out Roll.

Mayyon, Alonzo.—Age thirty-three; enlisted from Syracuse, September 25, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; re-enlisted December 28, 1863; mustered in December 31, 1863; promoted to corporal November 1, 1864.

McCloy, Richard.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 9, 1865; mustered in same day; wounded in action at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865; transferred June 24, 1861, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.; discharged from that organization October 21, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at De Camp General Hospital, David's Island, New York Harbor.

McCormick, Thomas.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 10, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

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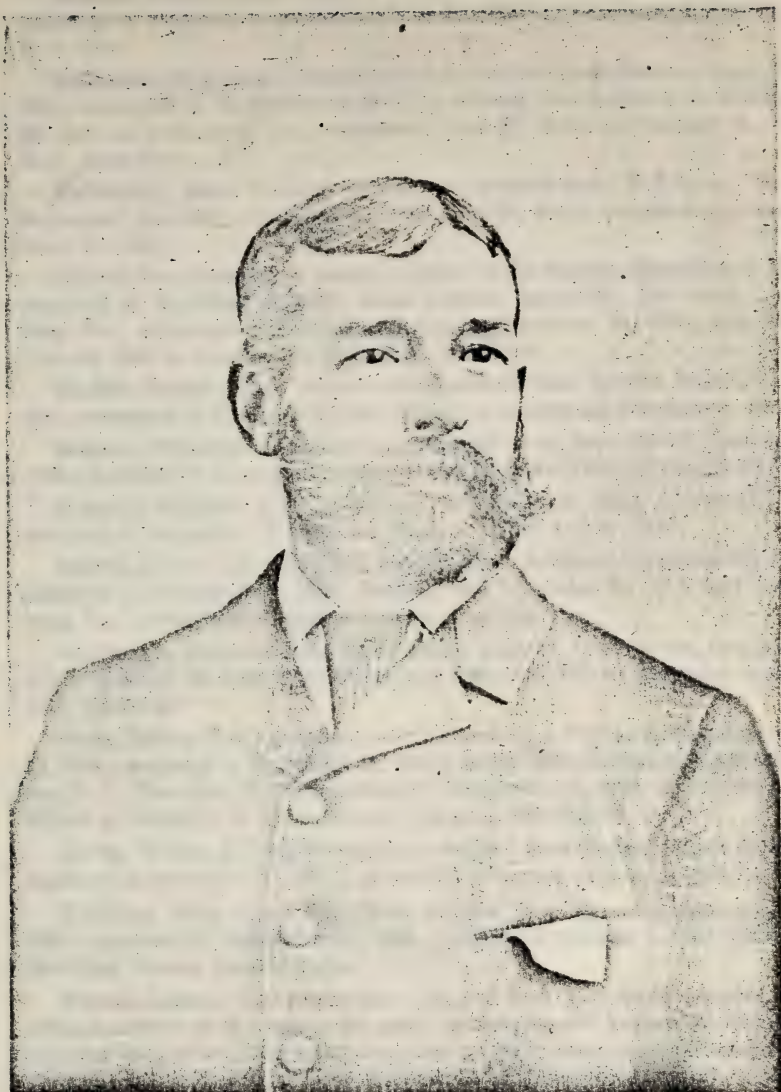
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WILLIAM J. BOLTON,
Co. A.



McKay, James.—Age thirty; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 11, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

McKenzie, George D.—Age twenty-five; enlisted from Syracuse, August 30, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in December 28, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

McWethy, John P.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Red Creek, N. Y., September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to corporal April 15, 1862.

Miller, Van Ness.—Age twenty; enlisted from Buffalo, September 3, 1861; mustered in September 9, 1861; taken prisoner August 31, 1862, near Centreville, Va.; exchanged and rejoined company, December 16, 1862; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Moffitt, Joseph.—Age twenty-seven; enlisted from Spencer, September 30, 1861; mustered in November 7, 1861; promoted to corporal November 8, 1861.

Monroe, Villarey.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Hornellsville, January 21, 1864; mustered in same day; killed in action at Hawes's Shop, Va., May 28, 1864.

Morgan, William A.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Tully, August 23, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to farrier August, 1862.

Myers, John.—Age thirty-six; enlisted from Syracuse, September 25, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va., by reason of expiration of term of service.

Northway, Harlow.—Age thirty-three; enlisted from Erwin, August 20, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Page, Edwin M.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Collins Centre, September 17, 1861; mustered in September 18, 1861; sent to General Hospital at Washington, D. C., November 2, 1862; discharged September 26, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at Angur General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Perry, Walter R.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Jordan, August 23, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to sergeant January 1, 1862.

Phillips, John.—Age thirty-five; enlisted from Syracuse, September 25, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; transferred October 1, 1863, to Second Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps.

Pierce, James.—Age twenty-four; enlisted from McGrawville, September 5, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; taken prisoner August 31, 1862; exchanged and rejoined Regiment, December 16, 1862; re-enlisted and mustered in December 28, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; promoted to corporal March 20, 1864.

Pitts, John.—Age twenty-eight; enlisted from Mexico, N. Y., March 8, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Ransford, Alfred P.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Cincinnati, February 12, 1864; mustered in February 16, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865, at Baltimore, Md., on Individual Muster-out Roll.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and development.

The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a better life.

The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for freedom.

The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a better future.

The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of justice, and that its history is a history of the struggle for justice.

The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of love, and that its history is a history of the struggle for love.

The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for hope.

The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of faith, and that its history is a history of the struggle for faith.

The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of courage, and that its history is a history of the struggle for courage.

The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of strength, and that its history is a history of the struggle for strength.

The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of wisdom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for wisdom.

The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of beauty, and that its history is a history of the struggle for beauty.

Realls, Addison.—Age twenty-four; enlisted from Jamesville, August 14, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; wounded in action at Lee's Mills, Va., July 30, 1864; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Reynolds, Norman A.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Red Creek, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to corporal April 15, 1862.

Rice, Horatio H.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Cayuga, September 20, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to corporal December 1, 1862.

Roberts, William H.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Elmira, December 10, 1861; mustered in December 12, 1861; detailed as teamster from December, 1862, to January, 1863; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Pompey; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Rockwell, Morris P.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Cincinnati, September 21, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va., by reason of expiration of term of service.

Rogers, George W.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Independence, January 4, 1864; mustered in January 5, 1864. Injured at Cold Harbor, Va., June 2, 1864, by attempting to force his horse to jump a ditch; suffered from sunstroke at Sumner's Upper Bridge, same day, and sent to hospital at White House, Va., June 5, 1864, thence to David's Island, New York Harbor, June 15, 1864; rejoining the Regiment in November, 1864, remaining and serving with it until it was mustered out; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav. Formerly served in Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers from October 27, 1861, to March 10, 1862, when he was discharged at Camp California, Va., for physical disability resulting from typhoid fever. Enlisted July 1, 1863, in Company K, Thirty-seventh Pennsylvania militia, for ninety days; discharged August 16, 1863, at Harrisburg, Pa.

Rogers, Jacob W.—Age twenty-eight; enlisted from North Collins, September 14, 1861; mustered in September 24, 1861; detailed in Pioneer Corps November, 1862; mustered out October 14, 1864, at Rochester, N. Y.

Root, John H.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Buffalo, September 16, 1861; mustered in September 18, 1861; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863 at Irving, N. Y.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Sanders, John W.—Age thirty-seven; enlisted from Rathburn, November 27, 1863; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Sanders, Robert H.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Millport, December 3, 1861; mustered in December 12, 1861; died in hands of the enemy, from wounds received in action at Trevillian Station June 11, 1864. Recorded in tables of this volume as killed in action.

Schenck, John.—Age twenty-four; enlisted from Elmira, September 16, 1861; mustered in same day; killed in action at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864.

Senter, Lyman.—Age thirty-one; enlisted from Jordan, September 20, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; wounded June 14, 1863, at Bowling Green, Va.,

sent to Campbell Hospital; re-enlisted and mustered in December 31, 1863, at Warrenton, Va.; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Shaw, Hugh.—Age thirty-six; enlisted from New York city, January 14, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Sherman, John G.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from North Collins, September 30, 1861; mustered in October 1, 1861; left the Regiment at Elmira, December 1, 1861.

Simmons, James.—Age thirty-four; enlisted from Poughkeepsie, January 11, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Slater, William H.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Hornby, August 17, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded in left hip and right hand at Dinwiddie Court-House, Va., March 31, 1865; wounded April 8, 1865, near Farmville, Va.; mustered out June 3, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va.

Smith, George.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 10, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Smith, James E.—Age thirty-two; enlisted from Syracuse, August 28, 1861; never mustered.

Stark, Edward W.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Red Creek, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; wounded in right arm at Leesburg, Va., September 17, 1862; promoted to corporal August 31, 1863.

Thomas, John.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Syracuse, February 9, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out June 2, 1865, at Elmira on Individual Muster-out Roll.

Thompson, Harlan P.—Age twenty; enlisted from Elmira, September 16, 1861; mustered in November 7, 1861; promoted to commissary sergeant October 6, 1862.

Tuohey, Michael.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Poughkeepsie, September 10, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out June 21, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pa., on Individual Muster-out Roll.

Tuohey, Patrick.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Poughkeepsie, September 10, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded on picket November 30, 1864; mustered out June 3, 1865, at Cloud's Mills, Va., on Detachment Muster-out Roll.

Turner, Eli.—Age twenty; enlisted from Syracuse, September 27, 1861; mustered in same day; promoted to bugler December 12, 1861.

Waggoner, Andrew.—Age thirty-eight; enlisted from Syracuse, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; discharged September 18, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at Lovell Hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.

Wallace, Alexander H.—Age twenty-three; enlisted from Cortland, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va., by reason of expiration of term of service.

Ward, James.—Age thirty; enlisted from New York city, January 14, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Warner, Charles L.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Fabius, February 4, 1864; mustered in February 5, 1864; promoted to corporal April 2, 1865.

Warren, William.—Age twenty; enlisted from Schenectady, December 18, 1863; mustered in December 22, 1863; mustered out May 30, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pa., on Individual Muster-out Roll.

Watson, George.—Age thirty-one; enlisted from Jordan, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to corporal December 12, 1861.

Watson, Robert.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Brooklyn, June 10, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Welch, Walter.—Age forty-four; enlisted from Syracuse, February 12, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Wetherby, David.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Red Creek, September 10, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; wounded in action at Hawes's Shop, Va., May 28, 1864; mustered out September 26, 1864, near Petersburg, Va., by reason of expiration of term of service.

White, John P.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from McGrawville, August 31, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; promoted to corporal December 12, 1861.

Wilbur, William.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Jordan, September 28, 1861; mustered in November 7, 1861; wounded in action at Leesburg, Va., September, 17, 1862, and sent to hospital at Washington, D. C.; discharged May 29, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor.

Wildman, John.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Brooklyn, January 12, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Wilkinson, Charles.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Victory, September 3, 1864; mustered in September 5, 1864; drowned January 6, 1865, at City Point, Va.

Williams, John.—Age twenty-two; enlisted from Tarrytown, January 13, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Williams, Thomas.—Age nineteen; enlisted from Albany, January 16, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Wilson, John.—Age twenty-one; enlisted from Poughkeepsie, January 11, 1865; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Wing, John.—Age thirty; enlisted from Albany, January 13, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred June 24, 1865, to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.



Serg't. H. P. Thompson.

Alfred Bruce.

Ord. Serg't. Nelson Mitchell.

Morris P. Rockwell.

A COMPANY A GROUP.



Woodward, George.—Age forty-four; enlisted from Syracuse, September 20, 1861; mustered in September 27, 1861; discharged April 21, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability, at Havre de Grace, Md.

Wright, George H.—Age eighteen; enlisted from Syracuse, February 18, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out May 31, 1865, at Elmira, on Individual Muster-out Roll.

RECAPITULATION.—COMPANY A.

There were five captains in Company A, one of whom was mustered in with the company, one promoted from first lieutenant of the company, one from civil life, one from regimental commissary, and one from second lieutenant of the company. Of these, one was killed in action, one discharged for disability, one discharged, no cause given, one promoted to major, and one transferred as captain to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Of the five first lieutenants, one was mustered in with the company, one was appointed from civil life, one was promoted from second lieutenant of the company, one from sergeant Company B, and one from second lieutenant Company E. One of these was discharged for disability, one was promoted to captain of the company, one to captain Company C, one to captain Company E, and one transferred in the same grade to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Four second lieutenants were mustered into the company, of whom one was an original, one was promoted from quartermaster sergeant Company C, one from hospital steward, and one from sergeant of the company. Of the four one was promoted to captain and one to first lieutenant of the Company, one to captain Company B, and one transferred in the same grade to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

There were twenty-three sergeants in the company, one first, one quartermaster, and four duty sergeants being originals, fourteen were promoted from corporals, and three from the ranks. Of these, one died in a rebel prison, one was discharged for disability (wounds), three were mustered out as supernumerary non-commissioned officers, one mustered out, no cause given, one deserted, one promoted to second lieutenant of the company, five promoted to commissioned officers in other companies, four to the non-commissioned staff, two to commissioned officers in other organizations, one was reduced to the ranks, and three were transferred in the same grade to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Of the twenty-eight corporals borne on the company rolls seven were mustered in as such with the company and twenty-one were raised from the ranks. Of these one died of disease, two were discharged for disability, three mustered out as supernumeraries, two mustered out, no cause given, one reduced to the ranks, fourteen promoted to sergeants, and five transferred in the same grade to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

There were three buglers, two of whom were originals and one promoted from the ranks. One of these was promoted to chief bugler, one mustered out on expiration of term of service, and one transferred as bugler to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

One saddler and one wagoner, both originals, were transferred to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

Of the three farriers, two of whom were originals and one raised from the

ranks, one was accidentally killed, one was mustered out as supernumerary, and one transferred to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

The names of one hundred and fifty-five privates appear on the company rolls. Of these seven were killed in action, one died from wounds received in action, two died in rebel prisons, four died of disease, one was accidentally killed, one was drowned, three promoted to sergeants, twenty-one to corporals, one to bugler, one to farrier, seventeen discharged for disability, five mustered out on expiration of term of service, twenty mustered out (no cause given), three deserted, three transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, one to the regular army, one to the non-commissioned staff, one to Company H, and sixty-two to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

There were twenty original non-commissioned officers in the company, of whom two were reduced to the ranks. Adding the eighteen to the one hundred and fifty-five privates gives a total of one hundred and seventy-three enlisted men for the company.

In addition to the three original commissioned officers of the company there were four who had never served in the company, which, added to the enlisted men, gives a total of one hundred and eighty of all grades.

COMPANY A'S HONORED DEAD.

Captains.

John Ordner.—Killed in action, at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11, 1864.

Sergeants.

Rowland S. McWethy.—Died in Salisbury (N. C.) Prison, November 16, 1864.

Corporals.

George Watson.—Died while on furlough, at Prospect, N. Y., February 10, 1865.

Farrier.

George Marlin.—Accidentally killed at Back River, Md., July 30, 1863.

Privates.

Thompson B. Beckhorn.—Died in Andersonville Prison, November, 1864.

Thaddeus M. Brown.—Died of disease, at Washington, D. C., May 2, 1864.

James P. Clark.—Died at Taylor, N. Y., of disease, while on furlough, February 11, 1864.

John Congdon.—Accidentally killed at Gettysburg, Pa., December 28, 1861. The first Union soldier buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pa.

Boyington Coon.—Died in prison, at Richmond, Va., November, 1864.

William A. Craus.—Died at Alexandria, Va., July 24, 1865, of disease.

John Ford.—Died August 10, 1863, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received in action June 19, 1863.

Walter Hadlon.—Died at Willett's Point, N. Y., October 20, 1864, of injury and disease.

rank, one was accidentally killed, one was mustered out as supernumerary, and one transferred to the First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

The names of one hundred and fifty-five privates appear on the company rolls. Of these seven were killed in action, one died from wounds received in action, two died in rebel prisons, four died of disease, one was accidentally killed, one was drowned, three promoted to sergeants, twenty-one to corporals, one to bugler, one to farrier, seventeen discharged for disability, five mustered out on expiration of term of service, twenty transferred out (no cause given), three deserted, three transferred to Western Reserve Corps, one to the regular army, one to the non-commissioned staff, one to Company H, and sixty-two to Company A, First N. Y. Prov. Cav.

There were twenty original non-commissioned officers in the company, of whom two were reduced to the ranks. Adding the eighteen to the one hundred and fifty-five privates gives a total of one hundred and seventy-three enlisted men for the company.

In addition to the three original commissioned officers of the company there were four who had never served in the company, which, added to the enlisted men, gives a total of one hundred and eighty of all grades.

COMPANY A'S HONORED DEAD.

Captains

John Ordner.—Killed in action, at Trevilian Station, Va., June 11, 1862.

Sergeants

Howland S. McWethay.—Died in Salisbury (N. C.) Prison, November 16, 1864.

Corporals

George Watson.—Died while on picket, at Prospect, N. Y., February 10, 1862.

Private

George Martin.—Accidentally killed at Back River, Md., July 30, 1862.

Privates

Thompson B. Beckhorn.—Died in Andersonville Prison, November, 1864.

Thaddeus M. Brown.—Died of disease, at Washington, D. C., May 2, 1864.

James F. Clark.—Died at Taylor, N. Y., of disease, while on picket, February 11, 1862.

John Condon.—Accidentally killed at Gettysburg, Pa., December 22, 1861.

The first Union soldier buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Gettysburg, Pa.

Hoxington Coon.—Died in prison, at Richmond, Va., November, 1862.

William A. Evans.—Died at Alexandria, Va., July 24, 1862, of disease.

John Ford.—Died August 16, 1863, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received in action June 10, 1862.

Walter Hadison.—Died at Whitely's Point, N. Y., October 20, 1861, of injury and disease.

